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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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SEPTEMBER
1917

Continental Publishing Co , Limited. Toronto, Canada

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The Ground Floor

WILL you spend a few minutes with us? We want to have a little "confidential chat," in behind the scenes in our editorial sanctum where all the good things, which are sent in and which are brought in, are gathered together, planned out and made ready to place before you and everyone of our vast congregation of readers, numbering hundreds of thousands everywhere throughout Canada.

Let us call this chat "Getting in on the Ground Floor."

There is no reason why you shouldn't "get in." We invite you. We welcome you. We are looking forward to this chat with you every month. We promise it will both interest and entertain you.

A great many of our readers visit us, or drop in to see us. It is indeed a poor day when some of our friends do not happen in and talk with us.

The Fascination of Editing

THERE is the greatest possible interest manifested by them as they learn and see with their own eyes the working out of the complex details, and as they see the extent of the organization necessary for gathering in and assembling the matter—the news, the special articles, the stories, the photographs, the art illustrations, and all that goes into EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD month after month for your entertainment, your information, your education, to help you in a thousand and one ways, which this magazine alone is helping you, if you are a Canadian living in Canada.

We have told many of our visitors and callers about the great new plans which are constantly being evolved for making EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD still better and better for you and all of our readers. We have been telling them during recent months of the new era into which EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD enters with this issue.

One cannot stand still; one must progress and go ahead or go behind; one must keep up or get off the trail.

It is the same with a magazine, as with an individual. And so we take this bigger step ahead, beginning with the September issue, to be in keeping with these momentous times—these times of crisis, these times of reconstruction and readjustment.

Our Men at the Front

CERTAINLY they should claim our first consideration! Anything we can do for them no matter how great, can be but an infinitesimal fraction of what they are doing for us; any sacrifice we may make for them is not to be thought of at all as sacrifice compared with what our boys at the front have given up even unto the supreme sacrifice of life itself in order that we and all that we hold dear may live.

Just what to send the boys, or to a boy at the front, is an ever-present problem. What would the boy like to have? What are others sending to their boys? That's what everybody wants to know and so we have gone out to gather up the information of what is being sent and what ought to be sent, and we place it before you beginning this month on page 40. We want to know what you are sending and what your friends are sending, and what you know about what the boys at the front are looking for and want to receive in the way of things from home, so we ask you to write to us, sending this information, and to make it interesting for you to pass on this information for others of our readers who want it we have arranged a little competition and are offering cash prizes and of course we will pay for all contributions we use, even though they do not happen to rank in with the special prize winners.

Helping With the Food

SURELY everyone is fully awake at last to the facts of the crisis in the world's food supply!

The question comes right home to everyone, what ought I to do? What can I do to help?

Everyone is in sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, as Food Controller Hoover of the United States has put it,—"To lose the war because we were unwilling to make the necessary efforts and the required sacrifices in regard to the food supply, would be one of the most humiliating spectacles in history."

The answer to your question as to what you can do, you will surely find on one or more pages of this September issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, giving you such practical information about what others are doing and informing you as to what is expected of you and of every loyal Canadian to help in conserving the supply of food to cope with the impending crisis. You can count on receiving much additional information month after month on this vital subject which must concern everyone of us so vitally over many months to come. If there is some special information which you are wanting on any question relating to food, do not hesitate to write us for it, addressing your letter care of Miss Katherine M. Caldwell, Editor of the Food Department.

Our Fiction Stories

IN these serious times of stress and strain, we must not forget to relax and to rest and to keep up stout hearts with cheerfulness, and so we publish stories as usual. You will like "The Curé's Love Story," a tale of Old Quebec, and the war story, "The Soul of a German" is most interesting. Of course, you are reading Isabel Paterson's great story "The Magpie's Nest," which is being published in serial form first in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—the next instalment being in this issue. Some of our readers have criticized this story rather severely, but as they go on with it, they will recognize the story at its true worth—a really great novel, with a good moral. Of course you know it is by one of our famous Canadian authoresses, her second successful novel,—following that great success, "The Shadow Riders," which ranked as one of the leading best sellers last season.

Every month a great many of our readers tell us that they would have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD if only to get Jean Blewett's Own Page of Happiness. You will find your own beloved Jean Blewett,—genial, loveable Jean Blewett, with her usual satisfying writings in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD again this month, only the position for convenience in making up the forms for the presses has been allotted nearer to the back of the book, and if you are right-handed—as most people are, and opening your magazine leaf it over from the back to the front—as most people do, you will appreciate it all the more in this position, since you will get to it sooner.

L. M. Montgomery's Career

IF you have read "Anne of Green Gables" and other stories written by L. M. Montgomery, you have, of course, been following with the deepest and fascinating interest her own story of her career as written exclusively for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, gotten for you only after much persuasion on our part. She has named the story "The Alpine Path," which suggests the hard, upward climb which almost everyone must come through in life, and especially in journalistic life, before they arrive anywhere.

The fourth installment of this intensely human and yet restrained autobiography of this noted Canadian authoress appears this month, beginning on page 8.

Canadian for Canadians

AS you read and appreciate the other good things packed in full measure into this issue for you, we know you will stop to think of it all and marvel at the fact that it has all been made possible in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD within so short a time for you and the women of Canada, who, until four years ago, were without any real medium or champion, serving your interest whole-heartedly in a national way. It has come back to us time and time again, almost every day, a few letters from some interested reader somewhere in Canada, section after section and from almost every section voicing appreciation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and the fact that it is published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. These readers of ours tell us how much this means to them, since they feel, rightly, that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, being Canadian, has so much in common with each one of our readers, so much that each one of us needs in this young country of great distances and sparse population, so much that we cannot get even from the best of the United States magazines, which come over here and which have no interest and never can have any close personal interest in our needs as Canadian women here in Canada.

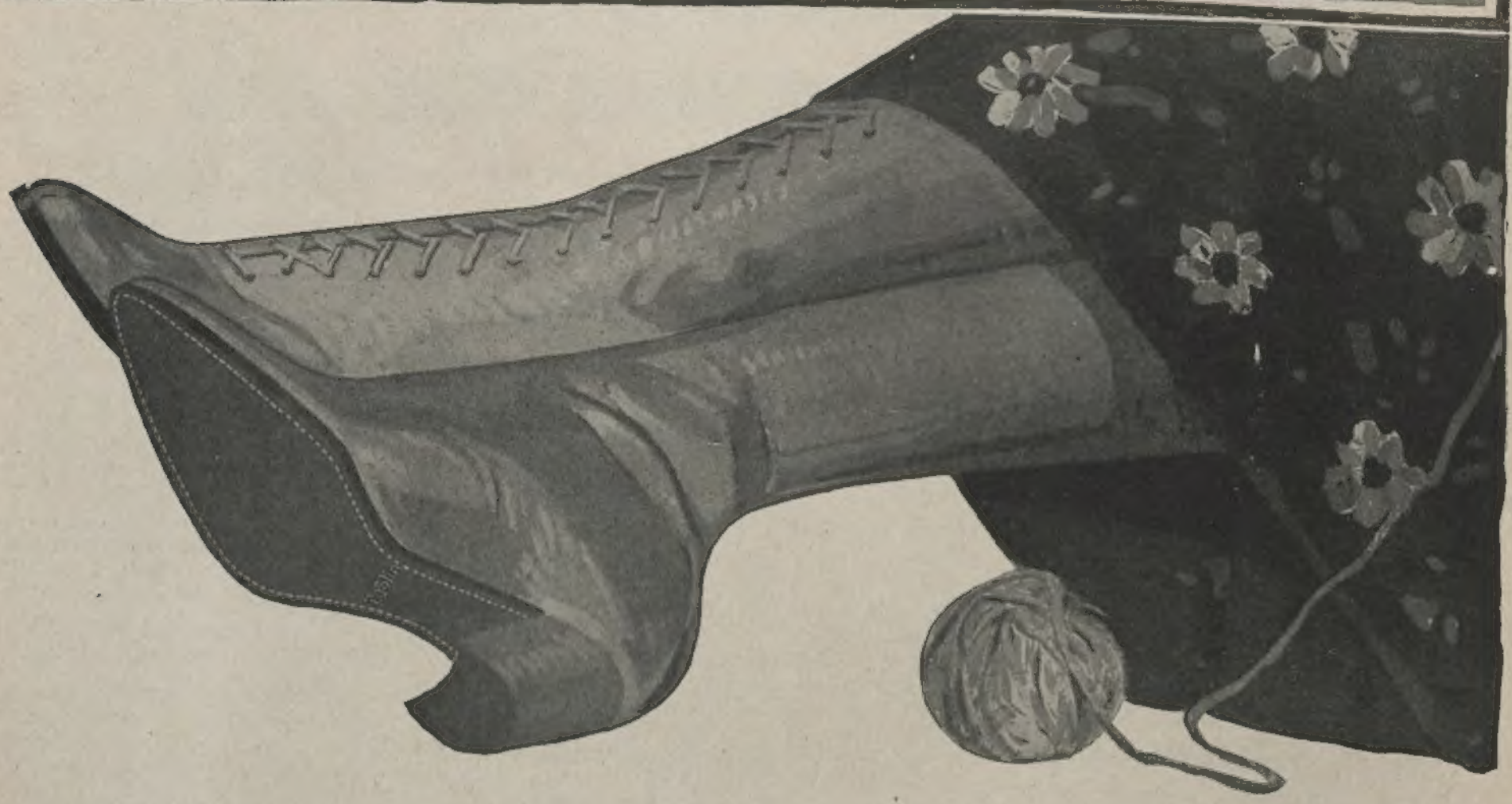
Still Better to Come

THE departments in this September issue, each brimful of interest to every reader and covering subjects on which every member of the household can find information and entertainment, is not in any way a special number; it is but a forerunner of even much better things and still better value to follow.

Do you like it? Then let us know. We want the appreciation of our friends. It helps out a great deal. Can you suggest any improvements? Write and tell us. We value your opinion.

And just here may we remind you that the word of encouragement spoken to us or to a friend is always appreciated. It helps to smooth over many otherwise rough places—times of discouragement it may be, perchance, and appreciation certainly spurs anyone on. It especially spurs the Editors and Publishers on to do yet better and better, and we are sure that you appreciate, along with us, the main satisfaction that comes to one from the knowledge that one is doing some little thing in the world which people appreciate and from which they admit having secured benefit.

—The Editors.



Waterproof Soles—that Make Shoes both Smart and Comfortable

In the past you bought shoes by the uppers—by their appearance, their feel. You could get only one sole—leather.

Now we ask you to buy shoes by the soles—as millions are doing. For it has remained for a new sole to add to smart shoes the great desirables of comfort and waterproofness. That sole is Neōlin.

Smart shoes we've had—with thin soles that leaked. Waterproof shoes we've had—with thick soles, heavy and stiff.

Now we have Neōlin—modern in smartness, light and flexible, yet waterproof. Neōlin means foot-comfort and foot-health.

No need to break in new shoes with Neōlin soles. No need for wet feet. No need for tired feet.

And these advantages are just as good for men and children as they are for women.

Don't forget Neōlin's lasting wear. Soles that wear longer than the best of leather. Soles that cut shoe-costs, especially for the children.

See Neōlin-soled shoes at your dealer's. Many dealers' who carry Neōlin-soled shoes have been supplied with tickets like the one illustrated at the side of this page. They are the means of identifying his store. They make it easy for you to find Neōlin. Look for them in shoe store windows.

Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe soles. Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there are other soles that **look** like Neōlin. But there is only **one** Neōlin—and every pair of soles is branded with the trademark shown on the shoes above.

To be sure of the genuine Neōlin—mark that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "O" —Neōlin.

—the trade symbol for a quality product of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited.

Neōlin soles

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MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MARY M. MURPHY, Managing Editor

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No. 3.

September
1917

Every Woman A Food Controller

AN EDITORIAL BY CHAS. C. NIXON

WE stand to-day on the threshold of the greatest food crisis that the world has ever seen. We are facing a situation of very grave concern to our men at the front—of very grave concern to Great Britain, and our allies.

That situation is the menace of famine, of hunger, lean and gaunt—of world-wide food shortage, serious to an extent beyond belief in this country of plentiful food supply.

Food Controller Hanna, in a recent speech, placed the full responsibility squarely upon every Canadian woman when he drew the picture of what might happen if each one of us is not careful and provident and conserving of the food supply, as has been asked of us. Imagine the boys coming home from the front and saying, "We were hungry out there in the trenches, we could not stand it and we had to retreat and let the Germans get us, because the food we expected from Canada did not come." And by this statement we would be surprised and shocked because we had a good harvest and we would reply, "Why that is strange, we had a splendid harvest in 1917," and the boys would reply, "Yes, but you ate it all yourselves."

Surely that situation can never be! It need not be! We will not let it be! It but rests with every woman who will enrol herself as a Food Controller and carry out in her daily domestic life the word and the spirit of this our creed on home food control:

I BELIEVE in the facts as placed before me that to feed the people of Great Britain, of France, and of our European allies who are so close to our men at the front, requires 1,105,000,000 bushels of wheat; of this vast amount, 645,000,000 bushels may, by the straining of every effort, be grown in Great Britain and her allied European countries, leaving 460,000,000 bushels of wheat to be found elsewhere.

I know that Canada and the United States are not the only wheat-producing countries, but I know that India, Australia, and the Argentine Republic, although they grow immense quantities of wheat, are of but minor service to Great Britain and to France in this time of such grave crisis, because there are not the boats in sufficient tonnage to carry that wheat to them.

I realize that England and France are depending to-day on less than one-half of the tonnage used in normal times for the shipment of commodities and I appreciate that, because of the situation, wheat and other essential food supplies must be gotten from the only countries near at hand—mainly from our own country,—our own beloved Canada, and from the United States.

I have faith in the figures placed before us that we can, through our united personal individual efforts supply the 460,000,000 bushels of wheat that is so necessary. It can be supplied by Canada and the United States working closely together, each household doing its part, each woman like myself, undertaking and carrying out the individual responsibility.

I AM astonished that in reality so very little has been asked of me. Can it be possible that if I and my family, along with other families, will cut down by only one-sixth on our consumption of foods and of food products of a kind that can be exported readily—wheat and wheat products, bacon, cheese, poultry products and some other minor food stuffs—that the situation will be met?

I realize the truth of the fact and full force of the suggestion that I as a loyal Canadian woman should do at least twice what is my average share of any sacrifice in this regard, because some people will be so unresponsive and so disloyal to our cause and will not cut down by the desired one-sixth. I therefore will most cheerfully cut down on my consumption of these essential food products by at least one-third on what I have been used to and I will do this gladly as I realize it is my duty to make up for those who will not cut down on their consumption of the essential foods by one-sixth as requested.

I really do not feel that this is any sacrifice at all. It surely is no sacrifice as compared with what our boys—our men in the trenches—are doing at the front.

In order that there may be released for shipment overseas the limit of commercial and exportable canned fruits and vegetables, I shall, insofar as it is humanly possible, can for my own and for local consumption all fruits and vegetables which will otherwise go to waste. In this, I shall not only be thrifty, but I shall be enabled to feed my family better and with greater economy.

I will use to the limit all perishable foods. I will save as much as possible of the garden truck which has been produced so abundantly this summer. I will preserve, can, dry and store all I can.

I WILL study the situation carefully and in detail. I will learn to know and to recognize food values. I will be eager to get every bit of essential information which I can glean from my own magazine, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and from other sources as well in order that I may discharge my full responsibility in this relation, first to our men and to the men of our allies in the trenches; second, to my own growing children and the children of my neighbors and the children of fellow-Canadians; third, that the others of us here at home may continue to be supplied with foods to sustain and maintain life and health.

It has come home to me with terrible conviction that there never was a time in the history of this Canada of ours when waste of any kind was more reprehensible.

I SHALL watch carefully and guard against any possible waste, I shall insofar as I am able to discern it, save my share of the $50,000,000 of good food which, according to Mr. Hanna's figures, is wasted every year in this country by carelessness in the kitchens. I shall indeed be blameworthy if $7.00 or $8.00 worth of good foodstuffs gets needlessly into my garbage can during the next twelve months.

I will accept and put to work at once and keep at work the good old-fashioned gospel of the clean plate. I will see to it that my children do not waste food at their meals. I will not waste anything myself.

I vow that I shall not be found wanting and I shall, as long as is necessary, endeavor to do what is expected of me in this matter of food control—of food conservation, that all may be fed, that all may live, and have life comfortably sustained and maintained.

I WILL do my duty even as England this day and every day expects that every man shall do his duty.

For has not Lord Rhondda, the British Food Controller, speaking for Great Britain, said, "We look to the resources of Canada and to the indomitable energy of Canadians for an answer that will shatter Germany's threat of starvation."

And has not Lloyd George, that idol of the British people, given assurance to the anxious and harassed people of our Motherland, that "So far from starving, our food supplies for 1917 and 1918 have already been secured subject to reasonable economy." I realize fully that Lloyd George, in making that statement, made it with the assurance from Canada that I and all of my fellow-citizen Canadian people will make the sacrifice asked of us,—the sacrifice that is necessary to protect Britain and her allies, save these people from hunger, and enable our cause to win out gloriously, as it assuredly will.

SINCE in unity there is greater strength, and since so much more can be accomplished when we are all standing together and working together, and since through united work we can greatly encourage one another, I will take part in some women's organization already active in this work, or I shall do what I can to help along the organization that may be formed in my locality.

They are counting on me.

God helping me, I will do my duty.

I will not be found wanting!

Let your skin really breathe at night

Powder by day as often as you like, but if you really want the charm of "a skin you love to touch," do, do let your skin breathe at night

IF you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want a clear, fresh complexion, don't go to bed a single night with powder flakes and the dust and grime of the day still lodged in the delicate pores.

Use this special Woodbury treatment regularly each night and see what a wonderful difference it will make in your skin.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight this famous skin treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

Send now for a week's size cake

If you would like a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, send 4c and we will send you a cake large enough for a week's use. Write today! Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2609 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA

THE CURÉ'S LOVE STORY

A Tale of the Miracles of St. Anne de Beaupré

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrated by G. H. CHARLES

IT is known that Mademoiselle Rose Eva Tremblay—who was called by courtesy Madame—spent two hours of mortal agony on behalf of Monsieur Sebastian Fiset, Curé of the parish of St. Jean, on the lower St. Lawrence. There were two parishioners in the post office—Paul Duhamel, the discreet man, and Charles Bonnat, a fisherman. The "Arethusa" had arrived two hours before schedule time, to take advantage of the tide, and a host of tourists, who were returning to Montreal after having made the Saguenay trip, were strolling through St. Jean.

While Madame Rose Eva was pretending to sort the mail, a feat which she was incapable of performing, owing to the condition of her eyes, a gray-haired lady, who had been on the steamship, came into the kitchen, which adjoined His Majesty's post office.

"Can you tell me whether Monsieur Fiset, your curé, is to be found?" she asked of Madame Rose Eva.

Madame Rose Eva put down her letters and came out of the post office. Charles Bonnat, who was upon the porch, and Paul Duhamel, the discreet man, who was putting plaster upon a wall, heard the inquiry and did not go beyond the range of hearing. All three looked at one another, and their impulse was to say that the curé was away. They did not like strangers to speak with Monsieur Sebastian; they were always afraid that he would be kidnapped and made into a bishop.

The gray-haired lady smiled and continued:

"It must be more than forty years since I knew Monsieur Fiset at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. I have only two hours to spend here, and I am sure this must be the same Monsieur Fiset who was so kind to little Jean Durant ever so long ago."

"Mon Dieu!" muttered Madame Rose Eva, and dropped a registered letter which she had been hugging tightly. The discreet man, Paul Duhamel, picked it up, and Madame Rose Eva snatched it out of his hands.

"Monsieur le Curé has gone to St. Boniface," said the postmistress. "He will not return until to-morrow."

The gray-haired lady looked unhappy. "I should have liked to meet him," she replied, and went out of the house. Charles and Paul went to the door and watched her go up the street toward the curé's house.

"What if she should meet him?" Charles asked.

"I tell you Monsieur le Curé has gone to St. Boniface, "repeated Madame Rose Eva obstinately.

"I saw him in the village five minutes ago—" began the fisherman, and stopped short, seeing Duhamel look at him warningly. At that moment the curé came into the house.

"Bonjour, Madame Rose Eva," he began heartily. "So the 'Arethusa' is ahead of her time. I have seldom known that to occur." He laughed and looked into the post office. "The mails are not yet sorted?" he inquired.

"Monsieur," said the postmistress, "I hear that Marie Duvergne is expected to die this evening. The boy was waiting here for you."

"Marie!" exclaimed the curé in astonishment. "Why, I thought she was recovering quickly."

"He said that you should go there the moment you returned," said the postmistress.

"Then I must get my satchel at once!" exclaimed Monsieur Fiset, and started up the street toward his house. The postmistress stared after him in consternation.

"Ah, you should have left it to me, Madame," said Paul Duhamel, reprovingly. "I could have invented a true story which would have sent him the other way. Now he has gone home to get the oil and communion wafer, and he will meet her."

Madame Rose Eva put her old head down on her arms and began weeping noisily, while Charles Bonnat stood about foolishly, and Paul Duhamel went back to his plastering.

"Come back to Halifax with me and I will promise you more money in five years, if you make good, than you could make here in twenty-five."

In the seventies of the last century the third Sanctuary of Ste. Anne, at Beaupré, was falling into decay, after almost two hundred years of service. The great and noble Basilica, that now stands in its beautiful parvis, among trees and flowers, had not yet been built, but for two centuries the afflicted had gone to the old Sanctuary to pray, and to be healed of ailments which it was beyond the skill of physicians to alleviate. Thither John Durant had taken his daughter Jean. John Durant was a merchant in Halifax, and a rich man, as wealth was counted in those days. He was of no particular belief, but his wife had been a devout Catholic; Jean had been educated in the faith, and before her mother died she begged her husband to take the crippled girl to Ste. Anne's.

John Durant brought his daughter there in a wheeled chair. For nearly six years she had been unable to walk. For three successive summers he brought her there, and for three years her prayers and his own aspirations had remained unanswered.

Sebastian Fiset was then a youth in his early twenties. From boyhood he had shown evidences of a serious mind; what was more natural than that he should have been designated for the priestly office? All over Quebec Province young men who show a natural aptitude and zeal are sought for by the religious organizations and the charitably disposed, to be educated as priests. The struggle for poor men is hard, but their success is a proof of character. Sebastian Fiset was studying in the Juvenate of the Redemptorist Fathers, who occupy the monastery at Beaupré, teach young men who desire to enter the priesthood, and are now the custodians of the shrine. Sebastian had nearly finished his course at Beaupré, and was to be admitted to the Seminary at Quebec, from which he would afterward be ordained.

The young man saw the processions of the afflicted who come to Beaupré to kiss the relic of the Saint. He watched the crippled, the blind, the mute, and the deaf kneel down before the altar. Most of them departed as they came, but sometimes there occurred one of those miracles which sceptics ascribe to the will instead of faith, and the crippled man would leave his crutches at the altar and walk out, amazed and thankful, into a strange world. John Durant had no faith, and his daughter was filled with it, but nothing came of their pilgrimage. They had taken lodgings in Beaupré, which had not then been vulgarized by cheap restaurants and vendors of souvenirs and unauthorized purveyors of rosaries. Day after day Jean Durant was wheeled into the Sanctuary, and night after night she was wheeled home again.

John Durant grew very bitter when the third summer was nearly gone. He had come to know the eager, keen-eyed young man who sauntered in the parvis, generally alone, watching the pilgrims, his heart filled with joy of his future vocation. All men who are to be priests, cutting themselves off from the world that they may understand the world, fight out the battle between the spirit and the flesh alone. But Sebastian Fiset had no battle to fight. Since his earliest boyhood he had wanted to dedicate himself to the service of God and the Church.

HE was stirred to the depths by the sight of the crippled girl. John Durant often spoke to him, veiling the irony of his thoughts under kindly phrases, until at last his disappointment broke out in a strange way. He, too, pitied; he pitied Sebastian, doomed to spend his life in the priesthood.

"You are too promising a lad to spend your life among these ignorant people," he blurted out one morning, as they strolled together among the flowers. And all the pent-up disappointment of his heart found vent. He told him of his wife's death, of her last hours, when she begged him to be confirmed in the Catholic Church; of his conscientious refusal and the embitterment of those last moments; of his daughter's injury which had paralyzed the spinal nerves and was incurable, the greatest doctors claimed.

"And I have to pretend I believe she can be cured by this mummery," he cried, extending his arm in the direction of the Sanctuary. "But I shall not bring her here again." He paused and looked keenly at the young man. "What future is there for you among these imbeciles?" he demanded. "Come back to Halifax with me and I will promise you more money in five years, if you make good, than you could make here in twenty-five. You cannot believe in this."

Sebastian answered gravely: "Monsieur Durant, I believe in God and His Church with all my heart and soul."

The merchant was touched by the young man 's fervour, and somewhat ashamed of his outburst. He did not renew his offer, but they had many talks together beside Jean Durant's chair, as she lay in the sunlight of the parvis. Sometimes a priest or member of the community would look curiously at Sebastian, but he inspired such universal confidence that nothing was ever said to him concerning his acquaintance with the girl.

He was already a man in character and strength of spirit, but he was still a boy in experience. He did not know that pity and love are akin. On the morning before the merchant's departure, the young student and the crippled girl were left alone for a few moments, and nobody else was within the parvis. The sense of his loneliness suddenly struck Sebastian like a blow. He glanced at Jean with a feeling of mistrust that mystified him. He was embarrassed in a woman's presence for the first time.

"This is my last day in Beaupré," she said, "and I do not think that we shall ever come here again."

Sebastian saw that her eyes were filled with tears. And then he understood the meaning of those doubts that had distressed him. He loved this crippled girl, and pity was only a minute part of the mighty emotion that filled his heart. He could not speak. His throat was choked. He rose up, looked at her, looked hard at her, and strode away toward the Sanctuary. The next day the visitors departed.

Sebastian Fiset's trial had come, and that year was one of awful battle. Only a priest could understand its meaning. Life had suddenly become something more precious than Sebastian had ever conceived. Temptation assailed him in a hundred guises. He could give up his studies and go back to the world without committing sin. There was no clean-cut case of duty to be done, and of dishonour to be fought down. Many youths found that they had been mistaken in their aims and left the colleges and the Seminary, too, every year. All that winter the struggle continued, and in early spring Sebastian received a letter from John Durant.

The merchant had been more taken with the young man than he knew at the time of their last meeting. He renewed his offer, but in more guarded language, saying that if Monsieur Fiset concluded that he had not chosen wisely there would be an opportunity for him in his business. And after this there followed a communication so earnest, and wrung from such depths of anguish, that it brought to Sebastian Fiset the cure his soul was seeking.

All through his later life the curé had the habit of influencing people quite disproportionately to his intentions. A chance phrase, a crisp sentence had been known to effect a permanent change in character. It was the sincerity of the man more than his eloquence. So now; for the simple profession of faith which the young fellow had made, without argument, on the occasion of the merchant's last visit, had impressed him profoundly; and ever since John Durant had returned to Halifax he had been wrestling with his old longing for the faith in which his wife had lived and died. He bore the cross of intellectual freedom heavily indeed.

"Do you remember, my dear Sebastian, how we discussed your religion last summer?" wrote John Durant. "I spoke hastily and rudely, but this has troubled me a thousandfold more than it could trouble you. Since then I have longed to believe, with all my heart and soul. And I have thought perhaps it was because of my unbelief that no miracle occurred to cure my Jean; for that such miracles do occur no reasonable person doubts, though some ascribe a different reason to the cure. I have been a lonely man since my wife's death, and my love for Jean has embittered me against

(*Continued on page 52*)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

SOME NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

Canada's First Woman M.P.

WOMEN are frequently told that non-partizanship is only a dream, that it will not work out, but the western provinces are prepared to give it a fair test.

One of the best evidences of this lies in the fact that Alberta has elected to its legislature a woman who stumped on an independent ticket—Mrs. L. C. McKinney.

Canadian women generally rejoice over Mrs. McKinney's success. She is pre-eminently the type of woman by whom other women wish to be represented. She has the honor of being chiefly the farmer's candidate, and her tactics have been demonstrative of their sound common sense and clear insight.

Ontario is proud of being the province of her birth, her early education and five years of public school teaching. North Dakota was the scene of several years of outstanding public service for the W.C.T.U. As a resident of Claresholm, Alberta, for several years, she and her family have done much to uphold a high standard in the community. An acquaintance upon hearing of her election remarked, "She is now reaping what she sowed in keeping her home at the disposal of every young man and woman who had no home and it set an example to the whole neighbourhood."

Mrs. McKinney is a firm believer in women maintaining an independent attitude in politics, that they may be able to offer effective opposition to the giant evils that have grown up under the party system. Both Alberta and Saskatchewan are strong on the independent ticket and a clearer political atmosphere is assured.

She believes that fair minded people are thoroughly disgusted with party politics. Canada is to-day reaping the fruits of their blind partizanship of a few years ago. Parliament and politicians are distrusted because they have not kept faith with the people. Every move is considered from the party and not from the national standpoint. Patronage has weakened men's independence and their sense of justice.

The Non-Partizan League of Alberta, which is behind Mrs. McKinney with its five thousand members, boasts that it is in politics to remedy all evils from which the farmers and the thousand million dollars' worth of farm lands of Alberta are suffering. Among other advanced measures, they stand for Federal direct legislation and recall, equal suffrage, abolition of official charity and substitution of compulsory insurance, Government ownership of elevators, cold storage plants and other public utilities. At their political nomination convention this past winter women were, for the first time, admitted as delegates on an equality with men.

Mrs. McKinney's constituents eagerly anticipate the good that must be effected by their representative's adherence to her principles and her opposition to general political corruption.

* * *

More Policewomen Needed

At the recent conference of the policewomen of the United States and Canada, held in Pittsburg, the women dedicated themselves once more to "the work of home defence, especially with regard to homes broken by the war, to industrial problems caused by the entrance of women into new fields of labour, and to the unprecedented social problems attendant upon the establishment of large training camps." They urged the need of more policewomen throughout the country. The first policewoman of America, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells, of Los Angeles, was re-elected President.

* * *

Social Centre for Soldiers

The Y.W.C.A. of the United States has opened the first house in connection with the military training camps at Plattsburg, N.Y. It takes the form of a social centre where soldiers in training may meet their women friends and their families. Its broad terrace facing the parade grounds, rest and writing rooms, a well equipped restaurant, make it most convenient for soldiers and their women friends to meet under proper conditions. The American Association is trying to raise a million dollar fund for the erection of similar buildings at other training camps at home and in Europe, and some of the workers are now in France in preparation for the work.

* * *

New in World's History

For the first time in the history of the world, Jewish women will vote for representation in a Jewish Congress. In September of this year, Washington, D.C., will entertain the greatest convocation of the Jewish people in 1847 years, that is, since the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem. The ablest business men of America will meet in this Conference to discuss the problem of 13,000,000 Jews, and will choose a committee to represent the Jewish people when the nations assemble after the World war. For nominations to the Congress all men and women over 21 years are allowed to vote—the first Jewish Congress which has ever adopted woman suffrage.

* * *

A Monument to a State

General J. C. Thompson, of Cheyenne, has launched a movement for the erection of a worthy monument in commemoration of Wyoming granting women full suffrage and equal rights with men on December 10, 1869, when it was made a territory.

In 1890 when it was admitted as a State, and before any other State had given women the franchise, equal suffrage was made a part of its constitution.

* * *

The New Woman in France

Jane Misne in her fine survey of woman's work in France, "War and Women's Work," says:—"Sex inequalities have passed away, and in industry women have taken their place along with men, assuming

Mrs. L. C. McKinney is regarded by women all over Canada as pre-eminently the type of woman other women wish to be represented by.

the same obligations and receiving the same remuneration. But more significant for the future is the change in attitude toward employment on the part of women. The prestige which once belonged to the women of leisure now goes to those who are engaged in some useful occupation. This change in attitude, together with the indispensable services which the women have rendered during the war, and which they have still to render in the period of reconstruction that is to follow, assures us that the gains of the past two years will be conserved. But equality in industry must be followed by political equality. The feminists are demanding all their rights as the sole means which will make it possible for them to fulfill all their duties."

* * *

Premier Hearst's Pen

Shortly after the granting of the franchise to the women of Ontario, Sir William Hearst received a letter from Mrs. Bruin, of Lion's Head, Ontario, expressing her desire to have as a souvenir the pen with which he had signed the momentous document. In due time Mrs. Bruin received not only the pen but a personal letter from the premier complimenting the women of the North upon their splendid efforts in the cause.

A great many women now wish they had thought of it sooner.

* * *

Enlistment Where Women Vote

The Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and Ontario, where the women have been enfranchised, have a record of 1 man in 14 serving the Empire. With the proportion constantly going up, Quebec, which has not given votes to women, has a record of enlistment of 1 man in 136. In the United States the equal suffrage states have sent the greatest number of volunteers. This does not look as if voting women were pacifists, but were even more ready to serve their country by sacrifice than those who do not seek the rights of citizenship.

* * *

What Dr. Anna Howard Shaw Hopes of Ontario Women

The United States honours itself in heaping honours upon the veteran leader of women, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. She recently preached the baccalaureate sermon at Bryn Mawr, the first time a woman has been asked to do this for any large college. The Temple University had her deliver the address for its graduating exercises and has conferred upon her the degree of L.L.D. She is also Chairman of the Woman's Committee of National Defence.

In a delightful visit with Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, in speaking of the granting of the franchise to the women of Ontario, Dr. Shaw said:—

"I hope your women will not form a political party of their own. They should do nothing to separate them from the men, but in every way seek to co-operate with them. They should not join political parties except individually.

"I do not want to see a woman led or driven. I want a woman to vote her own vote. Let them form leagues to study legislation and prepare measures by all means."

* * *

The World's Debt to Women

"Wonderful as this hour is for democracy and labour, it is the first hour in history for the women of the world. This is the woman's age! At last, after centuries of disabilities and discriminations, women are coming into the labour and festival of life on equal terms with men. At last the unfair burdens are being lifted from the backs of the mothers of the race. In the awful lightning made as death strikes sharp on life for millions of sons the value of daughters are being discovered by the lords and masters of the earth. Woman's labour in the fields feeds the soldier on the firing line. Woman's labour in factories and mills feeds the cannon in the trenches. Woman's labour in shops and stores feeds the homes of Europe. Canada, Russia, America and even England should have enfranchised womanhood when this war is over. But it is in the industrial and economic field that the world-war will mark the most far-reaching transformation in the condition of women. From casual to permanent, from unskilled and unimportant to trained and essential factors in the economic life of the world, this will be the effect of the war in the condition of the working women of the western nations!"

In these inspiring words Mrs. Robins hailed the advent of woman's era in her address at the opening of the Sixth Biennial Convention of the National Woman's Trade Union League of America, held in Kansas City,

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Robins are known throughout the United States and Canada for their magnificent social service among the industrial workers.

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Queen Mary, Princess Mary and Princess Beatrice looking at the Queen's Birthday Gifts at the Headquarters of the Queen Mary Needlework Guild, St. James' Palace. The 102,000 gifts came from all parts of the Empire, and will in addition to the £1,600 in money be distributed among hospitals.

THE SOUL OF A GERMAN

How It Revealed Itself When the War Came to Algiers

By E. A. TAYLOR

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS

IT was a November afternoon in Algiers, the African city under the Tricolour of France. The air was soft and warm, and the high fronded palms stood up stately in the sunshine, as Jason d'Anvers ran his handsome gray auto across the Place du Gouvernement. Algiers is beautiful to look at, rising as it does, on the side of a steep hill—a city of glistening white roofs, interspersed with tall minarets and cupolas, with a brilliant blue sea at its feet and the sunshine of Africa overhead. But many of the narrow streets in the old native city are only long flights of rough steps, and even on the new French roads the grades are often steep enough.

So Jason drove carefully. He was a faultlessly dressed, middle-aged Frenchman, with kindly shrewd eyes, and a rather long face that showed his Jewish blood. He had two sons in a French regiment fighting in the great world's war, two younger were at the Lycee in Algiers, and two little girls had their governess in the big white house on the hill.

In the bad old days the house had been the home of a famous pirate chief, and it had pleased Jason to keep the oriental character of its decorations, even though he added all modern conveniences. The inner court—the old harem—was suggestive of the Arabian Nights, with its coloured marble pavement, and tinkling fountain, among the banks of orchids that Sarah d'Anvers loved. All round were wonderfuly carved, arched doorways and balconies, hung with curtains of eastern hued silks. Old Bahkhar, the Moorish Jew, who acted as doorkeeper, also looked as if he belonged to the magic scented East, but the three women, drinking tea by the fountain, had all the awakened soul and intellect of the West in their faces.

They were Sarah, Eve, and Anna, Jason's sisters. The two younger were married, but when Jason's wife died Sarah had stayed single to keep his house and mother his children.

She was a very beautiful woman still, in spite of her forty odd years, as she leaned back in her garden chair, her white dress showing the lines of her tall slim figure. Her hair was a soft golden, and her blue eyes had that intense purity and brooding motherliness that the painters of all ages have striven to give their Madonnas.

Just now she was evidently being teased by her sisters, and as Jason entered, they both exclaimed: "What do you think Sarah has done? Charity is all right, of course, but this is going too far, and in your house too—a German! And then, the Foreign Legion!"

"Whatever Sarah does is always right," said Jason calmly. "Give me a cup of black coffee, please, Eve, with two lumps of sugar. And then you can tell me the parts of your story that you left out."

She and Anna both told him, at great length, while he sipped his coffee. It first concerned the Foreign Legion—that remarkable branch of the French Army which took in the social outcasts, outlaws, and adventurers of France, and of every other nation on the globe. It had on its rolls in that year 1914, Russians, Turks, Hindoos, Negroes, Greeks, and many Germans. One of them, Heinrich Muller, had come to Algiers Hospital, one of a score of men wounded in a skirmish with the wild tribes of Sahara. The French feminine part of Algiers was overflowing with Red Cross enthusiasm, and unhappy because Algiers was too outside the zone of war for them to help their own wounded men, so they suddenly started to visit these soldiers of France, and decided to invite the convalescents to their homes. Then, as they made the arrangements, there was a painful pause at Muller's name, and Sarah, who happened to be present, at once offered to take him.

"And whatever else could she do?" asked Jason, "at a time like this every man who wears the French uniform must be sacred in any Frenchman's—or woman's—eyes."

"Well, I have warned you," said Eve sharply, as she rose. "I am having a Negro in for the afternoon, I shall give him sweets and tobacco, and I know he will never dream of presuming on my kindness. But these blonde beasts of Prussia—the man who gives them an inch is a fool."

But Jason loved and trusted Sarah too much to criticise her even in his thoughts, though he was secretly annoyed that the foolishness of her associates in charity had made it necessary for her to invite this German renegade to her home. Very full and careful introductions are necessary before a stranger can enter any French home, and to a French Jew—one of a race the world barred out so long, that it still bars itself in socially—the thing was unheard of. "But it is War," Jason thought philosophically, adding "and women, also—the two world upsetters."

He asked for the record of Muller, and was sent the following: "Heinrich Muller, born in Schwarzburg, Prussia, 1850." ("Hum," commented the reader, "the animal is nearly sixty-five.") "Took degree at Heidelberg, became Secretary to Dowager Princess Von Schwarzburg. Never married. At forty came to Africa and enlisted in the Foreign Legion." ("Now, what on earth made a man of that age and assured social position do that?" Jason wondered. "He was no boy crazy for adventure, so what was it that drove him from Germany—his own crime, or another's?") Muller's record in the Legion had been very good, and it was certainly nothing but soldierly merit that had won the suspicious French authorities to promote him after fifteen years in the ranks, so that he was now a captain, and would have been retired had not the War prevented.

A big man, offensively—to French eyes—German looking, Muller stood in the oriental court, answering Jason's greeting with a German accent that jarred on his very French-feeling hosts. Sarah saw him as a stupid looking, weather-beaten man, with graying hair, evidently ill at ease among the refinements of her table. So she talked to him with her sweetest graciousness, and then was dismayed at her success. For Muller had grown too much at his ease for Jason's peace of mind as the three sat by the fountain, with their coffee. The magical African moonlight silvered the Moorish arches around them, and made Sarah's white dress and golden hair look ethereal, while Muller looked at her with a bold appreciation that drove Jason inwardly frantic. The rough shyness the German had learned in those twenty-five years of social exile in French camps, had fallen off, and he was again an arrogant Prussian of the upper class, favouring these people of an inferior race with the honour of his society.

"I drank, I had no money and I enlisted in the Legion. For years I thought I hated Germany, but now she seems to be pulling at my heart."

HE talked, incessantly and boastfully, of all he had done in the ceaseless warfare of the desert, but he never mentioned the great War, till Jason, goaded beyond endurance, quoted some bitter anti-German remarks from the *Depeche Algerienne* of that evening. But Muller only smiled. "Just talk," he said loftily. "Here are a dozen countries at war with each other, probably some are more to blame than others, but we need not believe anything any of them say about the others. Such wild talk is only a part of war. A year after peace these excited-talking Englishmen will probably be walking arm in arm to their golf or horse-racing with the very German generals they now curse so fiercely."

"And I suppose Belgians will be laughing at the joke of their abused women and babies, with the very Germans who did the abominable things?" Jason retorted sarcastically. "M. Captain, you talk strangely for a man in French uniform."

Muller laughed easily. "Of course I do not talk so before French people," he observed, "but you are different."

"M. Captain, you are my guest, but I must ask you to explain your words. Who is it that dares to say I am not true French?"

"M. d'Anvers, they told me in town you were a Jew, and French Jews cannot have forgotten the Dreyfus case, and the things that very paper in your hands said about Jewish plots with England and *juiverie*."

Muller used the slang word, brought out by the anti-Semitic party when talking of "worse things than could be described," committed by the Jews. Calming himself with an effort, Jason answered, "M. Captain, my religion is my own—my soul is God's—but all else that I have is France's. I know that she has made bad blunders, but I know too that when she saw her mistakes she tried to make amends. When I remember the Dreyfus case I remember too M. Zola, foremost of French writers, who heroically opposed his own country when he knew she was wrong. You do not find any great German openly doing that—they are all the soul-slaves of the Kaiser, and degraded beyond hope by their slavery."

There was an uncomfortable silence, and Sarah, wishing to break it, asked Jason to hand her a shawl. He put the filmy soft thing on her head and round her shoulders. It was a vivid blue in the clear white moonlight, and Muller stared at her with something like fear in his eyes. "Gott in Himmel!" he exclaimed, "The Jewish Madonna!"

In her white dress and blue drapery, with her Madonna face, Sarah did look like the Maiden Mother of some of the old master painters. Speaking with an agitation very different to his loud assurance of a few minutes before, Muller continued, "I beg your pardon, but it is a story. It is the legend of the house of Von Schwarzburg. They are one of the noblest families in Germany, and five hundred years ago they were as wealthy and powerful as now. It was Christmas time then, they were feasting in the Castle, while down in the town a mob were killing an old Jew. His daughter, in a white dress and blue wrap, fled for her life. It was a bitter night, and half-frozen, in her desperation she walked through the open doors into the great hall of the castle.

THE superstitious crowd all fell on their knees, imagining her to be the Madonna. Dazed with the cold she sank on a seat, and took the bread and wine offered her by the kneeling lord of the castle. Then the chaplain drew near with incense, and realizing that she was being worshipped, the girl sprang up, telling her name. And suddenly recognizing her, the castle folks rushed on her in a fury, hurling her out to die. It is a brutal story, but you know what those Dark Ages were, and I have never understood why that girl could not have kept quiet, and played her part till there was a chance to slip away."

"Of course a German could not understand that," said Jason to himself, while Sarah exclaimed, "M. Captain, does not every one have something that they hold dearer than life? You have your soldiers' honour, and we have the eternal Law. It commands us to bow down to the one God only, and that poor brave girl knew it was better to die than consent to false worship. Your Christian martyrs felt the same."

"I have no religion outside science, Mlle. d'Anvers," returned Muller, "and I have always regarded martyrs to any supernaturalism as a pack of fools. But I have only told half my story. Even in this generation the Jewish Madonna has been seen by the head of the House of Von Schwarzburg. And after this apparition, there has always been some unnatural and frightful crime committed by one member of the family upon anotner."

"M. Captain," said Jason dryly, "I should like to know how you reconcile your scientific disbelief in any supernatural religion, with this faith of yours in the appearance of a ghost?"

"I suppose, M. d'Anvers, that like all men, I have a foolish streak in me. But as a child I was told how my father came in one day, very pale, 'I have seen the Jewish Madonna,' he said. The servants hurried to bar the doors, as is always done to try to keep her out. But though no one else saw her, the crime, the ghastly crime, was done that night."

Muller stopped, shuddering, and too shaken by his recollections to notice that he had betrayed his close relationship with a noble German house. Sarah did not notice it either, she was pitying him, as she always did anyone that suffered. So she said softly, "Oh, why do your people bar the doors when they know the vision of the murdered girl is near? I am sure she is sent as a sign of pardon instead of punishment, and if you would only open the doors, and ask her in, the curse would pass away from your house."

Muller stared at her. "I never thought of that. But you may be right. Something has put a curse on us, for our unnatural crimes are real, though I have often thought the vision of the Jewish Madonna may only be a coincidence—like me seeing you to-night."

"Well, let us hope you will not (*Continued on page 50*)

THE ALPINE PATH

The Story of My Career

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of

"Anne of Green Gables," and "Anne of the Island," etc.

(FOURTH INSTALLMENT)

This picture was made when I was sixteen and the flame of an ambition to write something big was beginning to sear my soul.

GRANDFATHER died in 1898 and Grandmother was left alone in the old homestead. So I gave up teaching and stayed home with her. By 1901 I was beginning to make a "livable" income for myself by my pen, though that did not mean that everything I wrote was accepted on its first journey. Far from it. Nine out of ten manuscripts came back to me. But I sent them out over and over again, and eventually they found resting places. Another extract from my journal may serve as a sort of milestone to show how far I had travelled.

"March 21, 1901.

"Munsey's came to-day with my poem "Comparisons" in it, illustrated. It really *looked* nice. I've been quite in luck of late, for several new and good magazines have opened their portals to this poor wandering sheepkin of thorny literary ways. I feel that I am improving and developing in regard to my verses. I suppose it would be strange if I did not, considering how hard I study and work. Every now and then I write a poem which serves as a sort of landmark to emphasize my progress. I know, by looking back, that I could not have written it six months, or a year, or four years ago, any more than I could have made a garment the material of which was still unwoven. I wrote two poems this week. A year ago, I could not have written them, but now they come easily and naturally. This encourages me to hope that in the future I may achieve something worth while. I never expect to be famous. I merely want to have a recognized place among good workers in my chosen profession. That, I honestly believe, is happiness, and the harder to win the sweeter and more lasting when won."

In the fall of 1901 I went again to Halifax and worked for the winter on the staff of the *Daily Echo*, the evening edition of the *Chronicle*. A series of extracts from my journal will tell the tale of that experience with sufficient fulness.

"11 November, 1901

"I am here alone in the office of the *Daily Echo*. The paper is gone to press and the extra proofs have not yet begun to come down. Overhead, in the composing room, they are rolling machines and making a diabolical noise. Outside of the window the engine exhaust is puffing furiously. In the inner office two reporters are having a wrangle. And here sit I—the *Echo* proof-reader and general handy-man. Quite a 'presto change' from last entry!

"I'm a newspaper woman!

"Sounds nice? Yes, and the reality is very nice, too. Being of the earth, it is earthy, and has its drawbacks. Life in a newspaper office isn't all 'beer and skittles' any more than anywhere else. But on the whole it is not a bad life at all! I rather like proof-reading, although it is tedious. The headlines and editorials are my worst thorns in the flesh. Headlines have a natural tendency to depravity, and the editor-in-chief has a ghastly habit of making puns over which I am apt to come to grief. In spite of all my care 'errors will creep in' and then there is the mischief to pay. When I have nightmares now they are of headlines wildly askew and editorials hopelessly hocussed, which an infuriated chief is flourishing in my face.

"The paper goes to press at 2.30, but I have to stay till six to answer the 'phone, sign for wires, and read extra proofs.

"On Saturdays the *Echo* has a lot of extra stuff, a page of 'society letters' among the rest. It usually falls to my lot to edit these. Can't say I fancy the job much, but the only thing I positively abhor is 'faking' a society letter. This is one of the tricks of newspaperdom. When a society letter fails to turn up from a certain place—say from Windsor—in due time, the news editor slaps a Windsor weekly down before me and says blandly, 'Fake up a society letter from that, Miss Montgomery.'

"So poor Miss Montgomery goes meekly to work, and concocts an introductory paragraph or so about 'autumn leaves' and 'mellow days' and 'October frosts,' or any old stuff like that to suit the season. Then I go carefully over the columns of the weekly, clip out all the available personals and news items, about weddings, and engagements, and teas, etc., hash them up in epistolary style, forge the Windsor correspondent's nom de plume—and there's your society letter! I used to include funerals, too, but I found the news editor blue-pencilled them. Evidently funerals have no place in society.

"Then I write a column or so of giddy paragraphs for Monday's *Echo*. I call it 'Around the Tea-Table,' and sign it 'Cynthia.'

"My office is a back room looking out on a back yard in the middle of the block. I don't know that all the Haligonian washerwomen live around it, but certainly a good percentage of them must, for the yard is a network of lines from which sundry and divers garments are always streaming gaily to the breezes. On the ground and over the roof cats are prowling continually, and when they fight, the walls resound with their howls. Most of them are lank, starved-looking beasties enough, but there is one lovely gray fellow who basks on a window sill opposite me and looks so much like 'Dafty' that, when I look at him, I could squeeze out a homesick tear if I were not afraid that it would wash a clean spot on my grimy face. This office is really the worst place for getting dirty I ever was in."

This is my great aunt, Mrs. Lawson, who told me many of the tales that I subsequently wrote into my stories. I often wished that I had her fund of story material.

"November 18, 1901.

"Have had a difficult time trying to arrange for enough spare minutes to do some writing. I could not write in the evenings, I was always too tired. Besides, I had to keep my buttons sewed on and my stockings darned.

A view of Lover's Lane, which I have written about in one of my books. It was a beautiful lane through the woods on a neighbour's farm.

When Anne of Green Gables was published, I had a very good reason for smiling. And even this smile did not express my feelings.

Then I reverted to my old practice, and tried getting up at six in the morning. But it did not work, as of yore. I could never get to bed as early as I could when I was a country 'schoolma'am' and I found it impossible to do without a certain amount of sleep.

"There was only one alternative.

"Hitherto, I had thought that undisturbed solitude was necessary that the fire of genius might burn and even the fire for pot-boiling. I must be alone, and the room must be quiet. I could never have even imagined that I could possibly write anything in a newspaper office, with rolls of proof shooting down every ten minutes, people coming and conversing, telephones ringing, and machines being thumped and dragged overhead. I would have laughed at the idea, yea, I would have laughed it to scorn. But the impossible has happened. I am of one mind with the Irishman who said you could get used to anything, even to being hanged!

"All my spare time here I write, and not such bad stuff either, since the *Delineator*, the *Smart Set* and *Ainslies'* have taken some of it. I have grown accustomed to stopping in the middle of a paragraph to interview a prowling caller, and to pausing in full career after an elusive rhyme, to read a lot of proof, and snarled-up copy."

"Saturday, December 8, 1901.

"Of late I've been Busy with a capital B. 'Tending to office work, writing pot-boilers, making Christmas presents, etc., mostly etc.

"One of the 'etcs.' is a job I heartily detest. It makes my soul cringe. It is bad enough to have your flesh cringe, but when it strikes into your soul it gets on your spiritual nerves terribly. We are giving all the firms who advertise with us a free 'write-up' of their holiday goods, and I have to visit all the stores, interview the proprietors, and crystallize my information into two 'sticks' of copy. From three to five every afternoon I potter around the business blocks until my nose is purple with the cold and my fingers numb from much scribbling of notes."

"Wednesday, December 12, 1901.

"It is an ill wind that blows no good and my disagreeable assignment has blown me some. The other evening I went in to write up the *Bon Marche*, which sets up to be the millinery establishment of Halifax, and I found the proprietor very genial. He said he was delighted that the *Echo* had sent a lady, and by way of encouraging it not to weary in well doing he would send me up one of the new walking hats if I gave the *Bon Marche* a good write-up. I rather thought he was only joking, but sure enough, when the write-up came out yesterday, up came the hat, and a very pretty one it is too."

"Thursday, December 20, 1901.

"All the odd jobs that go a-begging in this office are handed over to the present scribe. The very queerest one up to date came yesterday.

"The compositors were setting up, for the weekly edition, a story called 'A Royal Betrothal,' taken from an English paper, and when about half through they lost the copy. Whereupon the news-editor requested me to go to and write an 'end' for the story. At first I did not think I could. What was set up of the story was not enough to give me any insight into the solution of the plot. More over, my knowledge of royal love affairs is limited, and I have not been accustomed to write with flippant levity of kings and queens.

"However, I fell to work and somehow got it done. To-day it came out, and as yet nobody has guessed where the 'seam' comes in. If the original author ever beholds it, I wonder what he will think."

I may remark, in passing, that more than ten years afterward I came across a copy of the original story in an old scrapbook, and was much amused to discover that the author's development of the plot was about as different from mine as anything could possibly be.

"Thursday, December 27th, 1901.

"Christmas is over. I had been rather dreading it, for I had been expecting to feel

(*Continued on page 49*).

THE VOGUE OF THE MOTOR CAR

Everybody's Getting this War-Time Great Economy

By MARY M. MURPHY

YOU want an automobile! Of course you do.

Every woman, in every city, in every town, in every village, in every hamlet, on every farm particularly wants an automobile, or she soon will want one.

She may not know she does—because she has never had one. The city woman didn't know she wanted a vacuum cleaner until she saw how Mrs. Smith's made work lighter and brought better results. When the old dash churns were the order of the day, the woman on the farm didn't know she wanted any other.

Similarly, just so long as the old reliable buggy holds together, so long as street railways will continue to accept revenue, no woman stops to think that she needs an automobile.

Here's the keynote of the whole situation—she needs it. The automobile has ceased to be a luxury, at least for the farmer. It is a necessity. It is the alpha and the omega of farm progress, of farm efficiency. It is no longer a matter of economy not to buy a car. If regarded so, the idea is false.

The lot of the farmer's wife is most alluring. She has God's own country all around her. She has everything for which most people are clamoring—pure food, pure air, room for expansion. But she welcomes at all times everything that will improve her status.

One potent fact thrusts itself upon us—the automobile HAS improved the status of the farm woman as no educative movement, no woman's co-operative clubs have ever done. These organizations tell HOW it can be done. The motor car DOES it.

Let us ask the farmers who own the cars. Better—ask their wives, who drive them—for they do.

"Since we bought a car," said one woman the other day, "I am a different being. After the day's work is over I can start off for an hour's run and come back refreshed. Before we got the car, I seldom had a drive more than twice a week—the horses were always tired out in the evening and had to be rested for the next day."

"Do I run it myself? Why, certainly I do. There is nothing difficult about driving a car if one uses one's head, and let me tell you this—there are fewer accidents since women take the wheel."

Car Brings Contentment

NOTHING has ever brought such contentment—contentment that is flavored with the spices of life—the little pleasures that lighten the burden of daily routine, pleasures heretofore unobtainable, but oh, so deeply desired!

A prominent Western man, a leader among the grain-growers suddenly became confronted by the fact that his wife was most discontented.

"You know," said Jones—that's not his name, but the case is actual—"the continual solitude of the farm got on her nerves. She just had to get nearer companionship. So she told me one day that we would have to move into the village, she could stand the monotony no longer.

"I bought a lot in the village and started to build. I planted hedges and wind breaks—and planned every possible comfort.

"Attending to this necessitated frequent trips to and from the farm, trips for which I could not spare horses, so one day, I bought a car, a good substantial car that would ensure comfort as well as accommodation.

"My wife learned to drive it. She accompanied me on my trips and frequently took the wheel. Then, one day, it struck me, of a sudden, that she was losing interest in the new house in the village. She entered into my discussions in only a half-hearted spirit. Not being able to fathom her change of disposition towards it, I put it up to her.

"Well, the fact of the matter is, Jack, since we got the car, I'm not very keen on moving in. Could you—do you think, Jack, that you could rent the new house?'"

Jones pointed out his house in the village one day as we passed.

"That's mine," he said, "but what to do with it, I don't know. Certainly my wife will not move from the farm since I got that car. You see," he continued, "she runs in here in the afternoon and does her shopping. She comes back in the evening and spends a couple of hours visiting. She has week-end house parties because we can arrange more easily now to bring our friends back and forth from the train. She is altogether very happy. I can hardly realize that an automobile could work such a change in anyone."

The case of the city woman is probably more varied. A representative instance was brought to my notice last spring. It demonstrates in a nutshell one of the greatest boons the car has proven.

"George," said Mrs. J—, to her husband in my hearing, "I've been doing some figuring lately. I won't bore you with the details, but the summary is this. If we rent this house and get out into the suburbs, and buy an automobile, we are going to save money."

George raised his eyebrows in mild interest; so does any husband when a suggestion is made involving expenditure.

"I mean it," his wife continued. "The thought of living here all summer in this congested neighborhood, with the thermometer soaring past 90, suffocates me already. You remember Betty and Tom couldn't stand it last year. They ran up a substantial doctor's bill for us.

"If we get a car, the question of car-fare is done away with—for remember I intend learning to drive it. I'll drive you to and from work. We'll give the children fresh air. We'll be in a locality where rent is low and all the elements of God's good earth are high—to the nth degree."

To make a long story short, George bought a car, and, true to his wife's forecast—HE IS SAVING.

Diminishes Distance

TO appreciate what the car is doing for the country, the very best illustration can be drawn from the West—our prairie provinces, where great distances and sparse settlements is the rule. The auto has moved the farm in close to the town. The farm which, in olden days was fifteen miles out—and what a long fifteen miles that seemed!—is now but two miles away. Sixty miles is only a matter of 2½ to 3 hours.

It has come to the point, in the West now, where farmers will not be without cars. Why, at the recent summer Fair at Brandon, Manitoba, there were 6,000 cars parked, and this record was beaten at Medicine Hat at the annual stampede, about two weeks before, when at least half as many again were counted.

It has taken time for the realization that a car is a necessity to filter through. In Ontario, the farmer especially, is gripping the idea slowly but surely. If you were to go back through the country that is farthest from the larger cities, you would be astonished at the number of cars owned by the farmers—demanded by their wives. But they must go a long way yet to touch the record for auto-ownership established by the West, for there are 16,000 autos in Manitoba alone, this representing an outlay of $20,000,000.00.

And still they come! It is a common thing these days to see an apparently endless procession of cars, on business or pleasure bound, from country to city and vice versa. The above is an illustration of actual traffic on a tempting stretch of concrete road.

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The Maritime Provinces are advancing rapidly in this direction. They labored under a handicap for some time, in relation to the operation of motor cars. A ban was placed upon them in Prince Edward Island for a considerable length of time. Reckless driving in the country, on the part of motor club enthusiasts, undoubtedly had a lot to do with the placing of the restriction, by the Provincial Legislature there. The damage done to cattle, poultry, and indeed to human life, when horses were scared, causing serious accidents, was appalling.

In Nova Scotia, also, certain limitations were enforced. In Yarmouth County, motor cars could be used two days a week only, at which times horse-driven vehicles used the roads at their own risk.

That Abominable Tax

BUT all this had to do with the car when it was considered a luxury. That it is a necessity, to the farmers at least, has been affirmed by them times without number.

What a pity then, that they are not more available! What a crying shame that the cars the farmers want to buy are loaded down with an almost impossible tariff! The difference in the price of one make of car—one of the cheaper cars—on the American side, and at one point in Ontario where there is an agency for that car, is $135. That is just $5.00 less than would be the duty, were one to buy it in the States and drive it across. The difference in the American and Canadian price on 60,000 cars produced annually of various makes figures something over $8,000,000.00.

These figures make you sit up and take notice—don't they?

It is lamentable that there is a duty on automobiles, but the man or woman who sits around waiting for that tax to be removed is losing time and money. Do you realize it—MONEY!

If you are aiming at Thrift—that is no way to practise it. That is false economy, and false economy leads to disaster. The farmer and the farmer's wife as well as city folks are fostering economy these days by practising efficiency.

Car Cuts Wood

LET'S get down to brass tacks!

Have you ever stopped to consider the many uses to which one can put a car besides driving in it? Here's what another of our Western friends who appreciates its value, says of it:

"No sir-ee! My car is no idler. Why I make it cut wood."

"Cut wood!" we repeat in surprise.

"Exactly, listen to me—

"I jack up the hind wheels, put a belt over one of them, attach it to the saw, turn the car to face the wind, to keep the radiator cool, start the engine—and away she goes! Some improvement on the buck saw! What do you think?"

"And it pumps water for me, too. Pumps water, and runs as a tractor and—"

All of which led me to remember another incident at the Brandon fair. A ploughing contest was on, in which were entered about a dozen tractors of varying sizes.

The feature of the two days' activity was a girl from Regina. She entered the contest with an automobile rigged up with tractor wheels. She took off the hind wheels of her car, replaced them by tractor wheels and attached a gang plough behind. She competed for the two days—and won the contest. It then took her just ten minutes to detach the plough and tractor wheels, re-attach the auto wheels and drive off to town.

A car so arranged is said to be able to pull three ploughs.

It does not take a shrewd business man to figure the actual money saved by similar uses of a motor car. Every farmer who has a car realizes the truth of this. He has proven it to cut down the cost of labor, to increase the value of his land, by making the distance between his farm and the town seem less formidable.

Woman's Influence

WHILE ascribing to the head of the house these very mercenary—and necessary—considerations, is it not only reasonable to suppose also that in bringing happiness to his family he reasons the car amply pays for itself. For talk as we will, whether he thinks the car a financial asset or not, the opinion of his wife goes a long way towards sealing the bargain to buy it.

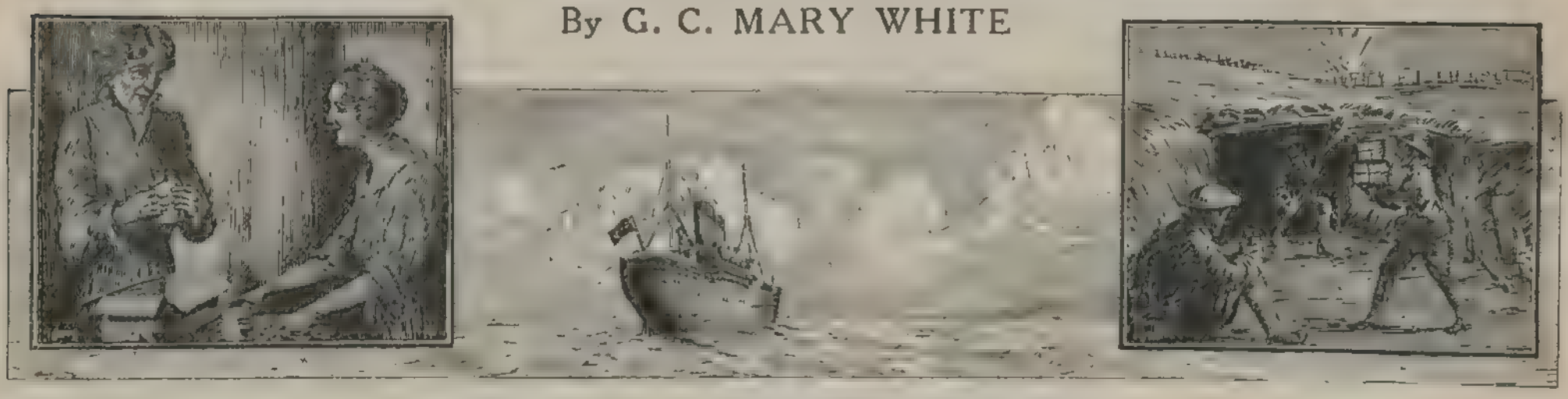
The woman, though cognizant of its commercial value, will naturally concern herself with the various sentimental phases of the automobile. Without the woman's opinion, there is rarely an important decision reached, or a business deal consummated.

When the car means so much to the woman—according to her own testimony—is it not possible that she may do her share in removing that tariff which so stands in the way of universal car ownership? How much longer (*Continued on page 31*)

FOR TOMMY IN THE TRENCHES

Where a Touch of Home Means Much

By G. C. MARY WHITE



TOMMY in the Trenches is all one and the same with Tommy of the Homeland. He has exchanged the playthings of peace for the toys of war. That is all. And maybe he has become a little more intensely all those things which made him so very dear—a little more tenderly loving, a little more bravely daring, a little more unselfish, a little more ready to put trouble to rout with laughter and unbarbed jest, a little more willing to speak of the religion that lies beneath all the frolic and the fighting, a little more sure that Death is only an episode in abundant life.

Tommy sitting soaked to the skin in Flanders' mud is the same lad who used to grin delightedly when he strolled into the drawing-room at teatime and found you had some of his own special brand of muffins keeping hot before the grate; the same dear, home-loving lad who used to sit on the corner of the kitchen table and watch you make some goody, while he hindered you in a dozen ways and you wanted to kiss him and slap him all in one breath, and occasionally gave way to your contrary emotions.

That sort of Tommy—and many of them went from Canada—is very lonesome for the home touches now. He's only a boy, though he's far away defending the liberties of the world, and did you ever know the boy living who didn't like a box from home? It's about those boxes I wish to speak.

Many thousands of boxes from home have gone to Tommy across the sea and about fifty per cent. have gone to—Smash!

"Why? Why, because they were badly packed. That's why."

Tommy does not always tell you when his box arrives, a mass of wreckage, with the address clinging to a porridge of jam, and broken glass, cake, sweets, socks, handkerchiefs and insect powder. "Parcel arrived all right, Thanks," he writes, and wishes from the bottom of his disappointed soul that it hadn't been necessary to tell that gilded lie.

How do I know this? Well, because I've seen letters in which Tommy A. has written home to his mother, who knows how to pack, and asked her to give the mother and sisters of Tommy B. "a pointer or two on packing a box so that it will stand more than a lady-like jaunt in a limousine, because Tommy B's last box was nothing but a mess."

You don't want your Tommy to sit disconsolate over what might have been a treat, do you? No; then listen.

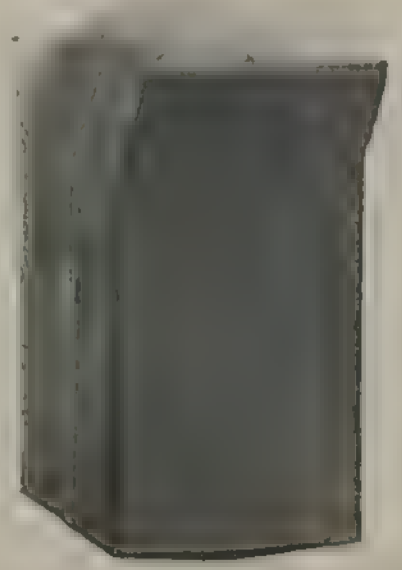
Use for transportation either a tin soda biscuit box or else one of those splendid collapsible boxes made of corrugated pasteboard, and which are made in five and seven pound sizes. A stamped envelope sent to this magazine will bring you information as to where to get them if you can't procure them in your own home town. Just how good they are you may gather from a little story. Last year the writer of this article gave some box-packing instructions in her page on a daily paper, mentioning these corrugated boxes as being capital carriers. She was surprised to receive, shortly afterwards, a letter from an Australian woman, who had picked up the paper in the waiting room of a station near the Thousand Islands, through which she was passing, and who said that she had been trying to get a box through to her brother with the Australian forces in Gallipoli, but that every parcel she had despatched had come to grief, and she would like some further information about this safe-conduct box.

This was sent her and a few weeks ago that lady was in Toronto and came to the office of the paper to say she had got the boxes and since that time her brother, who had moved about to various places with his regiment, had received every parcel she had sent him.

These pasteboard boxes, when filled, must be sewn up in factory cotton, a piece about a yard square being sufficient. Sew firmly, and mitre up the ends neatly, for all the world like a very trim and tidy parcel, and sew them too. Write or print the address in indelible ink, paste on the customs declaration, pay your postage and send it off, sure that unless it is "subbed" on the way, Tommy will get it safely, provided you have packed every thing perfectly firmly inside.

Now as to these firmly packed contents. Many people have been sending glass bottles of preserves, canned chicken and pickles across successfully. They have packed the bottles in a firm bed of excelsior, lining all sides with the excelsior and interlining, as it were, with tins of cocoa, bars of chocolate, packages of cigarettes, socks, anything and everything unbreakable which would make a protecting wall round the excelsior-wrapped bottle, the excelsior between this wall and the sides, top and bottom of the box, giving a further resilient rebuff to all the shocks of transit.

But remember to wedge everything as tightly as wax, it is the tight packing that ensures a happy Tommy in the lines in France.



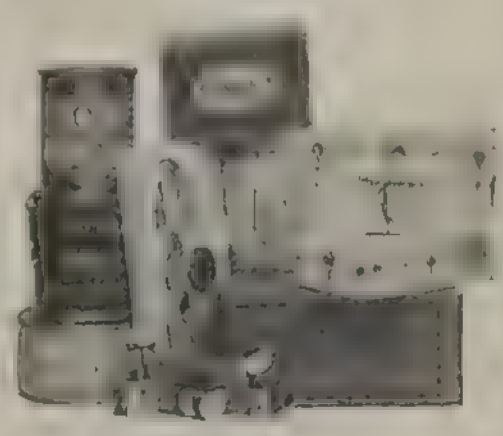
A corrugated card-board box, plenty of excelsior and some thoroughly reliable cord. These are splendid insurance for an overseas package to carry.

If you are a little nervous about the bottle—and glass does sometimes shiver into atoms without any rhyme or reason—why not send jam in the old-fashioned gallipots? The little brown jars and the little white jars in which marmalade comes from Britain, these are the very things to hold your jam or your marmalade against the slings and jerkings of outrageous handling, and you will require less excelsior and acquire more room in your box by using them. Cork the jars, cover the cork and top with a good dip of paraffin and wrap in stout paper.

One mother who has had three boys at the front, has sent a box each week, and she has certainly rung the changes on the contents.

"I always send salted peanuts," she says, "stuffing them into the crevices; and I always send socks, and always sweets of some sort—stuffed dates, sugared nuts and raisins. I never send butter and now the boy that's come back to me tells me they'd have been glad of butter many a time, so I hope others will take warning by my failure.

"I tried to make each box a little different—you know, surprise in a parcel is half the fun of it—and one week I'd send potted cheese and sardines, with chewing gum, and a plumcake—which always keeps—and little sample cakes of soap and a towel, along with the socks and the nuts. Next week I'd send a pound cake, which keeps as long as plum cake if you make it by an old-fashioned recipe—mine calls for a pound each of sugar, butter and flour, nine eggs and a glass of cooking sherry—and I'd put in a jar of fruit—cherry jam that I made from cherries in our own garden they loved—and tobacco and handkerchiefs and a toothbrush."

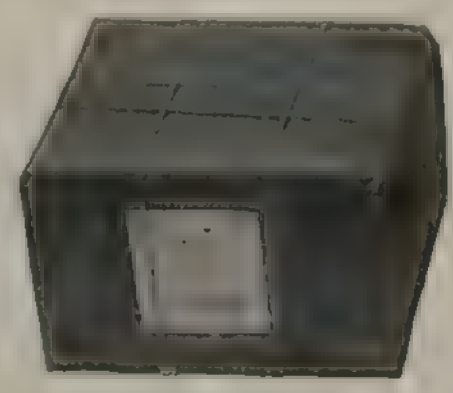


Many of the things that go into even the home-packed box, have been put up especially for shipment overseas. Meats, jams, prunes, puddings, cakes, biscuits and chocolate come in tins or well-sealed packages. These make good auxiliary-walls in your box.

"For the third week I'd try little oatmeal cakes with dates in between, and I've sent tarts too, and sometimes a teeny bottle of perfume. Bottles of olives I have to pack firmly with paper, in a bag in the powder tin or in the long tins in which boys get their cookies, filling spaces with odds and ends of nuts, small squares of chocolate and so on.

"I always try to keep a few boxes to send packages of toilet paper, and tooth powder was another thing they wanted and couldn't get."

This mother's youngest boy has left in Flanders two brothers who will never come back. He himself has been "over the top" four times, he was encased in frozen clothes for seven days, and is one of the heroes of the Somme. He has been in eleven hospitals in France and England, he has lost his leg at the thigh and he wears three gold stripes upon his arm, but his face is sweet and handsome, and unlined, his eyes and mouth ever ready to break into a smile. Who can say how much these simple little everyday things that came from home helped to bring him back with a sunny face and an unsoiled heart to make the land whose son he is the better by his presence?



Complete! Everything in this box is wedged as tight as muscle and excelsior can make it. Then the box has been sewn in stout cotton (which will be used as a towel) wrapped, corded, addressed in indelible ink and decorated with the customs declaration. Safe journey to it!

Other mothers have had their successful experiments, too. One tells me that her boy once wrote:

"Oh, mother, if I could have just one taste of your pies, it would be fine!"

"And my heart sank," she says. "There was Jim, asking for pies and how could I send them? I told my troubles to a neighbour."

"Oh, pies are easy," she said, "I bake mine in square, straight-edged cake tins. Then I put wax paper between, turn two together, wrap them in two thicknesses of stout paper, tie them well with strong twine and they're ready to go round the world. Of course I send only mince pie, and though no brandy or sherry goes into our own cooking at home any more, I always put a little in the mince-meat to make sure that it will keep."

"I tried it," said the worried mother, "and Jim got my pies."

One does not want to reiterate tiresomely, but just as one was writing the last few lines a friend telephoned to say that a parcel she had sent her brother had followed him all over England and France, and had just arrived in Canada in his wake, for he had been invalided home. Everything inside was eatable and nothing was broken—that sister is one who packs things tight, tighter, tightest. She was importuned for a few hints, and, after thinking a moment, she enquired:

"Have you remembered to say the boys like short stories cut out of magazines? And some of the fellows who have various bents of genius like articles on their particular hobby—such as stuff out of 'Popular Mechanics,' you know. Anything and everything that brings the old home life near to them seems to help."

A group of girls, one of whom is a capital caricaturist, got up what they call a "Round Robin," and it always goes out in the box to a brother of one of them, and he passes it round. Each girl saves up the funny gossip of the neighbourhood, and writes it up as amusingly as possible, and the caricaturist is called upon to illustrate the idiosyncracies of the personnel. The combined effort would make Mr. Stephen Leacock and Mr. J. W. Bengough look to their laurels, and the particular Tommy who gets the literary and artistic souvenir of the home town's dear peculiarities is usually mobbed till he yields it up for general perusal.

Indeed the way Tommy shares all his treasures is one of the beautiful things of this war.

"No, I never got those parcels you mention," wrote a young officer who had been sent back to England wounded, "but I got a general motion of thanks the other day—but no details—from some of the other fellows in the battalion, who had evidently been sharing the spoils in my absence, and I thank you sincerely for them."

They have certainly become Early Christians in the sense of "having all things common," out in that "sphere of friendly sacrifice," to quote again from the young Canadian university man, mentioned a moment ago.

There is a sweet which those who know say is one of the very best things that can be sent overseas, as it is a thirst-quencher, besides being several other beneficial things. This is a paste made from one pound each of dates and figs, the juice of three lemons and half a pound of chopped walnuts. Let the fruit stand in the lemon juice for some hours, boil in a double boiler for half an hour or so, stir in the walnuts before the mixture is cold, mould into squares and roll in confectioner's sugar. This can be sent by itself in tin seidlitz powder boxes, or fitted into oxo boxes and stuck in odd corners of the big parcels. Seidlitz boxes make capital carriers for a few pieces of shortbread, which is a much-prized delicacy and will keep indefinitely.

Reams of wax paper are an essential aid to the despatcher of boxes overseas. Wax paper is the saviour of many a sticky situation on the (*Continued on page 28H*)

OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT

Ideas from Tommy and His Mother

What Tommy Says

"WHATEVER you do, don't send bully beef," was the contribution of a happy-go-lucky Irishman who will never walk on two legs again. "Boxes come from Canada with as many as six tins of bully beef, as though there isn't enough of that over there! Sardines, now, they're all right. Cake doesn't often reach the Front in very good condition from Canada because it is not well packed and because it isn't the right kind. Cake that dries up isn't any good. You see, sometimes it takes six weeks to reach the boys. Plum puddings, if they're properly made, and fruit cake that will keep, are all right if they're properly packed."

"If some one," said a many months' trench philosopher, "would stop inventing some new kind of gun and get busy and invent a really good soup, the fellows in the trenches would thank him a great deal more. Good, hot, thick broth, mind you, not beef tea. Beef tea is all right, but you get tired of so much of it. Pea soup in cans is the nearest approach so far, and on a cold day in winter, it's fine! The thing we used to miss most was bread. You don't know what it is to want bread until you can't get it. However, as everything is being so wonderfully organized over there now, the boys are getting bread pretty regularly."

Real Life-Savers

"I'LL tell you another good thing," the crippled Irishman broke in, "and that's maple sugar. Fine stuff to keep in your pocket and nibble occasionally. Chocolate, too, the kind you can crush up and make into a good, hot drink. Then there's another little thing, you know, matches are forbidden to be sent in parcels."

"I mind once," interrupted a man who has had numerous wounds in the chest, "there were six of us with one cigarette between us and no matches. I walked a hundred and fifty yards from one trench to another, with shot falling all round, to try to get one and found a fellow who had two. He gave me one; and I stumbled back with that precious match, and if I didn't drop it and that one cigarette in a pool of water—after me risking my neck to get that match!"

"Well, as I was going to say," remarked the interrupted one, "a small magnifying glass wouldn't be a bad thing to send, and then fellows like you wouldn't have to walk a mile for a match."

Those Warm Woolly Things

"IF you ask me," said a keen-eyed young sergeant who had gone through eight months of horror in the trenches, "I'd tell every mother to get a really good sweater coat—the cheap ones aren't any good—and send it the very first thing this fall; and a good muffler, a woolen helmet, and a pair of really good, warm mitts. And socks; the men have to change their socks every twenty-four hours, as frequent changes are the best preventive for frozen feet. So, no matter how many socks you have sent, just keep on knitting."

"And don't rib them," broke in a mere boy, as he settled his footless leg into a more comfortable position. "Some of the socks are ribbed all over except just the sole and the heel, and believe me, those ribs make a fellow go lame, on a long march. And make 'em right! Lumps of sock in the toe or heel of your boots don't make a ten-mile march any pleasure jaunt; and don't knot the wool. Ugh! I feel them yet—those knots! Get the right pattern from the Red Cross and stick to it. Three inches of ribbing at the top of the leg is enough. Funny, how some women will rib the whole thing, when it takes just about twice the time! These woolen things will make all the difference in the world this winter to the boys."

And Tobacco

"AND tobacco, get good stuff and not the rubbish that is sold as soldier's special stuff; and cigarettes, there are never enough of them. Then a five dollar bill, even a two or a one means a lot to a man's comfort—he can get little things that the folk back home never think of sending. And so often the boxes are in bad condition when they reach the boys, and usually they're too good-hearted to let the home folk know, but just picture to yourself the disappointment of getting a box crushed to a jelly and absolutely no good at all! Money can always be changed right at the Front by the Y.M.C.A.

"Then the letters—the whole world changes to the men, when the home letters come along. I don't think the home folk realize that yet. A cheerful, encouraging letter gets a man on his feet and gives him back bone again. But, if you love him, don't fill your letters with complaints and grumblings—he's got about all he can stand. I've known men, sick at heart, expose themselves purposely so that death might take them out of their misery, and then along come letters from home and these same men creep back to refuge and begin to sing. That's a fact. Ask any of the boys."

The Letters You Send

OH, for a letter from home! How we welcome a letter! How we eagerly open it! How much joy, and strength, and satisfaction some letters bring us! How the boys at the front yearn for letters, how they welcome them—those heartening messages from home!

And then there are the other kind—

Any one can at least send a letter to some man at the front, but let it be a letter that will satisfy his longing—one that will brighten a dark day or cheer a weary night—make him strong for the conflict or bring a sense of joy and peace to gladden his hard-earned rest.

Avoid Sending This Kind

An army officer recently furnished Bruce Barton, Editor of "Every Week," with these extracts from letters written to soldiers:

"Your room is just as you left it, Hubert, and your mother cries as if her heart would break every time she goes in to dust the dresser."

"There is a vacant chair at the table, dear. We're lonely for you."

"Bessie went to work yesterday. She will do her best, but she can never do for us what you did. How we miss your strong, manly shoulders!"

"Oh, my lover, my heart is bleeding for you."

It is a temptation, when those whom we love are away, to pour our longing into our letters. We can help by resisting that temptation.

The Kind They Welcome

The man at the Front is sure to appreciate more the people at home who are carrying their burden through the war as he, the man at the front, is carrying his—with a high courage and a hand ever ready to help a pal.

"Make your letter to him so full of cheerful gossip, so fragrant with trust and love, that its arrival will be the great event of his week or month."

Wash Time Luxury

"ONE of the best things about the box that reached me every week was the inside wrapping my mother used," confided a shy lad who had not had much to say. "When her box was packed and corded, she always sewed it up in a towel—just a cheap towel, but one that had been washed often, and was soft and absorbent. I don't know anything that made me feel nearer the folks than the touch of that fresh, homey towel."

"Speaking of washing—a friend at home made a practice of sending me a little tin box ever so often. I thought the first one was 'baccy,' but it turned out to be a kind of soap that lathers up without using water. It was fine stuff. I liked shaving cream, too—just to wash with when I couldn't shave; the tube was always handy to stick in my pocket."

"Good idea," said the shy chap, with a grin. "I remember one of my boxes that had a fine mixture in it. It had been stacked up against a steam pipe somewhere, I guess, because about two pounds of taffy (that should have been in a tin box) had melted and run all over a cake of soap that had only a paper wrapper. We tried to eat the taffy, but it was no go—the soap flavor had beaten us to it!"

These "Woollies" will mean infinite comfort to the lad in the trenches this winter. One of the new sleeveless sweaters that fit so well under the tunic, a knitted helmet, a newly filled housewife, a steel mirror, socks—always socks—gloves, wristlets and his little toilet comforts—these things are wonder-workers "over there."

What Mother Does

"WHAT do the boys like best?" repeated one little mother., "Well I think fruit cake may be reckoned a good first; you can see from all the recipes I keep up here on the kitchen shelf that the cake can never be too varied to suit mother's boy at the Front nor too rich if it is to keep."

"Canned meats come second. Besides the ordinary tongue and chicken usually associated with picnics, beef-steak and onions may be bought in tins at the better class stores, and are a pleasure and surprise to the home-sick boy.

"I wanted to send chicken," said a mother who has two boys in France," and I cooked it and packed it cold, but it wasn't much of a success. Then some one gave me a good idea and I've had no trouble since. Now, I put it on whole, and let it simmer until it is almost a jelly; then I pack it in a sterilized jar while it is still hot and seal it air-tight. It reaches France just fine! I always send mustard, too—the French kind, you know—Jim likes it as a substitute for butter on bread."

Butter and Eggs

"BUT what about butter?" anxiously asks a mother whose son is in training.

"Really fresh butter, straight from the country," volunteered a very capable woman, whose son is back with an arm less than he took away, "put in a glass jar and securely packed will reach France all right. And listen to me," she went on, "if you want to send something that the boys never tire of, send candy; overseas chocolate is splendid, but don't forget the candy with liquorice in it; it's good for sore throats, you know. Then there are dates and raisins, they keep well."

"I tried sending biscuits," said a woman who had not yet spoken, and whose first born lies in a soldier's grave in Flanders, "but they weren't any good until I learned how to pack them. They must go into air-tight tins or they will get moist and maybe mouldy. And I sent eggs; but you must be sure they are absolutely new laid. Pack them in saw-dust, then pack the box with excelsior in another box and your boy will probably get them unbroken. Some women boil the eggs hard and grease them, but this way has not been a success. Eggs can always, of course, be bought at the Front, and the men pack them in their trench caps for safe keeping. You may smile, but that's a fact."

Don't Forget the Other Things

"I SEND rusks sometimes," said a girl whose husband was one of the first to go. "I do them up in air-tight paper packages and the boys always ask for more; and I've found that prepared cocoa and coffee in tins are always welcome; the milk and sugar are already in, you know."

"Don't forget that there are other things besides eatables," admonished a woman with soft white hair and wistful eyes. "I've given four boys and—I don't expect them all back— Send tooth brushes and paste and some nice scented soap—the boys like a nice smell to their soap out there; and tooth picks—they're handy for a lot of things. Put in a bottle of health salts sometimes, and cigarettes, of course, and every magazine you can buy, borrow or steal."

But What of That?

"THE parcel I sent my boy yesterday," confided one little woman, "cost me eight dollars, and we're doing without things so that we can send that box regularly."

"Every night," said another who has grown old and care-worn in a few short months, "I wake with a start and see Joe, who never spent a night away from home before in his life, up to his knees in water in the trenches. I send him a box every week," her voice dropped to a whisper, "it costs quite a bit, but what of that? It's all I can do, except to write him cheery, bright letters and that's not always easy, but I do it."

The first parcels are usually Mother's choice, but presently they are improved by hints from the boy himself, and many of these hints point to sugar! Sugar is becoming something of a curiosity in Europe and many Canadians are sending sugar to their relatives—peaceful, non-warring relatives—with which to sweeten their tea. The Canadian soldier, whether in England or at the Front, objects to unsweetened tea and coffee; hence the great cry for sugar, and yet more sugar.

WOMAN AND THE LAND ARMY

How the English Woman is Doing Her Bit

By MRS. J. J. BECK

THE Land Army in Great Britain enrolled 40,088 women up to the 30th of June. Of these, it is roughly estimated, 50 per cent. have actually taken up agricultural work and are now fully certified, fully uniformed, members of the Win-the-War Land Army.

This huge Land Army is one phase of the National Service by which Britain is fitting every man, not eligible for active service, and every woman, who can be spared from home, into the particular niche where they can be of most service; and that there shall be no misfits, a rigid examination must be passed.

Each county has a Selection Committee, before which the applicant must first come and which decides if she be suited for agricultural work. Passing this Committee, she is next examined by the medical board, and lastly her references are taken up. Britain does not propose to spend either time or money in training any woman for work on the land who is not physically fit and mentally adapted for this class of service.

National Service enrollment is binding for the duration of the War, and gives woman an honoured place in the work of releasing men for active service

Each volunteer is provided with an outfit free and finds herself in possession of high boots, breeches, overalls, and hat, all of which are not only practical but surprisingly becoming—so much so that it is very doubtful if this sensible, practical and smart working costume will disappear from the farm when the War is over. The Government expects this outfit to last six months, when an exact duplicate is again supplied free. Just what is to be done when the breeches and overalls need washing, is a problem the Government leaves each woman to solve for herself—she may return to skirts or go to bed, just as she pleases, during the laundry operation.

Away from the Amateur

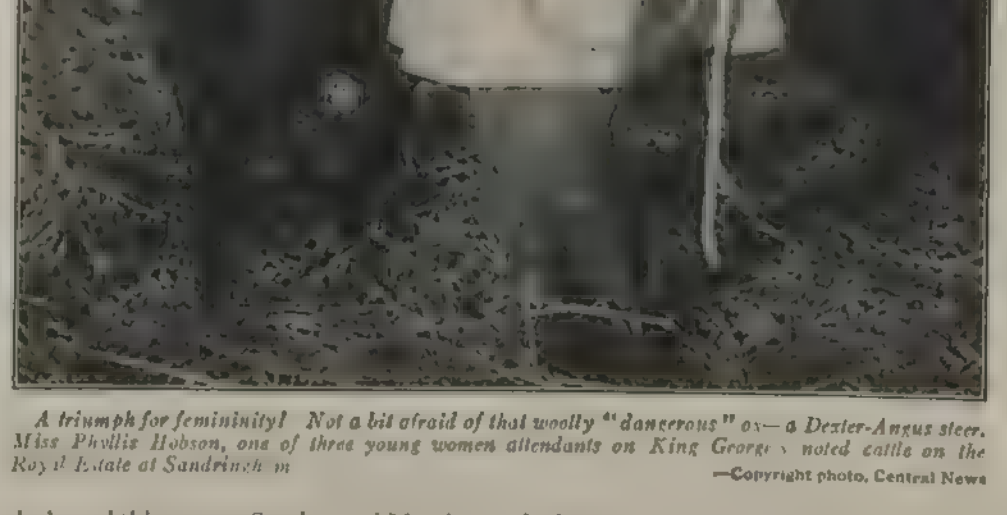
TRAINING Centres and Bursary Farms are placed in different parts of the country and to one of these the volunteer goes for training and instruction. That the Government has a good opinion of the women who pass the examinations for the Land Army is proved by the shortness of the training given. One month at the Training Centre—as the guest of the Government—is considered sufficient for the average woman to learn to milk and to acquire enough knowledge to enable her to be of real help to the farmer. With the girl from the city or town, intelligence must make up for want of experience; she must keep her eyes wide open, learning and noting all she can.

The Bursary Farm training is only three weeks and the volunteer worker receives 15/- a week from the State to pay for her board and lodging. The training period being over, the farmer retains the worker, paying the minimum wage of 18/- a week, or the current rate in the district if it be higher.

Those women who can work only during holidays are organized into groups to help the farmers in times of heavy pressure of work. These part-time workers are not supplied with outfits, but the Government pays a bonus of 5/- on each pair of high boots purchased by them.

The King's Cattle

IN democratic England the King fares the same as the small farmer, and the Royal Estate at Sandringham is "manned" by women. The King's cattle are not exempt even from the hand of the amateur city-bred farm woman, but are in the care of three women who, up to eight months ago, lived in London and knew naught of the cow and all her ways. And the women are not playing at farming—they are doing good, hard work and doing it with a cheerfulness and a smile that is half the battle. Their day begins at six in the morning, and is not ended until dark, and this goes on Sunday and Monday alike; the animals do not suspend their appetites or their needs one day in the week, and neither may the women suspend their work. The women carry their orderly house-keeping instincts right into the stable and barn, cleaning and scrubbing and scouring until both the cattle and their abodes are models of cleanliness; this phase of the work tickled the King during one of his recent visits to Sandringham and he warmly congratulated the "ladies-in-charge" on the thoroughness and efficiency of their house-keeping methods; and the twinkle in the King's eye proved that he was not insensible to the subtle difference between the woman housekeeper and her rival, man.



A triumph for femininity! Not a bit afraid of that woolly "dangerous" ox—a Dexter-Angus steer. Miss Phyllis Hobson, one of three young women attendants on King George's noted cattle on the Royal Estate at Sandringham

—Copyright photo, Central News

What "mere man" would have believed that women could handle such big practical work? Most men would need to be shown. These women are operating a motor and ploughs in England at Cottingham, Notts. —Copyright photo, Central News

The Land Army and Health

A SURPRISING feature of this genuine back-to-the-land movement is the health it brings and the effectual panacea it has proved for the nervous ills and hysteria from which so many supposed-to-be-delicate women suffer. Milady, who screamed at the approach of a cow and fainted at a whiff of the aroma from the pig's domicile, now milks the cow and tackles the problem of cleaning up that pig pen. When she gets through and has given the pig a chance to be clean, she discovers that he is a much maligned animal, that he prefers cleanliness to dirt and will keep clean when his domestic arrangements permit.

Another feature of this health crusade is the good looks that lie back of the health. Many an office girl, many a stenographer, many a lackadaisical stay-at-home girl whose cheeks never knew the bloom of roses, whose step lacked the elasticity of youth, and whose heart never leaped with the pure joy of living, has exchanged an aimless, dragged-out existence for the free, wholesome life of the sun-kissed, wind-tossed girl whose every movement is grace and to whom life is fresh and new and sweet with the coming of each new day.

England is working for definite results, and any system that cannot prove its wisdom is discarded. Britain evolved the Land Army as a Win-the-War Measure, but the women in that Land Army must show themselves capable of the work that must be done. Lincolnshire recently arranged a ploughing match offering a prize of £10, and it wasn't any parlour contest. The women who have "put their hands to the plough" are not asking favours or concessions—they undertook to do man's work, and they intend to do it. This match was made on a field of barley stubble and heavy ground, and each competitor was required to plough hand an acre, setting two ridges and one furrow. Miss Elsie Jackson, aged nineteen, won.

Of course, like men—they have to learn! Here you see women students at Colten B[illegible], N[illegible], learning how to run and drive the self-binder harvesting gears. In Canada a woman on the farm would manage the horses too, all alone. In England, as in some places in Quebec province, it is the custom to have two or more people attend on almost any farm one at.

Copyright photo, Central Press

Women and Dairy Work

MR. CARSON, Crystal Brook Farm, Essex, owns the largest herd of Jersey cows in the kingdom, and, when the War is over, any man who applies to him for a job will not receive much encouragement. Mr. Carson is of the opinion that women can milk and handle cows better than men, and he intends to continue to employ them; he thinks, too, that farmers generally will employ women exclusively in all branches of dairy work so soon as they can get them.

That Britain works for and produces results is proved beyond doubt when it is considered that ninety per cent. of this Land Army have had no previous training.

The Land Army is not confined to farming; the Government has experimented in gardening, fruit growing, and poultry raising, and has found women proficient in all three. This is not surprising, as these three branches are usually considered lighter than general farming, but timber felling and women have never been associated in the mind of the public or any part of it.

When the British Government made it known that it intended experimenting in timber felling with women as the active factor, the British public unhesitatingly expressed itself as being extremely doubtful of the result. But the British Government knew what it was about, and, with its usual thoroughness, made success assured. Foresters from Canada, Australia and New Zealand were appointed as instructors and the experiment succeeded so well that it became part of the regular work of the Land Army. Women had scored another success and in a most unexpected field, and public opinion in Britain acknowledged itself wrong.

How Women Succeed

FREED of the impediment of skirts and in her natty National Service costume, there is little that the English woman cannot make a success and less that she will not try. It is a far cry from a sewing machine, a washing machine, a typewriting machine, or no machine at all, to the complicated motor tractors that turn up four furrows at once, or the reaper and binder that is the last word in up-to-date farm machinery. But the shortage of labour made it necessary for women to understand and handle machinery, and, it being necessary, she did not question her ability to do it, but simply went ahead, learnt how, and succeeded.

Just here the British Government showed the first sign that it was anything itself but an unfeeling automatic bit of machinery, for, having watched and been convinced that woman could manage farm implements and admiring pluck above all things else, the Government ordered that the agricultural implements be adapted to lighter motors that are well within woman's power of handling.

This tale of the successful Land Army harbours a few misfits. A few women have found the work beyond their strength and have gone back to their usual sphere of living; and a few have not taken kindly to life in the country. These missed the entertainments, the movies, and the concerts so easily within the reach of the city dweller. They missed their own home life, the piano and the social evening; and these few, scorning the advantages and ignoring the great need of this farm work, turned their backs on opportunity and returned to the flesh pots of Egypt. But their number is small.

(*Continued on page 41*)

THE TOWN GIRL IN A NEW RÔLE

The Hoe Replaces the Tennis Racket

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

"HELP!"

Where did the cry come from? "Help?"

Between two and three thousand girls heard it and rushed to answer it—rushed to the fruit farms of Canada to "save the fruit-crop."

A few of them went farther—literally put their hands to the plough—and to their credit be it noted—they did not withdraw those hands. Neither sunburn nor blisters nor any of the ills that feminine flesh is heir to, had voice enough to drown the call of country.

They did not go impulsively, but sanely and earnestly. They knew it meant early hours, long hours, hard hours.

Girls from college, from factories, from shops and from home porches gathered in the camps that sprang up in each fruit growing district.

"Under canvas? Hurrah—it sort of puts us in active service," said the sister of three soldier lads.

A Camper's Day

"WHAT are your hours?" I asked a girl who was week-ending with her family.

"The dish-pan goes at 5.30 a.m. and we roll off our camp-cots and make for the nearest water, to wake ourselves up. Breakfast at 6 a.m.—sounds alright—but just start it suddenly, after your leisurely nine o'clock coffee and see what you think of it for the first week!"

"But it's jolly," went on the brown-faced camper. "If you're still alive, when you're eating breakfast, something is certain to happen that will bring you to life, and by 6.30 we are all clamouring for the chance of tackling our respective farmers collectively."

Nature—First-hand

"I NEVER knew what a six o'clock world looked like—not a real world where things are chiefly concerned at that hour, with straining so hard toward the bully big sun in the East that they just naturally grow! Although on the fruit farms, we didn't see much regular farm life, we can meet a cow on an equal footing now and we are right pally with the horses. 'Why does a chicken cross the road" isn't a riddle any longer—the chickens have told us all about it."

The Way to Camp

IT'S a straight road and an easy one, that leads to one of the fruit picking camps. There are just a few requisites: You must be a girl (or a woman) with first, a real desire to help, second, ability to live amicably with your kind, when your suit-case is your sole clothes-cupboard and there is just one wash-basin between three; third, strength for many hours of work much stiffer than knitting socks or playing tennis; and lastly, the spirit of the win-the war woman whose work is daily growing in volume and importance.

If you pass this preliminary examination (chief examiner—yourself) give your name to the nearest government department that is handling women's registrations. There is a network, beginning in the offices of the Agricultural Departments of the Dominion and Provincial governments and ending in the school rooms or "wherever two or three are gathered in one place" that will take care of every offer to help in the production of saving of foods.

State your qualifications freely—modesty may be at times as misleading as boastfulness.

Each to Her Place

THERE is a niche for every willing worker—and the government bureaus are designed to bring worker and niche together in the quickest and surest way.

Another version of the popular uniform. The cards are punched for every box or basket filled.

This past season there were few women volunteers for general farm work. Next season there will probably be many more. Canadian women have learned of the wonderful things that their sisters in England and in France have done on the almost manless farms of those splendid countries. And what they can do, our Canadian women can do, if the call goes out to them.

This year, they were asked chiefly to "save the fruit crop."

Did they do it?

Indeed they did!

The growers—especially in Ontario, British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces, where the pickers were almost entirely girls, testify strongly to that fact.

Handicapped at the Outset

THERE were ready-made obstacles for the land-recruit—just enough of them to spur her on to conquest.

First of all, there was the weather. How it did rain, in the early weeks of what should have been the fruit season in Ontario and in nearly every district in Canada!

Were their spirits dampened?

Not a bit.

Then there was the lack of faith that met them everywhere. "Oh, yes, there seems to be lots of 'em—but how long will they stick?"

These four girls from the University of British Columbia were amongst the many who did big service in their province. "The uniform is splendid," they declare, "the only type of thing to do real work in."

The simplest possible answer has been made.

They stuck!

And nearly every girl had a very personal handicap, in her own tired body. Strange how little proper patriotic spirit those mutinous muscles displayed! But—supreme triumph of mind over matter—every reluctant one of them was whipped in to line in the shortest conceivable time, and became, in very truth, a part of the sinews of war.

The Work They Did

ON the fruit farms, there was work to be done before the picking season arrived—hoeing and weeding, chiefly. At the end of a fortnight, many a city-bred girl was handling a hoe as deftly as she would an umbrella.

"Adaptable?" said one enthusiastic farmer. "Why, they were quick as tadpoles. One showing did them—and they needed no watching. They hoe clean and they pick clean, and instead of supervising, I am free to do my own work."

A worth-while tribute, that.

Then the fruit began to ripen—strawberries, cherries, currants, and lastly, the grapes and large fruits. Occasionally, there were green peas or beans to pick—just for variety.

And the girls on the "*real* farms" (as they like to put it)—What have they done?

They have milked the cows (using the modern milking machine where there was one), fed the fowls and stock. They have used the plough, the harrow, the disc, and the tractor. Big things, those tractors, that go hurtling over the fields in such calm, unruffled fashion—and very different from driving a motor on smooth, paved streets.

And they hoed—long, long rows of potatoes and corn and anything else that needed hoeing—and they raced each other the length of their drills. Ten hour days, they began with—and would scarcely stop for lunch.

"In the early days, when the work was novel!" says the skeptic "But how did it wear?"

As long as there was hoeing to do; and after that, the same good heart was put in other things.

The Happy Family

OVERNIGHT, as it were, there sprang up a little colony in the heart of each fruit-growing district. A group of tents, usually clustered in friendly fashion, about a house—the living rooms of the camp.

Here dwelt the "house-mother."

What a pleasant name—and how well it has been earned in the many camps!

With the camp secretary, the camp dietitian, and such staff as was actually essential, the house-mother cared for her big family.

How Ontario Did It

THE Department of Agriculture in Ontario placed on Miss Winifred Harvey and Miss Hazel Martin, the responsibility of bringing together the *big need* and the *women to fill that big need.*

They sent out the call and handed the responses. They planned the work, met the farmers and made arrangements with them, established camps and allotted girls to them. It was no small matter to consider the many hundreds of applications that came in and to call out those that were unsuitable.

And their troubles were many and varied.

But their successes have far outweighed their difficulties for they have proved that our women and girls—even our city girls, who had never spent seven consecutive days on a farm in their lives—can do good work on Canada's farms.

The Housing Problem

GIVEN on the one hand a fast ripening fruit crop and on the other, eight hundred girls ready to begin at once to harvest that crop—how were girls and crop to be brought immediately together?

Miss Harvey had the assistance of Miss Jones, of the Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A., on this problem. She undertook the housing of most of the larger camps, and military tents popped up like mushrooms, and were as quickly filled with girls.

Breakfast and dinner saw the "Family" in each camp gathered in full force—and were jolly occasions. At night some of the girls (working in teams) put up next day's lunches for the camp. The water supply at each camp was examined and the girls were equipped to chlorinate the wells at the farms in which they worked.

"Ras'b'ries, blackb'ries, gooseb'ries and cur'nts," as one of their songs has it, are picked with both hands into a box slung round the waist.

Arbitrators

OF course there were difficulties—no scheme so different from all accepted forms could be put into operation without them.

Not all the farmers were fair in their treatment. Misunderstandings cropped up, too, and careful investigation and no little diplomacy were sometimes required to straighten them out.

Miss Harvey and her assistant were never too busy to give such matters first claim to their attention, however, and fair arbitration cleared up most of them satisfactorily.

Popular and Otherwise

"WHAT fruits did you like best," was a question that set five girls talking at once.

"The big strawberries that came after the rain! The boxes filled so quickly that the pay for them was very good. Of course, they do grow mighty close to the ground—but we sat or knelt right down to it—sometimes we carried cushions. We had carriers that held six boxes—quite convenient things.

"And we loved cherries! The baskets filled quickly and of course that means good money. The little low trees are fine—you just pull down the branches and pick them clean. Other trees, you have to reach from a ladder. At Winona, the girls had a song about those shaky ladders it ended something like this:

'Oh, Oh, My ladder wobbles so
But Mr. Johnson says it's safe and higher we must go!'

"Raspberries were not hard to pick—we didn't have to stoop to them. But do you know how many it takes to fill a box? It's a lot quicker to eat them!

"But gooseberries and currants—oh, those black currants! All my nightmares for months will be grinning, slippery, prickly black currants! You have to put on an old (*Continued on page 2811*)

Sometimes a team would be picking fruit several miles from camp and the residents along the road were cheered by the energy and gaiety of the girls as they drove by singing their camp songs or giving their jolly "yells."

THE RED TRIANGLE

As the "Y" is with Them. How our Soldier Boys are Being Looked after--- "Spirit," "Mind," "Body"---by the Military Branches of the Y.M.C.A. at the Sign of the Red Triangle

By A. M. E. SHERIFF

CANADIANS everywhere are showing today that there is not anything too good for Canada's soldiers. Societies, clubs, business houses, the rich man and the poor, alike—each and all, contribute their share toward the sum that goes to make life bearable to the fighting man.

He must be fed; he must be kept up, not only in body but in spirit for the one cannot work independently of the other. Major G. W. Birks, General Overseas Supervisor of the Y.M.C.A., tells us that you can feed a man until he is full, but if his spirit be broken, his fighting is of no effect.

The Red Triangle, adopted by the Association as the symbol of their work for the soldier, bears the legend "Body, Mind, Spirit," on the three arms of the triangle, and the work they are doing takes into account the wants of the three parts of man.

The work done under the Red Triangle begins here in Canada in the training camps, goes with the soldier across the sea, stays with him in England, and follows him, amid shot and shell, right into the trenches "Somewhere in France." The symbol of the Red Triangle stretches through Belgium and France to far-away Egypt, to Mesopotamia wherever the Canadian soldier goes, the Red Triangle is the sign under which he lives.

A Link with Home

We Canadians know, in a general way, that the Y.M.C.A. is working among the men at the front and some of us praise while others scoff; but how many of us really know anything of the actual work that is being done by the Association for your boy and mine, from the time he leaves home until he comes back? Tommy doesn't write very much about himself and rarely mentions those things that affect his physical and spiritual well-being; and a comprehensive pen-picture of the Association's activities would require an entire magazine.

Some little idea of what the Red Triangle means to the Canadian Tommy may be gathered from what cannot be anything but a mere bird's-eye view, but even this, slight though it be, may bring comfort and cheer to the hearts of wives and mothers—yes, and the fathers and brothers and sisters, who are holding up this end of the burden and doing their bit toward winning world-wide freedom and prosperity.

The Gospel of Help

THE Red Triangle has an association hut in every training camp in Canada, and the Tuck Shop and Refreshment Booth connected with it have proved a blessing to the soldier in more ways than one—they have ministered to him in "Body, Mind, Spirit." At the Tuck Shop the men can secure comforts and necessities that make life easier under the unusual conditions imposed on them. For instance, one bitterly cold day last winter, nine dozen pairs of woollen gloves were sold at Camp Borden.

But don't think that it is merely a matter of handing out or selling goods. It is a case of ministering to the needs of the men in a way that could not be done in any other manner, nor in any other department. The Refreshment Booth is something more than a place to eat. It is a social rendezvous where the men meet together to lounge and enjoy each other's society.

Tommy's Drawing Room

THE Refreshment Booth is also the social centre where Tommy may bring his mother, wife or sweetheart on the days when the camp is open to the public. Sometimes a whole family gathers around a table with the boy in khaki in the midst, and Mother brings out home-made cakes and pies and cookies from a big lunchbasket, and the man is a better man for this hour in the genial atmosphere of the family circle.

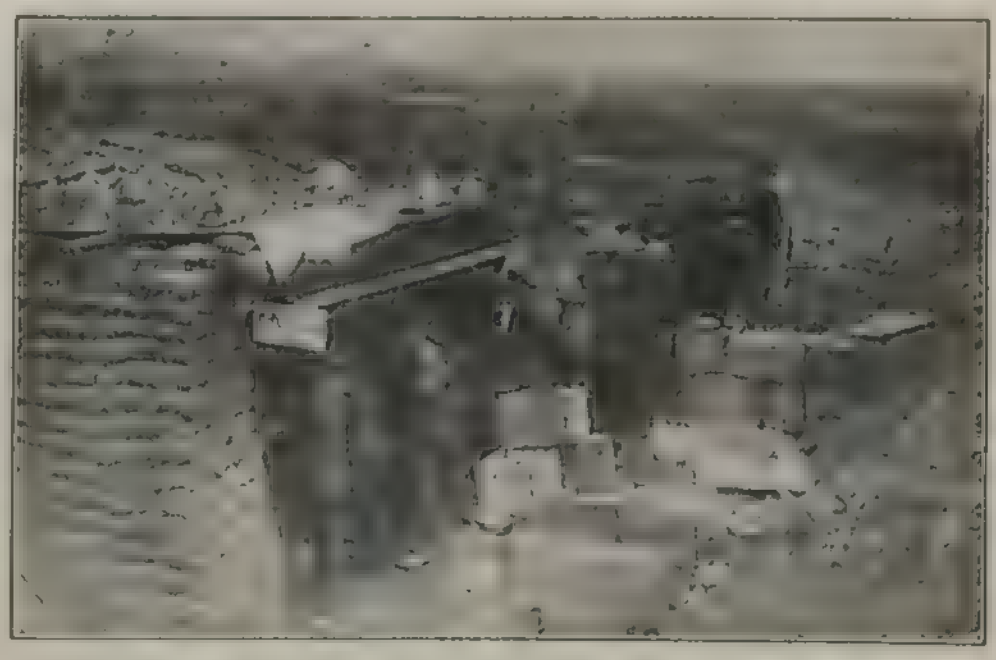
In one single day, in this same camp, 5,000 sheets of paper and envelopes were passed over to the boys. That means that 5,000 mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts were gladdened with a letter, and some of those 5,000 letters were the first that had been sent home in years.

Tommy on board ship is still under the symbol of the Red Triangle, and concerts, games, and in fact all the religious and social life of officers, as well as men, is looked after. Papers, magazines, writing paper and envelopes are provided free, and many a mother owes the letter she receives from Tommy to the well organized and complete service rendered by this branch of the Y.M.C.A.

A Pal Right Through

"PACK up your troubles in your old kit bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile," you may hear Tommy sing any night at one of the "Sing-sing" meetings in these British huts; and here, so much nearer the firing line than we are, Tommy begins to sober a bit and the look begins to creep into his eyes that we see in the eyes of all the returned men. He may not say much—Tommy isn't given to talking; but, subconsciously almost, he begins to tone his life up a little and sings the old home hymns with as much fervor and earnestness as he puts into "The Maple Leaf Forever."

When "Somewhere in France" claims Tommy, the Red Triangle is still beside him, following him up as near to the firing line as it is possible to get. The pen picture sent home by a Canadian officer gives a vivid description which we cannot equal.



A dug-out Canteen. Here, close to the fire, the "waiting line" never ends. It is well appreciated—this last link in the chain which binds the boys with those at home.

Across the Seas

BUT it is in England that the real work of the Red Triangle begins. Tommy, on his six days' leave, heads straight for London; it is the place of greatest attraction, and also the greatest centre of danger and temptation.

The British Tommy does not, as a rule, spend his leave in London; he's seen it all before. But to the Colonial it is new and they all go; London holds them by the tens of thousands every day.

The British Red Triangle has huts at every big station and at all strategic points; the largest of these cost $55,000.

What do these huts mean to the Canadian? They mean headquarters and anchorage, home and safety, for the home boy never goes very far away from the place where social intercourse centres around the "eats." These huts accomodate, approximately 2,200 soldiers every night; in some, Tommy pays 3/- for a bed and three meals; in others, he pays 4/-.

Soldier boys at "Home" in the City. The Red Triangle—The military branch of the Y.M.C.A. at the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, Toronto, Canada.

The Last Evidence of Humanity

"I WANT you to know," he writes," about the Y.M.C.A., because you have a chance to help them.

"As one approaches the firing line the civilian shops become fewer and poorer, and finally disappear altogether..

"Somewhere beyond the zone of shell fire, the Government has established canteens where one can buy things almost at cost, but our boys when at work have no business back there, and the sentries see that they never get back.

"Farther up and as near as is reasonably safe are the splendidly managed Y.M.C.A. canteens, with reading matter, writing tables, and such luxuries as a good fire and a rainproof roof. Of course, they are dirty, and the air is thick with tobacco smoke and the talking is loud and somewhat boisterous, but they are a great blessing to the boys between hours off duty on the front line.

"Then up forward in the zone of shell fire where our field guns are, that Fritz's coal boxes are always searching for, is the Y.M.C.A. coffee stand. It is the last evidence of humanity; the last sign that any one cares; there, as our boys go on to their grim job in the trenches, they get their last hot drink for days, and there, when they come out, they get their first hot cup of coffee."

A Face from Home

"BODY, Mind, Spirit," the Red Triangle cares for the whole and complete man, and remembers those left at home. Did Tommy leave in haste or indifference without a picture as a safeguard against lonely hours and temptation? If he makes this omission known, giving name and address of his nearest of kin, that end of the Red Triangle sends the message to the other end over here and a snap-shot is taken and sent to Tommy. The Y.M.C.A. knows what a help the sight of a loved face is, even though it be but paper, in the lonely hours of depression, the awful hours of danger, and perhaps, the last hour before the supreme price is paid.

The huts devote one night each week to the writing of letters, and everything is done that can be done to have every man write home. One million sheets of paper with envelopes are provided free every month in both England and France.

Somewhere in France

A GOOD description is given in the following letter from "Somewhere in France," of one of these "letter nights" in a hut over the door of which is nailed the sign of "The Red Triangle":

"I wish you could have been in our place to-night between seven and eight p.m. This room is my pride. The walls are of green cloth and we have some nice pictures up. There is a big fireplace at one end and my old piano occupies a corner near-by. The place looks very cosy and comfortable. It is a real home away from home, and yet it is only 1,200 yards behind the firing line and we dare not show any lights at night or attempt to approach it with a wagon by day.

"To-night, every seat was occupied, and there was some waiting for an opportunity to write. I was standing in a corner waiting to see if I could be of any service. In comes a young fellow, mud from head to foot, his service helmet stuck on the back of his head.

"He was well known, and is one of those bright, breezy fellows who is a general favorite. His first words were 'Hello, fellows—Gee, isn't this one h—of a night?' Some looked up scowling, not wanting to be disturbed, and he began joking with one or two others.

"After a little he noticed the piano and made for it, sat down and began playing nothing in particular. Then he played some ragtime, in which some of the boys joined, singing and whistling, and then he passed on to some of those old-time songs, you know the kind—those we sing in our homes and in the camps.

Songs That Come Close

"GRADUALLY I could see the fellows stop writing; some bit their finger nails, others swallowed hard, and others rested their chins on their hands, and gazed into space thinking of home. A tear stood in my own eyes and my heart rose to my throat as that pianist played some of those old Scotch songs that will never die. Many of us developed unexpected colds.

"I have heard some great musicians in my day, but they all were as nothing compared to what I heard to-night. That old piano lacks a lot of strings, and some of those it has are no good; some of the keys tick, whilst it suffers more from general ailments than I ever thought a piano could possess; but in that little room near 'No-Man's-Land' played by that young fellow, it was sweet.

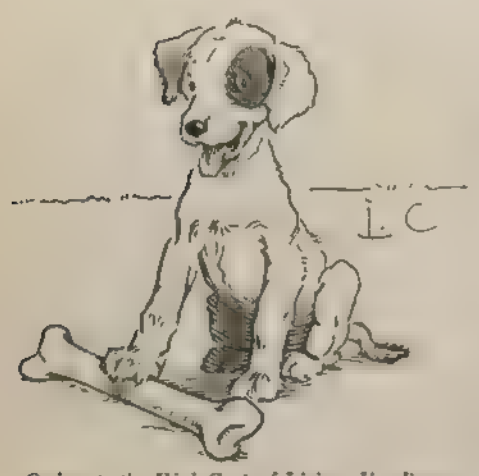
"The Chaplain (*Continued on page 29*)

WHAT CANADIAN WOMEN ARE DOING

IN A PROVINCE BY THE SEA

Teaching and Inspiring Young Girls to Can—Canning Clubs Ordered by Education Department—Enthusiasm Prevails—Splendid Results Forthcoming

By AN EYE WITNESS



Owing to the High Cost of Living, I've Been Given This Big Bonus!"
—"Country Gentleman"

NOTE—What is your Province doing by way of special organized effort to help solve the food problem, and release exportable food stuffs for our men at the front and the people of our European allies? New Brunswick has led the way in getting the young girls organized as a mighty force, enthused and working in this great cause. Watch this Department month by month to see what the women of other Provinces are doing.
—*The Editors.*

PICTURE to yourself a mighty force linked up for food conservation—a force of young girls, canning!

Let your mind project ahead to what it will mean over years to come, to have practically every girl in the province now learning

(1) Comparative prices, and how to purchase food to the best advantage.

(2) Comparative food values of foods.

(3) How to prepare food and how to preserve it.

When Mr. Hanna, at the recent big convention in Convocation Hall, Toronto, spoke of the wonderful work being done in New Brunswick, a little lady in grey sat back in her seat and smiled a smile of supreme satisfaction to think that one of her "girls" had been sent as a leader in this great canning campaign.

"Someone Started Something"

THE work has been planned, all ready to be set off. A remarkable network of organization all through the province, had been laid by Mr. F. Peacock, the Provincial Director of Domestic Science and Manual Training. It needed but the touch of someone to start such a blaze of enthusiasm and results as would sweep over the whole province and be seen from all over the Dominion

To find that "someone," Mr. Hanna, our Food Controller, appealed to Miss Mary Urie Watson, of Macdonald Institute, Guelph. Miss Netta Nixon, of Macdonald Institute was sent.

Then followed a week of preparation on the part of the domestic science teachers of the province, of whom there are about thirty. They met at Mount Allison Ladies' College, in Sackville, and here Miss Nixon with the help of Mr. Peacock and some of his assistants, lighted the fuse that would start the fires laid all through the province.

Inspiring the Leaders

EVERY day during that week at Sackville most inspiring lectures and demonstrations were given and the enthusiasm in the discussions which followed was always at the highest pitch.

Out from Sackville went these teachers who were willing to give up their summer vacation to do what they could to help win the war. Out they went each armed with a canning kit, or such parts of a "kit" as could not be obtained at the places to which they were going.

To tell of the eagerness of the Girls' Clubs and the Home Efficiency Clubs at the lectures which were held every forenoon and every afternoon for a week at each centre is a joy indeed!

Such a flood of eager questions!

Such a deep down desire to do something!

Such joy in learning how to do well some really useful thing! Such crowds of laughing, chattering girls to whom this was the very best kind of play!

How very "glowy" each one felt to think that she could serve her country by housewifely industry as the boys are serving by work in the fields or, as those other boys are serving who have gone overseas.

There were thrills for the women too, as well as for the girls.

Men Interested Too

PUBLIC meetings were held at which even the men found many things worth while, being discussed. In the larger towns and cities, the Opera House was requisitioned and a sea of eager faces testified to the feeling abroad in the land. It needed only the soloist who sang "There's a Land, a Dear Land," to put on the finishing touch and stir up any woman with soul so dead that before the meeting might have said, "I can not," but now would say "I can," and "I will can!"

And the questions they asked! But then why shouldn't they? Very few of the elder women in New Brunswick, as elsewhere, had the advantage of early training in domestic science from the science standpoint. Instinct plus experience, plus a more or less accurate cook book, plus a general servant, when she could be had, being supposed to be all that was necessary. But modern reason demands the best of training for the all-important position of home-maker.

Short of jars? Not while there is such a collection as this in the house. Any container will do, if it is tightly capped with paraffin and good judgment! Narrow necked bottles will do for fruit juices, catsup and sauces—wider ones for small or diced fruits and vegetables, and the jar with the generous opening will just naturally take unto itself the peaches, pears or other good things that love "wide spaces and the broader things of life."

Hungry for Information

WOMEN, young and old, are simply hungry for information in both practical and scientific lines. As one seeker after light demanded, "What are calories anyway? Everybody talks about them now. Do you cook them or eat them raw?" Imagine what it means to any woman who prepares meals when she finds out that a small amount of one food will yield just as many calories or heat units in the body as a large amount of some other food.

To every woman it is a matter of infinite importance that bulk oatmeal and other cereals have for their price, greater food value than the meat, eggs and milk usually considered indispensable. Many a housewife will use skim milk and buttermilk to a very large extent now that she knows how very many more calories for the money they will produce than whole milk.

Glad to Use Cheaper Meat

GLADLY will they use the cheaper cuts of meat which when well prepared, are just as appetizing as the more expensive cuts. Ignorance of culinary methods is responsible for the general demand for expensive cuts.

Had they forgotten the corn-meal mush their mothers used to serve? Perhaps they were surprised to know that it contains all the ingredients of potatoes, and is a delicious as well as cheap substitute when potatoes are soaring in price. Or how many had been serving boiled rice with meat when potatoes were "out of sight?"

The plebeian turnip and all the other common garden vegetables filed past the mind's eye in lordly procession, as foods of great value for little cost. And most especially did all those vegetables such as peas, beans, asparagus, spinach, Swiss chard, etc. which cannot be stored for the winter just as they are gathered from the garden, stand out in that procession.

Canning Chickens, Saving Feed

HOW few of those housewives had even thought of canning their chickens. And how few would have known how if they had thought of it. To them it was a revelation to hear, or actually see demonstrated, how they could can chicken by the simple sterilization process and thus save feeding those fowl all through the fall just for the sake of having them for food in the winter.

All Girls Over 14

PRACTICALLY every girl in New Brunswick of over fourteen years of age is now a working enthusiast in canning fruits and vegetables.

How pleased their mothers are to have them go about the canning on their own initiative! It means a lot to a busy mother to have her young daughter take this responsibility from her shoulders and to know that she is capable of doing it scientifically and well. Not that the mothers will not help too, all they can. They are lined up with their daughters to make the most of every particle of food that grows in their good old province.

The school gardens and the pupils' 3,000 home plots will help to increase the source of supply and go to fill the hungry mouth of many a glass jar and tin can which will later be opened to fill the hungry mouths of the population of New Brunswick.

Conditions of Membership

"HOW can I be a member of the club?" asked one girl after her bosom friend had told her what a good time they had had the first day the club met. The next day she too had joined the merry party, bringing her own containers and material, and promising to can at least twenty-five quarts of fruit and vegetables in 1917, and to keep a careful account of the cost.

It was great fun after each lesson, to compare one's jars of fruit or vegetables with the others and see whose looked the nicest. At the end of the season the girls are going to have an exhibit of the best work of each. The ribbon awards that will be given will bring almost as much joy as a distinguished service medal.

After their week of lectures and practical work together the clubs will meet once a month or oftener if they wish, carrying out a programme on lines suggested by the Department of Education.

To the provinces by the sea and to the whole Dominion it means much to have a Department of Education thus ready upon short notice to seize the opportunity and mobilize its forces to serve the Empire in such a practical way. It connects the man of books with the man of action and demonstrates beyond all contradiction the true relation of education to the problems of every day life.

For the Soldiers

CANNING fruit and vegetables is patriotic work certainly, but girls like to be doing something that they can at once connect with the soldiers. Many of their supplies were sold direct to Soldiers' Clubs and the returns used for purchasing materials for the winter's patriotic work.

This part of the canning could readily be extended into a profitable local industry supplying the dealers in the immediate locality as well as those within reasonable distance, thus achieving a second economy—that of saving transportation costs. In one instance, where this was tried the merchants offered the clubs more per dozen than the prevailing price if they would promise to keep their surplus for country consumption instead of selling to outside dealers.

Learning How to Buy

NOT only are the girls learning the latest scientific methods of preserving their home grown products, but also the great need for wise buying and the necessity for a knowledge of values, prices and storage possibilities.

The clubs worked out the amounts to be saved on staples at local prices by buying in large quantities. For instance, here are figures from St. John:

FLOUR purchased by the pound costs 9 cents; purchased by the 24 lb. sack, $1.90, or 8½ cents; purchased by the barrel, $14.50 or 7½ cents. a saving of $2.94 on every barrel.

GRANULATED SUGAR, by the pound, 10 cents; by the 100 pounds, $8.60, or 8½ cents, a saving of $1.40 on 100 pounds.

RICE of the cheaper grade, by the pound, 12½ cents; 25 lbs. for $3.10, a saving of 35 cents.

In produce the season's production and storage periods must be closely watched or the bulk buyer will be "penny wise and pound foolish."

Saving yet Wasting More

POTATOES (before being fully gathered) by the peck, 50 cents; bag, $2.30.

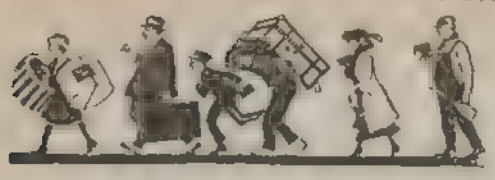
But, before the bag was half used by the average householder, the price would drop to 35 or 40 cents, thus losing $1.00 to save 70 cents.

The clubs are learning the wisdom of buying to-day what they cannot produce to save buying at the advanced price next winter, and to buy vegetables and fruits by the bushel and the large basket, instead of by the small bunch or the single crate.

Fruits and vegetables out of season are an extravagance that New Brunswick is eliminating by canning the surplus of the growing season.

"And isn't it great," the girls say, "to think that all the canned goods from the commercial canneries can go to the boys at the front!"

"Just think, girls, how good a can of fine Canadian fruit will taste to our brothers and sweethearts who are fighting for us in far away France. "My, you can almost see the look on their faces, just while we are talking."



THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

In war and in peace the industrial army is recruited from the ever-increasing throng of women who are forced into the productive activities of life. The burden of preparedness lays its heavy hand upon the woman in the home, in the factory, in the store. Conserving our health and strength through proper food and hygienic surroundings is the concern of all humanity.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

is the ideal food for the woman who does things because it contains the life of the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked—the best process ever discovered for making the whole wheat grain digestible. It is the real war bread, because it contains 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. Two or three of these loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and a little fruit make a strengthening, satisfying meal for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, at a cost of a few cents.

Made in Canada by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited

Niagara Falls · Ontario

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. E.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

The Old-Time Getting Close to God—Let the Nation Get on Its Knees

By MRS. ELIZABETH BECKER

THE all-conquering, consuming desire of every woman's heart to-day is to win the war, and to win it at a minimum sacrifice of human life.

Though constant efforts have been made to devise means of protection against the enemy, she feels that as a nation we have not enlisted the greatest power of all—the Lord God Omnipotent, the great God of Battles.

No one is paying so high a price for the preservation of ideals and for the sanctity of the home as are the mothers of the world.

She whose duty it is, first, to give husband or son or both, then to "stay by the stuff," to keep the home fires burning and to send home comforts to trench and hospital is ever listening for news of how goes the battle and lives with the question upon her heart, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

Humility Necessary

The wives and the mothers who thus bear the men upon their hearts, feel keenly that individual prayer is not enough, but that unless the leaders of the nation bow before God in public national repentance and prayer, the sacrifice must go on and victory will be deferred.

The history of the wars of God's own peculiar people as given in the Old Testament, proves this conclusively, and the great army of Christians who believe that God's dealings with his people in ancient times should be a guide for his people to-day, are not putting their belief into practice.

Many instances are recorded of invasion by hostile nations as a direct punishment for unfaithfulness. Through his prophets the message was given them that because they had forsaken God and had transgressed his law, the powers of Egypt were allowed to come up against them, but when they humbled themselves he granted deliverance.

The Anglo-Saxon races know that in the long years of peace and financial prosperity, they have forgotten God and have become self-confident and materialistic, and they need to remember that "not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord," applies to-day as well as yesterday.

The Prayer of Asa

The prayer of Asa when going into battle against the hosts of Ethiopia is no less a fitting prayer for to-day. "Asa cried unto the Lord his God and said, 'Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help. Whether with many or with them that have no power, help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God. Let not man prevail against Thee." And victory came.

When, in one of the many attacks upon the Israelites in their journeyings in the wilderness, Moses held up his hands in prayer to God, his people were victorious, but when through human weariness his hands dropped, the enemy prevailed. Aaron and Hur came to the rescue of their leader and held up his hands and the enemy were utterly routed.

Liquor Traffic Blamed

The co-operation that is the ideal of modern democracy is everywhere apparent in this struggle of a people to escape from tyranny.

Canada has much to do to cleanse her public life of the liquor traffic and of unjust gain. Many Christian people say that until Great Britain abolishes the liquor traffic, her arms will not be successful. King George and the immortal Kitchener have set a pace which if followed nationally would surely lead to victory. Admiral Beattie has said repeatedly that England would never win until she came to her knees and repented her sins. Like Achan, who could not resist the temptation to keep the accursed wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonish garment, thereby bringing disaster upon himself and upon the nation, England cannot face the depleted revenue that would for a time follow the prohibition of the liquor traffic and hence, a great many people feel that she need not look for victory until she humbles herself before God and removes this evil.

Must Reckon with God

We count our men, we conserve our resources and we curse the Germans, but we depend upon these things and leave God out of the reckoning, forgetting that if He be with us, it matters not how many be against us.

We bring up our sons to be good and honourable men, and when the Motherland calls, we give them gladly to a worthy struggle or to a glorious death for a world freedom, but we women of Canada most earnestly desire that not only in the hearts of the mothers but by the leaders of our Dominion and our nation, should prayer and repentance be offered to the great God of Battles, for unless He help the city, the watchman waketh in vain.

The Fiddlers

To the Editor of The Globe, Toronto: The forces of righteousness owe you a great debt of gratitude for your splendid leader on the suppression of "The Fiddlers" by the Canadian censor. This is but the latest outrage that has been visited upon a long-suffering people by the authorities in Ottawa.

Was there ever such a prostitution of the people's power? To make use of the power of the War Measures Act to shield this cursed trade that in Britain's day of peril and sorrow has so terribly handicapped her and disgraced her fair name among the nations of the world, and in the eyes of all intelligent and right-thinking Britons.

There has been more moral damage done to the great cause for which we are fighting by the toleration of the drink traffic in Britain than we shall ever know.

The action of the members of the British House of Commons on April 20, 1915 in refusing to follow the lead of the King and banish alcohol from the precincts of Westminster, as he had done from his palace, will long be remembered as the great refusal. The leaders failed to lead.

This action finds its match in the laughter of our own House of Commons the other day when the matter of the suppression of "The Fiddlers" was brought to its attention.

The biting words of the late Principal Denny might well be weighed by our members of Parliament:

"The Parliament or Council which can contemplate the liquor traffic and its consequences in this country (Britain) except with horror and fear, and the most solemn sense of an overwhelming responsibility, has forfeited its title either to be respected by men or to be heard by God."

It would be well that every member offering himself for election at the forthcoming election would be asked at every meeting to declare himself on this momentous issue.

To laugh over the suppression of the facts of this devil's business is to reveal either utter ignorance of the situation, or a moral incompetence to deal seriously with a great issue. The possession of either declares a man unfit for the office of a people's leaders in these terrible days of crisis.

T. M. MURRAY.

Verschoyle, Ont., July 24.

A Minister's Impressions

A YOUNG Baptist minister in a western Ontario city, writing home to his mother recently, dealing with the great need of the hour—for the Nations to humble themselves before God—reported the impression of an older Methodist minister in his city as follows:

"Mr. —— says he gets fairly disgusted and discouraged with the way things are going to-day. He thinks we are not yet ready for peace, that if the present restraint were taken off "high society" it would all go to the devil—to use his expression!

"He feels that even the leaders of the nation do not seem to acknowledge our dependence upon God. About all we have done so far is to count our men, to count our guns and curse the Germans."

An Encouraging Review

ONE of the leading Anglican preachers of Toronto, in a recent letter to a morning daily, commented with approval on a recent very fine editorial, the "Dominant Factor," dealing with this subject, and he points out that no one can review the facts without seeing cumulative evidence for the control of an over-ruling Providence in the events of the past three years of the war.; it serves as an irresistible argument for the recognition of the higher hand.

"The mistakes of our policy-makers have been many. We shudder as we think of the fatuity of our non preparedness though in one way it was our honour, the mad misreading of the time signs, the insanity of our political faddists, the unconscionable stupidities of certain antiquated militarists, and the calamitous results that might have come from the counsels of the Do-be-nice to-Germany bigots.

"As we look back now," he continues, "we see that, humanly speaking, Germany should have triumphed again and again. She had a thousand chances to one almost. If she had only passed on at the Marne; if she had only passed on at the Yser, and at Ypres—another hour, or even half an hour would have done it; if she had been only a little more discreet and alert at Verdun; if she had only swept into Russia at the time of the demoralization; if she had jumped upon England a month or two earlier, why, then, as the Bible says, the waters had overwhelmed us, and the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

"If! If! If! But she didn't.

"We see now the risks we ran.

"We see with a wonder of horror almost, and as we think and think again, there is not a man with reason who will not re-echo the words of old Lord Roberts to Lord Kitchener, as he held in hand the telegram that told of the seemingly miraculous turning of the German host at the Marne: "It's the Lord's doing"; or acknowledge with gratitude to God the truth of the answer of Lord Kitchener: 'Somebody must have been praying.'

"Yes, a wisdom higher than human has been over-ruling the mistakes of our statesmen and the miscarriages of our strategists, and benefits have come to us as an Empire that we neither desired nor—deserved. In these great matters we must surely confess how little we have owed to our energy, our organization and efficiency· how much we have owed to the goodness and grace of God's all-loving heart and God's almighty hand.

"As we enter the fourth year of this awful war let us in the spirit of humility thank God and in the spirit of gratitude take courage. Our nation is being purged in the furnace of this Empire-trial; prayer has been marvelously answered, and it is right and fitting, as the Governor-General's proclamation declared on the 18th of June, that the people of this Canada of ours should make a public and solemn avowal of their duty to Almighty God and of the need of His guidance in this crisis of our national career."

Now—What Do You Think About It?

EVERY good woman and man, girl or boy, who has read Old Testament history will recall many instances where in the wars of old the nations were successful when they humbled themselves before God. It did not seem to matter how many or how few in numbers they were, or how many were against them so long as they were right before God.

Even the sun and the moon stood still because "The Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man," (see Joshua, Chapter 10, verses 6 to 14.)

The editors of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD would like to hear from many of its interested readers on this great topic of the day—the need of the hour—and gladly stand ready to serve as we may be permitted so to do, humbly before God.

"WAITING, YET SERVING"

They also serve who only stand and wait. MILTON.

Being Impressions of the Win-the-War Convention

THERE was not a tear on the cheeks of the women present—this is no time for tears. There was not a sigh from the hearts of the many—what does it avail to sigh?

They sat there, those two thousand souls, or more, and listened—and knitted. The soft, incessant click of their needles was expressive of their grim determination Once before, in a century past, women knitted thus. They knitted the loose ends of the reformers' plans into the reality of the French Revolution. Each click of the needle meant a drop of human blood—spilled in the aggressive. To-day the tables are turned. The women knit, as it were, in self defence.

As the sun strikes upon the water and affects each wave in a different way—so, the light of victory and freedom, as radiated by the speakers, in the Arena at Toronto, that night was reflected upon the sea of faces in as many myriad colors

Women of wealth heavily veiled in mourning, with faces set, applauded with something more than enthusiasm. Their less fortunate sisters raised weary, work-worn hands in impressive gestures of commendation, and many a pretty maiden sat proudly beside a war-scarred hero, and when clapping was required, clapped for two.

Lieut. Machell, of the Great War Veterans' Association, was speaking with feeling—"It is the women of Canada who have suffered most. The suffering of the men at the front is nothing to the sufferings of the women at home, who sit day after day wondering what is happening in the trenches, and who, too often, receive those cables beginning: 'We regret to inform you—.' My own mother has received that cable."

"So have we," cried several women in the audience.

They Envied Her

COL. MULLOY, probably more familiarly known as "Blind Trooper Mulloy," opened his heart. It was a reminiscence of the time when other heroes marched away—to South Africa. He is a living example of the ilk of men who fight, and suffer—and sometimes die, for their country. He pleaded for a better national morality. "The present morale of the British people is doomed," he declared. "A change in the moral system here and in the United States is also necessary." He cited reasons why the voluntary system had fallen down, and brought cheers from the entire audience. Eighty per cent. were women

When Colonel Mulloy's wife led him from the platform there was not a woman present who did not envy her. One could see it in their faces, feel it from the silence that is more eloquent than words.

And all the while, the women knitted.

Sergt. Knight mounted the platform. He told of the German atrocities. He outlined things the women already knew. They did not resent the repetition. These matters have now become a part of them. Expression through another is but for them thinking out loud.

But a new thought that he expounded, an idea that gripped them and held them spellbound, was his utterance—"If we do not send more men, if conscription does not come into force, if there is trouble in any section of the country, we of the Great War Veterans' Association are ready to don khaki once again, and, if needs be, we can have 10,000 inside of four days. My friends, we mean business. Our sacred trust is over there to-night. Even now the soil, where lie our comrades of St. Julien, is in the hands of the enemy. Their spirits cry to us for delivery. Our living comrades in Flanders have waited long. Play square with them."

"Waited long!" They have. And over here, that night, the women waited too—and knitted!

Those Not Knitting

THOSE who did not knit, spoke. They voiced the loftiness of their conception of duty. They exhorted their sisters to greater endeavour. They soared to heights of patriotic fervour, and sounded the depths of dire necessity. They were Mrs. Huestis who was chairman, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Mrs. Parsons (who has four sons at the front) and Miss Templeton-Armstrong of Port Rowan, Norfolk.

Miss Armstrong has recruited men as well as women Anyone who heard her speak that night, will never doubt either her sincerity or her ability. She closed with the beautiful words from

"Poppies in Flanders"

IN Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly.
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies blow
In Flanders fields."

There were no tears—this is not the time for tears. But throughout the hall was heard sobs, dry, soul-wrenched sobs, and a silence—an awe-inspiring silence that weighed heavily upon one's heart.

"Where Daddy Is!"

SOMEWHERE in the rear of the hall, a child broke that silence. "Flanders," she said—"That's where Daddy is, eh, mother?"

And spirits that had flown "over there," with Miss Armstrong's words, drifted back to the realities of the present—the realities that demand action, not the legarthy of sorrow. Though hearts bleed, minds and hands must work. Through the long months of waiting are golden moments of serving, if women are to play their part in the new national "Win-the-War" determination.

If Milton were alive to-day he would allow of a new interpretation of his famous verse "They also serve who only stand and wait." He might probably have made it—"They, too, may serve, the while they stand and wait."

About People You Know

SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON, former Minister of the Interior, has four of his five sons in khaki. One day a friend condoled with Lady Sifton for the great sacrifice she has made.

"It is very kind of you to express so much sympathy with me," said Lady Sifton, "but I feel I should need it more if they had not shown a disposition to enlist in their country's cause. I am only one mother in many thousands, and what are my sons to me more than any other mother's are to her?"

* * * *

LENA ASHWELL, the celebrated English actress, won the hearts of the soldiers at the Front, where she conducted a series of entertainments. Her father, a retired British naval officer, resided, at one time, in Brockville, Ontario, and Miss Ashville attended the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto. Her school friends, who knew her as Daisy Pocock, have followed her brilliant career with deep interest. She has a very warm affection for Canada.

"If they only realized the pleasure it gives me to meet them again, I believe they would look me up more often," she says. "I am so disappointed when some one whom I knew in Canada has been in London and did not come to see me."

* * * *

THE boys of the United States Army who are made comfortable by one of the Red Cross dressing gowns owe that comfort to the Hebrew women of Ottawa; every dressing gown made by the United States Red Cross Society is designed from those made by the Hebrew Red Cross Committee of Canada's Capital.

Miss Agnes Laut, the noted Canadian author, saw these dressing gowns, was struck by the design, and took one to the United States as a model.

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

And Hope Who Sought the Jewel That Was There

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

The Story of the Story

DREAMY, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding lived in a world unreal, but real to her. She was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel. Jim Sanderson—a boarder—pursued her for months, and finding her alone one day, made himself so objectionable that she knocked him down with the butt of a revolver. Then she went home.

Hope taught school and found life flat and unprofitable; she made friends with Mary Dark and Mrs. Patton, and with Allen Kirby, who happened to be Edgerton's chauffeur. He took her motoring until Edgerton came—then Edgerton took her. She meets Tony Yorke at the Tennis Club dance, and also sees Jim Sanderson, but kept her self-possession and did not notice him.

Hope and Mary Dark took rooms together, and presently Hope became engaged to Tony, but the engagement was not announced.

Tony became jealous, without knowing exactly why; and Mary, who saw trouble coming, would have warned Hope, had it been any use.

"OH, Mary," Hope said, in the curious level tone that denotes a preoccupied mind, "what was the fourth Moon Baby doing in the story we did yesterday? I forget, and I can't find your copy. Look here, Mary, he goes up in this corner; I've left room for him"

"I forget, too," said Mary, "but here's the story." She produced it from beneath the lamp. "Oh, the darlings! I love their ducktail curls and funny, little sad faces. Hope, why don't you use them some way? Make a nursery dado, say?"

"Well, dear," said Hope, "we haven't any nursery. And would any one in this town know what to do with a dado?"

"No," agreed Mary, dropping the suggestion. "They'd probably think it was something out of a menagerie. Had company, didn't you?" There were two empty cups.

"Only Ned."

"Expecting any one else, to-night?"

Hope shook her head. Her eyes remained fixed on her drawing.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE storm raged itself out; before the snow had time to compose itself to the outline of the earth a chinook shrieked down from over the heads of the mountains, and the white coverlet shrank and dissolved as though a hot iron were being passed over it. When the wind quieted, after a day or two, nothing of the snow remained. Hope walked, dryshod, over the unpaved crossing uptown, where she and Mary lived, directing her course toward a grateful spot of green in the heart of the town, the gardens surrounding the railway station. There were no flowers yet, but the dwarf cedars were sharply fresh. There was even a faint flush of green on the close sward, for the grass grew like magic when a warm spell encouraged it while any moisture remained. Hope had a letter in her hand; she wanted to catch the mail train from the South. She paced up and down idly, through the small expectant crowd, conspicuously enjoying the thin sunshine which the boarded platform seemed to conserve. There was no one she knew in sight. By-and-by the express swept in with a clanging rush. She went forward toward the mail car.

A girl in a brown tailored suit, with a pheasant wing on her smart hat, was the first out. Behind her pressed a tall man in grey—Edgerton. Emily, revealing herself by tossing back a travelling veil, handed him her dressing-case. "Hold it, Daddy," she adjured him. "I have eleventy-three telegrams to send; wait for me." She went into the station, and he stood beside their luggage, looking for a porter. Emily had a passion for telegraphing to her girl friends.

Through the confused crowd, Hope would have passed him unseeing. He called her name, twice; several persons turned to stare before she noticed.

But when she did, her welcome was heartening.

"Why didn't you say you were coming?" she reproached him. "I'm sure Mary didn't know."

"You mean," he said, for he was capable of mischief, "Miss Dark is playing hooky from the office. I came on purpose to catch her at it. Why didn't you write, little girl?"

"I—I meant to," she stammered. He looked at her closely.

"You look tired," he said.

"It was a long winter." She sighed. "Did you have a good time in New York?"

"Great—I wish you'd been there. Emily spent a hundred dollars a day." She laughed; that was so like him.

"You've got some beautiful new clothes yourself," she said, becoming properly serious.

"The very latest thing," he assured her. "This waistcoat, now—" But she had begun to laugh again. "I brought you something," he said. "Am I to see you, this trip?"

The naive bribe amused her. "Why not?" Do you stay long? I thought Emily was coming with you again."

"She's here," he said, and Hope, turning, was just in time to see her coming through the big swing doors. "How pretty—and *tres chic!*" she thought. Emily seemed to have grown, she had perceptibly gained in finish. Tony Yorke was with her! Edgerton was still explaining, "I don't know how long; I have some business to wind up."

"At Kenatchee?" asked Hope, half teasingly.

"You and Miss Dark," said Edgerton, confidentially, "for two clever women, are slow, darned slow. There are several others who would like to know what you'd like to know; I want to see if you won't get next before them. And here's one of the others," he nodded toward Tony, hardly yet in earshot. He chuckled to himself. "Emily," he said, "trust you to spear a young man within five minutes after you get off the train in a strange town. Hello, Yorke," They shook hands; Tony's manner was easy and unconstrained. Emily was a trifle rosy, and seemed to remember Hope with difficulty.

"But, of course, I do," she protested, "only I've seen you so seldom, you know." Yes, Emily was assimilating her world more and more. "Tell me, do you still see Miss Dark? I liked her so much; and I met some of her people lately. Tell her I am in town; perhaps she will be nice and come to see me. Daddy, have you got a porter yet?" He had; they strolled away together, Emily and Tony walking on ahead, carrying on a gay but indistinguishable conversation of their own. At the end of the long platform Hope stopped.

"End of the line," she announced. "I have an appointment; yes, with Mary. I shall warn her. Good-bye, Miss Edgerton," she called. Emily turned.

"Oh, wait," she cried. "I wanted to say—will you not come with Miss Dark? Do, please." Hope promised; and as Edgerton was again asking her if he might see her, she smiled at him, so the assent covered both questions. But he detained her yet a moment. "I say," he asked, for Emily and Tony were again walking on, "what sort of chap is that Yorke? You know him well, don't you?"

WHY did he ask? "Yes, rather," she said. Once she had so answered Tony's question about Edgerton. "He's very agreeable," she added calmly.

"Emily seems to like him," Edgerton explained. "Got his picture—Oh, well, she has a regular gallery!" Hope repeated her good-byes. She still felt singularly calm, but—what was it?—heavy. She forgot about Mary, until she had walked nearly home. Then she ran all the way downtown again, and forgot what it was had caused her to forget.

But Tony, although he was having a very pleasant moment with Emily Edgerton, did not forget that he had heard Edgerton call Hope by her name, seen her turn and hold out both her hands, there on the station platform. He had been in the crowd but a moment before he had gone into the station and met Emily. He thought Hope had come to meet Edgerton. That was why he had turned away without speaking.

Of course Emily's presence put a slightly different face on that. And since she had brought him into the party, not unwillingly, he thought perhaps it might be an excellent opportunity to sound Edgerton. He walked with them to the hotel, and Emily was kind. Tony had had enough experience to know when a pretty girl was delicately smoothing the way for an advance for him; it did not require undue conceit on his part to understand Emily's attitude. She was gracious, and just flatteringly shy; she reverted to incidents of her former visit as though she had forgotten no phase of it. And he lost nothing of her added social stature; even her costume, a year ahead of the modes there, was not wasted on him. She had grown into such a girl as he had once led cotillions with at home. Such a girl, he might have added, as he had once previsioned as a wife. The second generation had come into its own.

IN the lobby she leaving the two men, went to her room, and they gravitated insensibly toward the bar. Edgerton was quite encouragingly cordial. He meant, in fact, to have a little of his own kind of fun with Tony, knowing quite well of what the young man was thinking. Within the week a meeting of the Kenatchee Falls Company's directors was to be held, and Edgerton had fully made up his mind to finally come to terms with them; his own terms, but not too ungenerous. But he had not the least intention of giving any clue of those terms to Tony, and was jocular when he deliberately brought up the subject.

"Oh, well," said Tony, "of course, if you can't see your way to going into it, we'll have to turn our guns in another direction. I suppose you know Sir Wardell Bromley looked it over a few weeks ago, but we held him off to give you first call."

Edgerton chuckled; he did know; he knew quite well, also, by cable from London, that Sir Wardell's "pool," alarmed by a recent slump in Canadian securities brought about by a big bank failure, had definitely withdrawn. The echoes of that bank crash were still heard; capital had never been so shy.

"Oh, yes. Yes," he said. "Well, I've been waiting on my engineer's report." He had had it six months before. "Yorke, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, trying to sell me a gold-brick like that." Tony's jaw dropped; then he looked sincerely angry, and was about to speak. "Oh, come on, can't you take a joke?" Edgerton forestalled him good-naturedly. "D'you want me to own up that I simply can't raise the coin just now? Hard times, hard times." He shook his head, and Tony missed the twinkle in his eye. "I guess I'll have to pass the buck to your Britisher. Too bad. Say, come around and lunch some day this week. Didn't I hear Emily asking you? Glad to see you. Guess I'll go up and put on a fresh collar." He went.

Perhaps if he had known how much it meant to Tony, everything, in short, he would not have extracted quite the same flavour of fun from his deception. But then, business was business; he had to drive a bargain, and he knew the psychological value of suspense. What he wanted was simply a clear majority in the company, and he meant to have that or nothing. He wanted to show the others very clearly that "nothing" from him meant exactly nothing from any source; and he thought Tony would do it for him. They would go to that meeting without hope, now, and would snatch at whatever he offered

Without hope was exactly Tony's own feeling. And he had not the small consolation he had counted on when he came West, of losing nothing; for to lose even the hope of a very material good is to lose a great deal. It was checkmate. Where could he turn? He pondered despondently over a lone glass of Scotch and soda, turning with a sensation of distinct annoyance when some one slapped him heartily on the shoulder.

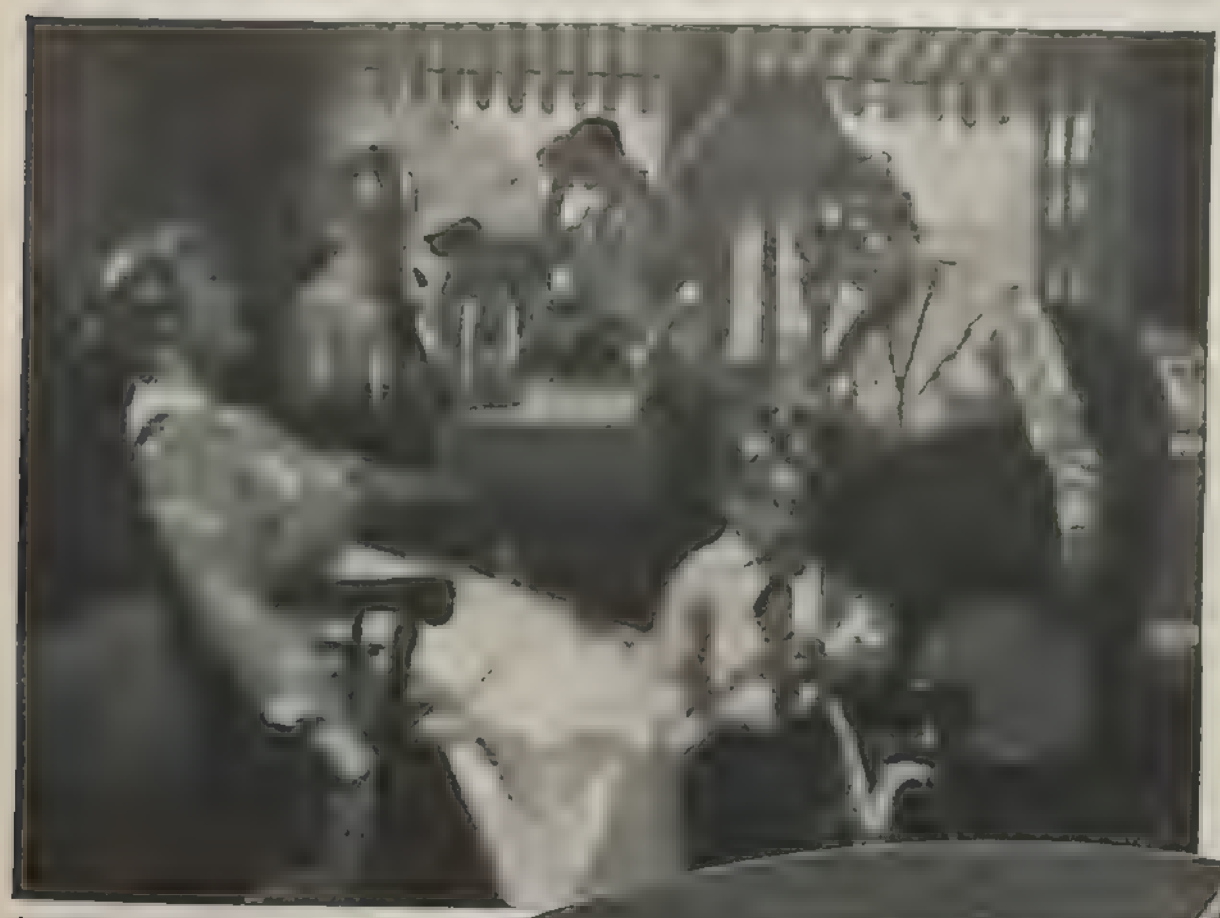
It was a day for meetings, evidently. The newcomer was Jim Sanderson, exuding good fellowship at every pore, and loud in his rejoicings at being back, after a long sojourn in the Northern wilderness, investigating copper prospects.

"How's every one?" he

(*Continued on page 20*)

Mary found her lying on the couch with the room darkened. She was sick with weeping, her face swollen and marred with tears, but still.

"It's all over, Mary, and the dead are counted."



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This announces a scientific development in Sixes.

Heretofore the great problem most manufacturers had to contend with was the all important factor of *proper and perfect balance.*

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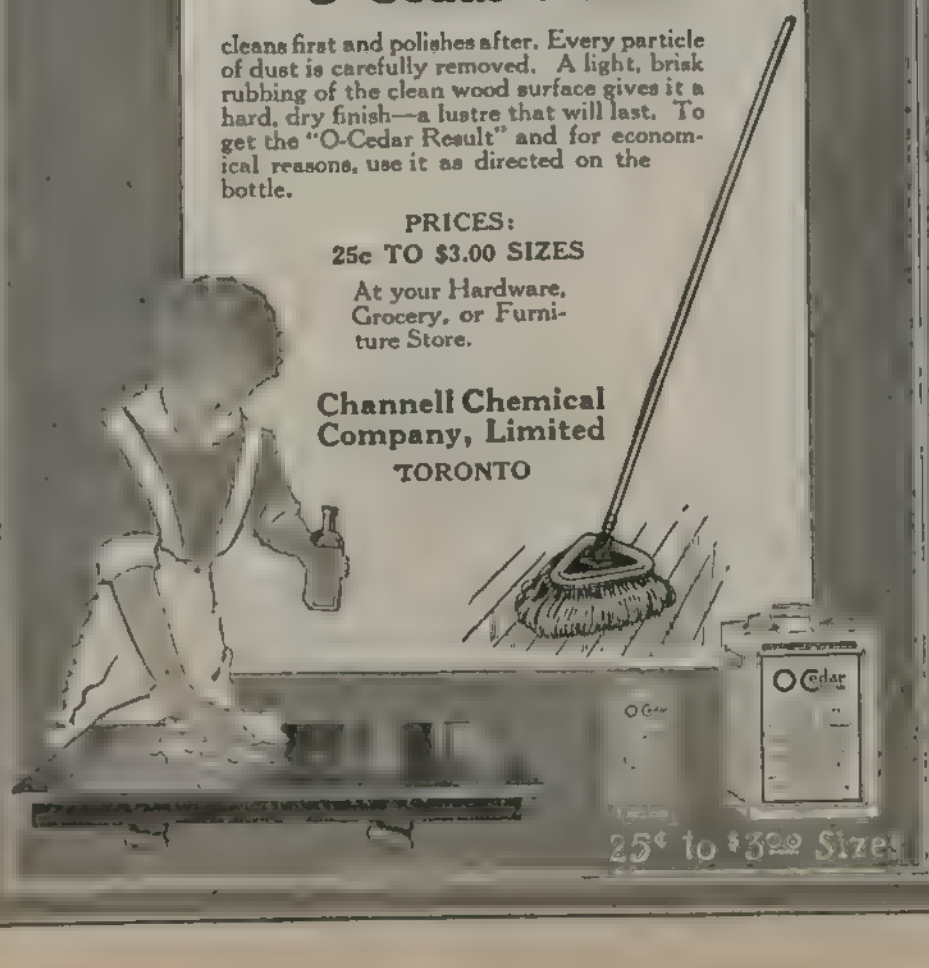

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from page 18*)

enquired genially. "Any one dead, married, eloped? Any new girls? Spin it out."

Sanderson was a male gossip; a creature not so rare as is innocently supposed. He and Dr. Wilton were cronies; he had plenty of men friends of a casual sort besides, but to one who knew either of those two, that simple fact sufficed to express him. It was not difficult to get him to talk; a harder proposition would have been to silence him. Tony sometimes tried uneasily to clear himself of having brought in Hope's name, there, in that glittering and profanely masculine room with the long mahogany counter and huge mirror, when he thought of the matter afterward; but the best he could do for himself was to be not quite sure. What Sanderson said, in detail, was hardly worth setting down, but the import was sufficiently black; and he was extraordinarily explicit with names, dates, and places. Poor Evan Hardy, had he been there, would have acted the man's part which Tony declined. By a miracle, there was no one else in the bar at the moment, and they lowered their voices, Jim with that air of forbidden enjoyment always noticeable when such confidences are being exchanged, whether over Pekoe or Scotch. So he collected payment for that blow on the cheek. But to do him justice, he would have told the tale quite gladly with no such incentive.

AFTER that, having washed his hands in such exceedingly muddy water, Tony felt clean to go to Emily Edgerton, who had promised to meet him in the tea-room in an hour. He was unusually gay. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow—"no, not to-morrow, to-day, everything had tumbled about his ears. His hope of a fortune was gone, and Hope was faithless. Why, she had been faithless before he ever met her! Deep down, some bewildered protest struggled to be heard in him; it was not possible that any girl, nay, not the most clever woman, could have seemed, and only seemed, to be what she was. But he refused to hear it. And this was most characteristic of him; that he felt like a gambler who has lost his last stake, rather than a man deceived. Hope went with the rest. It did not make matters pleasanter, but then it was only a part of the whole.

Emily came down the stairs, hard on the heels of that lingering thought of Hope; the sight of her crowded the other from his mind. Heavens! The girl was more than pretty; she was a beauty! Her white serge gown—she had thought it worth while to change for him—moulded itself to her long, vigourous lines with classic effect, and her shoes, her gleaming white silk hose, the lacy ruffles that cascaded from the base of her firm throat, her large white hat, were all of the top of the mode. He had never appreciated her before. She was charming—and willing to be charmed. Over the wicker tea table in the farthest corner of the lounge they progressed, in half an hour, a very long way. When he left her, he was not sure but there might yet be a turn of the wheel to come before the ball fell.

But for Emily, he might not have had the courage or desire to go to Hope as he did, early that evening. He would have let her eat her heart out in slow suspense, because he hated the unpleasantness inseparable from what he meant to do. But he would see Emily and her father probably soon, and while he never expected her to tell anything, to any one, he desired there should be nothing to tell. It might sometimes be more amusing to be on with the new love before he was off with the old, but it was not always safe, and his margin was narrow already. So he went.

She saw his depression, instantly. And he did not offer to kiss her, but sat down, looked at the floor, and seemed to wait for some second sight on her part to read his purpose. But all she could do was to ask, in a hurt, frightened, low voice:

"What is the matter, Tony?"

"Everything," he said, trying to hasten the end. "It's all off. I—Hope, I've played out my string. I can't hold you to marrying a man without a cent in the world, and mighty uncertain prospects. I saw Edgerton; he's not going to take us up. So—the best thing for you is—for me to clear out."

She sat frozen. If he had tried to hold her, even shown her that the renunciation of her meant more to him than the other loss; if he had even asked her to wait for him! There was a weight like lead in her bosom, and beneath that, tears, which would not come because the weight withheld them. Was this the man who would over-ride destiny for her? He was yielding without a blow struck.

"If I'm a burden to you," she said at last in a dull voice, "of course I can't—can't—" Indeed, she could not do anything, not even finish whatever she meant to say. "You know you're free," she articulated finally. "You must do what you think best." Now for the first time she longed achingly for him to offer her one caress. Her stillness deceived him into thinking her simply indifferent. With that fine unreason common to love, even love denied, he was wounded by her attitude.

He had come to her honestly meaning to spare her as much as possible; he did not really like to see any one suffer. But neither did he like to do all the suffering himself; and then, too, he wanted horribly to justify himself.

"Oh, well," he said, "you never cared much. You didn't even want to help."

"I couldn't," she said in bewildered protest.

He eyed her narrowly. "Anyway, you'll forget me—as you did the others."

"The others?" She looked at him in utter perplexity. "What others?"

"Sanderson told me," he said, with rising heat. "And you said you didn't know him. I believed you, Hope."

Slowly it reached her confused mind, which was stupefied by the shock.

"I didn't want to know him," she answered, after a pause, and got to her feet, her eyes hard and bright. "He's a—an unspeakable cad. I can't bear to speak of him. You—you talked me over with *him?* Ah!" Her old disgust of the man choked her. She presented her back to Tony, and walked to the window.

"No, I didn't," he denied, untruthfully. "And haven't I seen for myself—other things?" She made no answer. Hope was by no means of a hysterical nature, but now she was fighting, to the last of her strength, to keep from losing self-control while he was near. She had been under a long, unacknowledged strain; the revelation of what was in Tony's mind had sent her reeling, and if she even tried to speak, she knew not to what frantic foolishness she might commit herself. She wanted to fight for her happiness, to plead for it even, but could not. She wondered what his last words meant, and to ask him was beyond her. And again, she did not want to know. Everything he had said had been so unbearable; to hear any more was impossible. The others! To thus cheapen her feeling for him, why, he was committing sacrilege. She had never thought so basely of him.

Unconsciously she pulled a leaf from the geranium, looking at it closely but without seeing it at all, still waiting until she could find some words that might be adequate, and not wild. She heard him cross the room—to the door. And he supplied the needed word.

"Good-bye—dear," he said, his voice singularly gentle. At the end, remorse had overtaken him. And also, even at the very last she remained a puzzle to him. She had explained nothing.

(*To be continued*)

The Kind of Stories You Like

JUST how did you feel after reading that excellent piece of fiction, "The Curé's Love Story," by Victor Rousseau—our leading story, beginning on page 5 of this September issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD? We liked it. Did you? We want to know.

The story is a beautiful tale of love and sacrifice. It dwells upon the simplicity and morals of the village folk in old historic Quebec. It has for its setting the much-talked-of shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré to which hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of the country make pilgrimages year after year.

Mr. Rousseau knows his people. He is a student of character—of types. He has become famous for his French-Canadian stories, which first appeared and were published widely about three years ago.

He has excelled himself in "The Curé's Love Story."

FAMILY FINANCE—UNFRENZIED!

Little Side Lights on Family Money Matters That May Help You

CONDUCTED BY A BANKING GIRL

When War Hits the Family Purse

OF course, the war did it. They had had an income—a two-maid, all-they-needed, most-things-they wanted-income.

Rents came in and dividends came in from the investments that had been made with the money the father had left them, and there was usually enough for new furs, or a sudden trip to Atlantic City, or whatever was the "necessity" of the moment. And if the balance in the bank got low—well, there were accounts in all the shops and cheques were just sent when the next money came in.

It was very simple, very natural. Why did women left to manage their own affairs, ever have any difficulty? Mother was not strong, but there was nothing about it to worry her; and the older girls—one just through and one nearly through college—collected the rents themselves and "managed" things quite to their satisfaction.

What was their income?

Oh, they didn't know. It was enough—usually."

Then War Came

WITHIN three months of the declaration of war, rents dropped as though they never would stop dropping. Eight and ten dollars off all these houses; eleven and thirteen off each of those apartments! And dividends were no more.

Each little cheque or money order did seem a lot smaller, and it was evident that there would be less money.

We Must Economize

SO some of the fripperies must be cut out—there would not be enough money to cover everything—now that there would be so many new claims, especially!

And everything that looked the least little bit extravagant, was carefully frowned upon, and certainly they bought less and travelled less.

But there were unending calls that must be the first claims recognized—patriotic Fund, Red Cross, church branches of each, rapidly formed clubs into which the girls were promptly drafted. And day by day food and clothing and coal and service mounted in price.

Then Worry Came

"WE cannot send McDonald & Co. a cheque this month—their account must wait over!"

"What a dreadful dentist bill! It will have to be paid next month."

"More fire insurance! Do all our policies fall due this year?"

"Taxes cannot be allowed to lapse—they say all the tax payers have been letting theirs run over, and city has had to call a halt and insist on payment."

Poverty Poor!

AT the end of a year the fact came home—they were poor! Not enough to live on! What did people—girls—do in such cases?

There was no man who would have understood the relationship between income and expenditure, to point out the connection between them in time to avert trouble.

It was not until Expenditure boldly scorned Income, and Income shrunk visibly at the very sight of Expenditure, that the facts came home. Only one thing was possible. Those two enemies must be brought together, their differences wiped our—they must kiss and be friends—close friends!

Then they held a family council. Each one told all she knew. It was pitifully little, but it was enough to show the next step.

Cold Facts Faced

THEY made lists—cold, unhappy-looking lists.

One was headed Income; each shrunken little rent was brought firmly into view. Each mortgage was written down more cheerfully, for though no one was paying then any principal, the interest came in regularly—6 and 6½% payments.

Each empty house was truthfully listed as producing nothing.

Not one little optimistic possibility was allowed to put in even a cheery wink. Rock bottom, these figures!

And the total was not so terribly small.

A Bit of a Jolt

THEN they made the next list. "Carrying Expenses." Mortgages to be paid (interest only); fire insurance, improvements (there seems to be a league between roofs, to leak at the same time; and paint wears off, and plumbing won't plumb—)

That total seemed terribly large!

Real Income—Almost a Joke

THE difference, when it was deducted! Could those pitiful figures be termed an income? And when the unpaid doctor and shop accounts got their turn?

But after all, those figures spoke the truth, they were something definite.

No more floundering in a mist of "Can we afford it" or "We'll pay it next month."

Knew Where They Stood

THEY knew, for the first time since the husband and father left them, just how much money they had to spend.

Each month, everything went straight into the bank, and the month's budget was made out.

The share of "Carrying Expense" money was sternly set aside. That sum could be touched for nothing but the property.

Next came debts.

So much off this month—and no more charge accounts!

Cash for Everything

THE remainder was for living expenses. Could they live on that slim, that very slim amount?

Like Kipling's Kangaroo, who ran before Yellow Dog Dingle—THEY HAD TO! When there wasn't cash for something that looked very necessary at first—well, the need usually grew less urgent, and frequently it disappeared. There grew up a new distinction between the necessary and the can-be-done-without.

A Jewel from the Emerald Isle

ONE maid had long since gone.

The other—she had been in the family always—refused to go. After much deliberation, it was decided to keep her, but she was taken very fully into the family plans.

Could she economize—"Faith, and she could!"

Could she make everything in the kitchen count—could she run her cooking with much less than she was accustomed to have in her pantry?

"I could fade ye well on potatoes and point," said the loyal Irishwoman.

So she stayed—and no one regretted it.

She gloried in reducing grocery bills. Her left-over dishes became triumphs. She did that part of the laundry that was not sent out (there had been a laundress before). And she took care of everything and everybody.

Education Capital

THOSE college and music courses—what of them? Fewer calls on one's pleasant accom- (*Continued on page 24*)

Dollars for Your Ideas

HAVE you worked out an idea that has helped you in your family finance? Or that has helped you in making money to give to church or to patriotic societies? Or to buy things to send to the soldiers to help in winning the war?

This department will be eagerly followed month after month for live, practical helpful ideas that have been worked out successfully. We will pay $2.00 for the best idea sent in each month; and for every additional one we publish we will pay $1.00. Send your ideas to "Family Finance," Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

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Don't dye it with crude dyes—many hair dyes are greasy and sticky. They are sometimes dangerous, and cause a world of trouble. Restore the natural color by the scientific method discovered by a woman. This application is clean, colorless and dainty. It brings back the original color in from 4 to 8 days.
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Hair Color Restorer
Thousands of men and women have stopped their gray hair by this one safe method. They would tell you, if you knew them, of the absolutely satisfactory results of this scientific preparation.
You may prove this for yourself by accepting our free trial package and testing it, as directed, on a lock of hair.
Send for the free trial bottle and be sure to say exactly what color your hair was before turning gray. Tell us whether it was black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. Better, enclose a lock with your letter.
We will send you the free trial bottle and a special comb with which to apply it, by return mail. When you want the full-size bottle you can get it direct from us if you prefer not to buy of your druggist.
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Send for Style Books, and if you are not already a user of Arlington Collars, enclose 25c for a post paid sample collar.

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Valuable New

Fur Style Book

FREE

Again, with the return of winter your attention will be centered on the fur styles. You will want to know what styles are most favoured by the fashion leaders of the world. Some most entrancing styles have been created for this coming season. The master artists of London, Paris and New York have excelled their previous successes in the production of fur styles. In order that you might be able to acquaint yourself with the charming fur fashions they have conceived we have produced a valuable style guide. Our big Fur Book is crowded from cover to cover with photographs of hundreds of sumptuous furs, coats in Persian Lamb, Hudson Seal, etc., Muffs, Stoles and Cravats in many styles and many furs. The Book is a wonderful fashion guide. And not only that—it's the key to economy in fur-buying for it offers the beautiful fur pieces at surprisingly low prices. In whatever part of Canada you live you should not be without a copy of this book. It's yours for the asking. Don't delay—Write for your copy today—it's free.

1954—Cinnamon Wolf Neckpiece, full animal style; finished with head, paws and large full tail; made from selected skins; beautifully lined and finished $25.00

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677—Persian Lamb Paw Tie, made to button close up at neck $3.00

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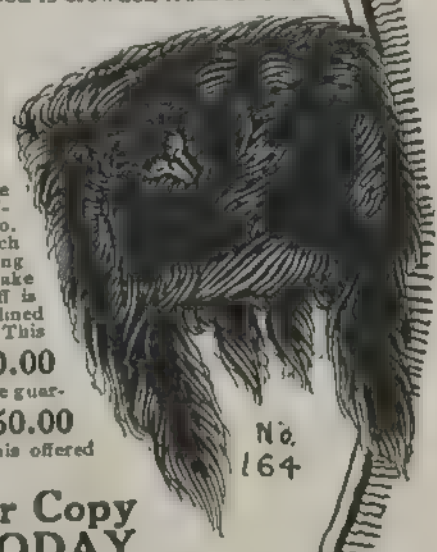

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Liquid Silmerine

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

BOVRIL

The Great Body Builder

Laugh Time Tales

FUNNY THINGS THAT HAPPEN PEOPLE

VINDICTIVE

Little Gertrude had been very naughty, and had been severely slapped, first by nurse and then by mother, with a promise of another dose from father when he came home.

She sat on the floor, her eyes filled with angry tears. Suddenly she rose, a determined look on her little face, and seized her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Out to tell all the family secrets to the neighbours," said the child firmly.

***

PAIRED

She was an amiable old lady, and volunteered much information to the fair stranger who had come down to see an important event in the country town—the laying of the foundation stone of the new church.

"Yes," prattled the old lady, "that is the duke and duchess, and the couple behind them are the mayor and mayoress, and those two on the right are the vicar and—er—vixen."

***

Driver of Resurrected Hansom Cab: "Wake hup, you flea-bitten old corpse!—this ain't the place yer go ter sleep. It's all right, lidy; I was only speakin' to the old 'oss."

***

WHAT HE'D EARNED

Father was leaving his little boy in the care of his maiden aunts, and, knowing Sonny's capacity for mischief, he said:

"Look here, boy, you've got to be extra good till I come back. Do everything your aunts tell you. If they give me a good report of you I'll give you a shilling—a whole quarter—to spend!"

"Yes!" said Sonny, and his face was angelic.

But the desire for mischief asserted itself, and Sonny was in disgrace two-thirds of the time his father was away.

"Well, little man," said father kindly when he returned, "have you been a good boy? Have you earned the shilling I promised you?"

Sonny's lips trembled, and slowly he raised his great brown eyes to his father's face.

"Give me a penny'" he said sadly.

***

NOT LOST

Mr. Rattlepate put down his tea-cup, and for the fifth time remarked to his hostess:

"Well, I must be going."

"Well, don't let me keep you, Mr. Rattlepate, if you must go," said his hostess, hopefully.

"Yes, I really must go," said Rattlepate. "But, believe me, Mrs. Bearit, I do enjoy a little chat with you. Do you know, I had quite a headache when I came here, but now I've entirely lost it."

"Oh, it isn't lost," said Mrs. Bearit, patiently. "I have it now."

***

SELF-RECOMMENDATION

Lady: "I should like to look at a flat which I see is to let in this building, but no one has answered my bell."

Man: "I'll show it to you. Come this way, mum."

"Well, this is something like it. The rooms will suit, I am sure. What sort of a hall porter have they here?"

"The very best, mum."

"Obliging?" queried the lady.

"The kindest-hearted gentleman to be found anywhere, mum."

"Honest?"

"As the day is long, mum."

"Is he attentive to his duties?"

"He's just workin' himself to death, mum. Always thinkin' up some new thing to make folks comfortable."

"Well, I declare! I wouldn't lose this flat for the world. Where is the hall porter now?"

"I'm him, mum!"

***

SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM

Languid Lionel shuffled up the garden path of the Birds' Nest and rang the bell.

The lady of the house opened the door, and the light of recognition came into her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "you're the man I gave a big meal one cold, bleak morning last winter?"

"Yes, mum'" said Languid Lionel meekly.

"And you promised to shovel the snow out of my backyard afterwards, didn't you?" she demanded. "But you went off without doing it?"

"Yes, mum!" said Languid Lionel, still more meekly. "That's why I'm here. My conscience smote me, an' I've tramped miles and miles in the boiling sun to finish the job."

***

CROSS-PURPOSES

Flossie, the waitress, was very keen on a certain handsome young man who always sat at one of her tables. She fluttered round him, and ogled and giggled, and explained the young man's lack of response by the fact that he stammered.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked one day, and there were several shades of meaning in her tone.

The young man glanced at her and said:
"Will you let me have a k-k-k—"
The maiden blushed violently at this significant sound, and threw a glance of triumph at the other waitresses
"—a k-k-cup?" finished the young man
The girl blushed deeper than ever at this, and the young man went on·
"I k-know why you re b-blushing. You thought I was g-going to ask for a k-k-k-clean cup!"

⁂

HAVE YOU?

Two small boys, who had grown weary of their game, were arguing rather heatedly regarding a new form of amusement. At last one of them was struck with a sudden inspiration, and said to the other:
"I know! Let's see who can make the ugliest face."
"Garn!" replied his chum. "What d'yer mean by it? Look what a start you've got!"

⁂

TELLING TALES

The patient little mother had just tucked her five-year-old daughter in bed, and was about to leave the room when the youngster called her back.
"Yes, dear," answered the mother, returning to the bedside. "What do you want?"
"I'm not very sleepy yet," said the child appealingly. "Won't you tell me a fairy story?"
"Wait a few minutes, dear," replied mamma, with just a tinge of hardness in her voice. "Your father will soon be home, and he will tell us both one."

⁂

EDITORIAL APPLICATION FAILED

"I want to see your Beauty Editor," said the caller.
"Are you following her advice?" queried the chief.
"I am."
"Got confidence in it?"
"I have."
"Better not see her, then!"

⁂

ANYTHING SHE WANTS

Mother, nurse, and baby were taking the air in the park. Mother was absorbed in an illustrated paper, and when baby began to cry peevishly, she said without looking up:
"Give it her, nurse."
The crying went on, and mother said imperatively:
"Oh, give her what she wants. I can't stand the noise."
Suddenly the cries rose into a howl. The mother sat up and glared at the nurse.
"Why don't you do as I tell you?" she inquired angrily. "Give it her at once."
"She's got it, mum," said the nurse quietly. "It's a wasp."

⁂

SMALL FRY

The teacher believed in keeping the youngsters in touch with the history of the times, and was beginning a lesson upon the Russian Royal Family.
"Now who can tell me what the Russian monarch is called."
"The Tsar," bellowed the class.
"Right! And what is his wife called?"
There was a pause; then two or three ventured
"The Tsarina."
"Good!" said the teacher. "Now I wonder if you know what the Tsar's children are called."
A longer pause; then one little voice piped:
"Tsardines!"

⁂

THE PRESENT PRESENT

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the far-on ahead. "Ah, my darling," he murmured, "what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of naught but the present—the beautiful, superb present."
"So do I, dearest," she replied, "but you'll take me with you when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer taste in rings."

⁂

Nervous Subaltern: "Can I change an—er—a shirt at this counter?"
Shop Assistant: "I'll see, sir, but wouldn't you rather have a private room?"

⁂

DREAMS

A portion of the cathedral was being restored, and a gentleman noticed a man busily engaged in carving a grotesque face with apparently no design to go by.
He went up to him and said:
"How do you manage to invent such frightfully ugly faces?"
The man replied:
"I eats a piece of cold pork before I goes to bed, and then I dreams 'em!"

⁂

WOULDN'T DISGRACE HIM

A little boy received a toy donkey as a birthday present.
"What are you going to call it?" asked his father.
"King George," replied the boy.
"Oh, no," said his father, "that would never do. That would be an insult to the King. Why not call it the Kaiser?"
"Because," said the little boy indignantly, "that would be an insult to my donkey."

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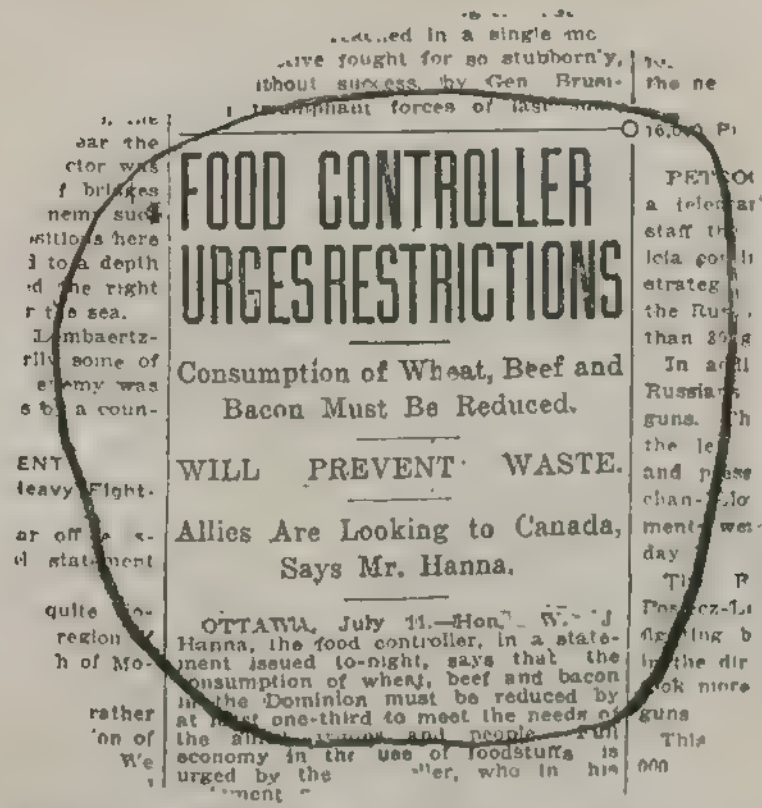

FOOD CONTROLLER URGES RESTRICTIONS

Consumption of Wheat, Beef and Bacon Must Be Reduced.

WILL PREVENT WASTE.

Allies Are Looking to Canada, Says Mr. Hanna.

OTTAWA, July 11.—Hon. W. J. Hanna, the food controller, in a statement issued to-night, says that the consumption of wheat, beef and bacon in the Dominion must be reduced by at least one-third to meet the needs of the allies overseas and people. Full economy in the use of foodstuffs is urged by the ...ller, who in his ...ment ...

Save the Wheat—Use Corn

Hon. W. J. Hanna, the food controller, says the Allies look to Canada to relieve their food shortage. He urges all Canadians to economize and have at least one wheatless meal a day. Your family will gladly comply with this request if you serve

TOASTED

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

It's fine for breakfast, with milk or cream, and a real treat with fruit of any kind at any time of day or night.

Get the original in the red, white and green package.

ONLY MADE IN CANADA BY

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.
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If you live on a farm you will want to see a copy of the new Canadian Farm Magazine—Rural Canada for Women. Edited exclusively for all Canadian farm people.

Rural Canada

Single copies are 10c. and the subscription price is $1.00 per year, but for this month we will send a specimen copy to anyone for 4c, postage. Address RURAL CANADA FOR WOMEN, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

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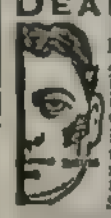
BOYS AND GIRLS—This is the chance of your life to get the finest Scholar's Outfit that was ever offered. **Just read what it contains:** One high-grade large size English school bag, one fine fountain pen with three extra gold finished nibs, one combination safety pen and pencil, a big complete printing outfit with three rows of type, one dozen (12) high-grade lead pencils, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a microscope or magnifying glass, a dandy new pencil sharpener, a fine sanitary pocket drinking cup one box of fine crayons, one box of fine paints containing 12 colors, one school compass, one 12 inch ruler, a set of six school blotters, and last but not least, a fine eraser. **It is a wonderful outfit for you.**

Send us your name and address to-day, and we will send you, postage paid, a free sample package of "Fairy Berries," the delightful, new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume, and just 32 large 10c packages to introduce among your friends. Open your free package and ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They'll like them so much that every one will want a package or two at once. Just one little "Fairy Berry" will purify the mouth, sweeten and perfume the breath, and they are irresistibly delicious. Everybody loves them. You'll sell them all in an hour. "Fairy Berries" sell like wildfire.

Then return our $3.20 and we will at once send you this grand complete 34-piece scholar's outfit exactly as represented and a beautiful full size Folding Film Camera (value $5.00) will also be sent to you for showing your grand Scholar's Outfit to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums, as you did. We arrange to stand payment of all transportation charges on your outfit. Write to-day—right now while you think of it. Address

THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY DEPT. S. 2 TORONTO, ONTARIO, 4A

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



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Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Minister Lands, Forests and Mines

FAMILY FINANCE—UNFRENZIED

(*Continued from page 21*)

plishment and social assets, in these busy days.

So they were put to bearing interest.

A few young pupils were easy to get for the girls had had good masters, and could give the right sort of foundation.

And there was coaching—each her best subjects—and exam. time, with its panic and its frantic effort, came three times a year!

And other fields are opening up—as they usually do when we look for a stile or even a gap in the hedge.

But no matter how "easy" things become, no matter what after-the-war will do in restoring the family income to something like its original dimensions, there will always be three lists—Gross Income, Carrying Expenses, and Net Income, under which will fall the "Family Budget"—the stern but friendly guardian of the family peace-of-mind.

Five Little Maids Clear $143.32

THERE were five of them—five young girls, all poor as the famous mouse that lived under the shadow of the pulpit.

And they wanted to help.

Help what?

Help win the war, of course.

They didn't know much about money—because they had never possessed any for a long enough time to get intimate with it.

They didn't know how to get money, because between school and lessons and helping at home, there wasn't much time to even think much about it.

But they had that sincerity of purpose and oneness of mind that has moved more mountains than faith, single-handed, could ever hope to shift.

What Can We Do?

NOT "We haven't this" or "we can't do that" but—"what can we do?"

Three months after they asked themselves the question, they were able to buy enough sewing materials to start work on a big enough scale to necessitate getting the help of the rest of their high-school class, in the making of comforts for the soldiers.

They Would Do

THE June days were full of examinations, rain-storms and other dampening things. But their ambition survived and their plans were ready with the closing days of school.

They looked for opportunities of earning money, right in their own community—and found them.

Certain things were expected of them at home, during the vacation days. But they arranged to have half of each day to put their plans into action.

They Did Do

THEY weeded strawberry beds and picked berries for a large grower in their neighbourhood.

They set up a stall under a huge Japanese parasol, and took turns selling cream-dipped strawberries to the "summer colony" that flocked to the lake in the first days of July.

The big umbrella was well patronized and they began adding specialties—home-made taffy-on-a-stick (dark molasses taffy, formed into balls and stuck on wooden skewers which the butcher sold to them—a huge bundle for 25c.) and pop-corn.

A Penny a Pop!

"IT seems as though it's the 'pop' we get paid for," giggled one of the girls joyously, as she counted the nickles at the end of their first pop-corn day. "We got 2 pounds for a quarter and have only used half of it and half a pound of butter.

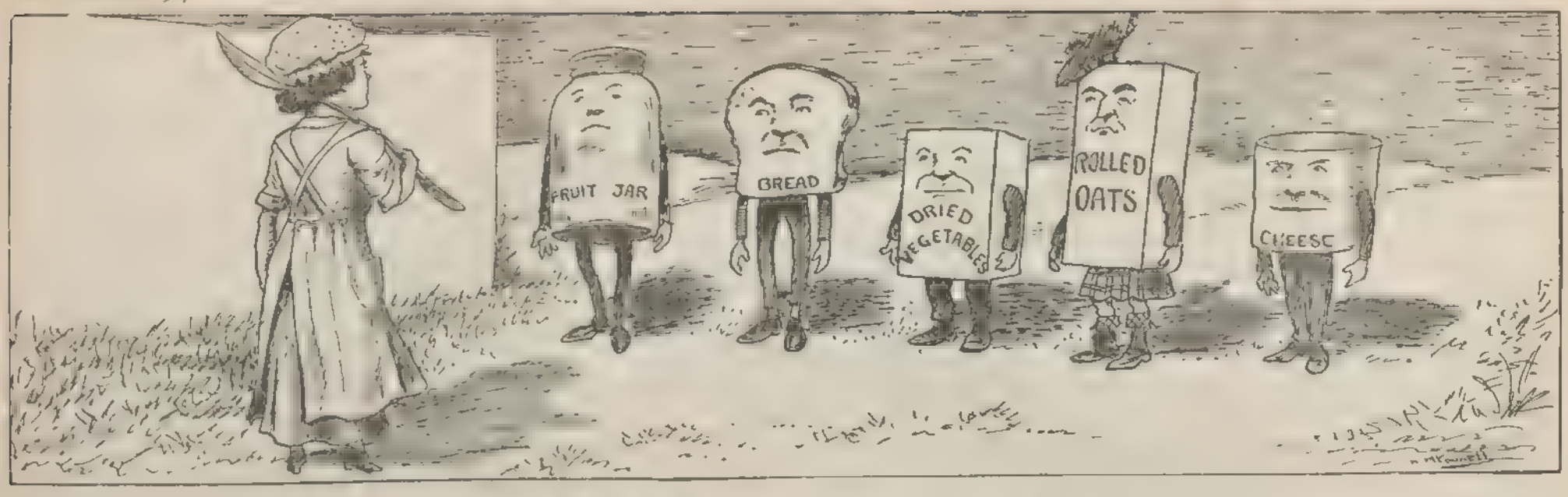
The paper for cones cost 5c. more—and here is $1.90 in the cash box."

Freezing Dollars

FOUR dollars was invested in an ice-cream freezer that did all the work itself, after the cream and ice were put in. How the summer people did enjoy the delicious smooth rich cream that could be found about mid-afternoon beneath the gay umbrella. "The ten centses just chase each other in," the girls confided to the nice lady from the hotel.

The nice lady was one of their most regular customers, and soon learned the story of the enterprise. When she went home, she took over seventeen dollars—with which she had offered to purchase gauze and wool and flannel at the wholesale house that supplied her church branch of the Red Cross.

"We have a small garden that my father gave us," related one tanned little gardener, "ready planted before school closed." "We used to weed and hoe it in the early mornings and my (*Continued on page 35*)



AN ARMY OF SAVERS

Canada is Calling for Another Army—Women's Battalions Must be Raised in Every District for that Army

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

MUST we women be conscripted?

No!

Must the help we can give be forced from us by laws and regulations?

No!

We women will welcome all legislation that will help in the great work; we will *anticipate it*, we will be working away ahead of it!

We, the women of Canada pledge ourselves to the service of our country and the help of our men; as individuals we will do our share toward the winning of the war.

The call to-day is for Men, Munitions and Food. Women have helped recruiting and have helped in the making of munitions. But our greatest opportunity has now been given us; we are called upon to regulate the nation's meals, in order to save what is needed to send across the sea. Here it is—Women's Big Duty.

Will we Canadian women make good?

Yes.

And yes again!

We are eagerly asking "How?" and already we have learned much.

The Duty Nearest our Hands

1. We must be told what foods are required for shipping overseas. Then we must each contribute our share of these foods by using less of them in our own houses.

2. We must be told what we can use in place of these foods so that we may keep our people well fed, well nourished—thoroughly fit!

We must be a strong nation these days—strong in loyalty, strong in effort, strong in body.

It has been given to us women, as our own most particular field of achievement, to see that our people are well fed and to do it so cleverly that we can leave untouched, unneeded here, the exportable food that is so tremendously needed across the seas.

So let us learn just the simple, necessary facts about food values. It is so easy, so simple, and when acquired, the information is so valuable to the health of our familes and to the welfare of our Empire!

3. We must see that nothing is wasted—absolutely nothing that will serve as food.

Starve the Garbage Can

THE garbage cans of Canada receive each year $56,000,000 worth of good, edible, nourishing food-stuffs. Let us not try to dodge the fact that here is disgrace, right at the door of us women. $50,000,000 of this can be prevented. Let us catch and keep that $50,000,000 this year.

What is Needed Overseas

WHAT do they want for our soldiers and for the people of our allied countries?

Wheat! Meat! Bacon!

And as much of many other things as we can ship—cheese, condensed milk, eggs, beans, peas, and other cereals.

What You Can Do

IF you have a good war-time recipe—pass it on to others—tell it! If you know some good way to effect economy—tell it! If you and your neighbors have worked out some plan for mutual benefit—tell it!

Tell it to your friends; tell it to your local organizations; tell it to the women of Canada through the "Win-The-War Housekeeper's Departments" in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

According to the figures in possession of our food controller, our European Allies at war require 1,105 million bushels of wheat. Try to grasp the immensity of that,—1,105 million bushels!!

Great Britain and our European Allies can supply, themselves, 645 Million bushels. It remains for Canada and the United States to make up that difference—that stupendous quantity, 460 million bushels.

No theories, no guess-work, here—no doubt of any kind!

This is the task we have to face—getting 460 million bushels of wheat into Europe to enable the allies to carry on the war!

Of that amount, we shall fall short of 160 million bushels—*if we continue using our habitual amount of wheat!*

But see—here's the solution!

"If each individual one of us will cut down our consumption of wheat just 1/6, we shall be able to make up the shortage!" says Mr. Hanna, our Canadian Food Controller.

Now what about the response?

Do we already hear the answer, gathering force as it sweeps over Canada—"*We will save 1/6 of our wheat for them!*"

—Do we hear it?

Picture the men over there who have been in the thick of the fight since 1914. They have truly gone down to the gates of hell—for us! For those beautiful ripening fields of ours—for our freedom!

Just for Ourselves?

DO we want to think of those men of ours knowing hunger? Not the hunger of a foodless day, when the fighting had been too hot to allow thought of eating—but the growing hunger that brings with it the bitter realization that supplies are stopping—supplies from the people at home!

The shame that would be ours, if our men, defeated by hunger, returned to find us—with plenty!

Our Plenty Should be their Plenty

AND our Britain—will we not share with her—share liberally? And France, whose glory can never, never fade. And Belgium—immortal Belgium—and Serbia— What would be too great a sacrifice for us to make if it would help these two little countries that have lost *everything*—everything but honour—honour that has bowed the heads of men the world over in humblest admiration?

Yet We Are Not Asked to Sacrifice

WE, on this continent, beyond the giving of our men, have not yet learned the *meaning* of sacrifice.

And even on this matter of food we have not been asked to sacrifice. In fact, we are urged to *keep to the accustomed ration*—only let it be made up partially of perishable, non-exportable food-stuffs.

"A little deprivation would perhaps be better for us—spur us to greater effort" said a mild little woman in whom the desire to serve glowed, a radiant thing.

Must we come to actual want, in Canada before we really put our hearts and minds to work on this problem?

The Simplicity of it!

"IF each one of us—each individual—cuts down just 1/6—we shall be able to make up the shortage and the situation will be met," says Mr. Hanna, our Food Controller.

Think of it! Just 1-6 less wheat for each of us—and Great Britain and our European Allies will be fed.

Women Slackers?

BUT there are slackers amongst the women just as there are slackers amongst the men.

We must admit them—with reluctance and with shame. What shall we *do* about it, is the question.

Let each one of us assume the responsibility of one of these women slackers. Let every Canadian woman who wills for victory for the allies, every woman who has a thought for our men who have given all or who are fighting the good fight to-day, every woman who appreciates the terrible daily sacrifices being made by Great Britain and her allies—let each of those women say, "I will do not only my own share of saving, but *I will do what one woman slacker should be doing!* I will cut down the wheat consumption in my house and will continue that saving in all my household buying and serving so that there may be enough food for others—for everyone. I will use, as far as is possible, those perishable foods which cannot be stored and exported. I will save from loss all perishable foods that I can save."

If every non-slacker amongst the women of Canada will do this—the situation will be saved. There will be no famine here or abroad—and no defeat!

We will work together, one great Army of Savers; we will all help each other.

Those Things We Can Do Now

One a Penny, Two a Penny

"IN each town I lectured in," said one of the Government's thrift experts to me, lately—"I priced staples in small and large quantities. The difference was usually tremendous. Take sugar for example: an average price was $8.60 a hundred pound bag. Bought by the pound, this amount would cost $10.00. How could $1.40 be more easily saved? A corresponding saving can be made in buying flour, canned goods,—almost any of the staples, which we use in such large quantities in all our homes.

How to Save on Sugar

"A MISTAKE I made for years" said another woman present—"was buying things by money's worth instead of by weight. For instance, I would say 'A dollars' worth of sugar, please,' and did not know, usually, how many pounds I was receiving. It came in a paper bag—the amount my grocer thought was coming to me for a dollar! Now I say 5 or 20 or 100 pounds, and pay *for the weight I get* at the market price. I know now that I get what I pay for, and I know on what basis I am charged."

Those Fruits and Vegetables

"WE have never heard so much about them before!" exclaimed a puzzled housewife, as she read of the many slogans that have sprung up this season—"Can or collapse." "Can what you can and dry what you cannot." "Dry for your country's cause." True; but fruits and vegetables never had such a big, worthwhile mission in life before! Every bit of perishable food that is saved from loss means added strength against the Huns. The more such food we can keep and use here, the more exportable food we can ship to the mother country and to our allies; and in an unfailing food supply lies the first strength of a fighting nation.

Put Back the Stock Pot

"THE doctor says more iron! and I've been paying 90c. a bottle for that tonic." And every time that woman threw away the water in which spinach, carrots, cabbage and other vegetables were boiled, out went the valuable iron and all the other mineral matter that was in it—nature's tonic to regulate and enrich our blood!

(*Continued on page 32*)

THE CALL TO WOMEN

Carried to You by One Who Attended the Food Conservation Convention, to Report all of the Essential Facts and Catch the Interesting Sidelights for the Readers of Everywoman's World

By KATHLEEN KYLE

"WOMEN OF ONTARIO!" The call went out from the men who have undertaken to husband the resources of the "banner province."

"Present," came the answer, promptly and clearly, from 300 women delegates, representing the women in every district of the province.

And they proceeded to *prove* that they were there.

First—they did it as good listeners.

Not that it requires a particularly "good listener" to give keen attention to Mr. Hanna, our Canadian Food Controller, for he had *facts* to give them.

And they did absorb those facts!

And next day, when they turned talkers, as well as listeners—they handed back those facts, along with many of their own, with all the glibness of personal research!

And they loved the party.

Deeply in Earnest

THEY were in earnest—very deeply in earnest. There was that personal tone in almost every woman's speech—whether it was long or short, an exhortation or a suggestion, that—well, you know the difference. You have heard "our boys at the front" said in as many tones as there are kinds of people. But there is a something in the voice of the man or woman who *has sent* one of those "boys," that brings a lump to your throat and a big sympathetic feeling to your heart. They are quiet about it; their words are simple, but they reach you as no amount of studied eloquence will ever do.

Mrs. Buchanan, of Ravenna, spoke of the sense of the *nearness* of war that the people along the Clyde felt, as a British man of war exploded mine after mine—70 of them—that lay there, a secret menace to British ships and men and cargoes.

"I think of it often," she said, "for I have a son on one of those mine-sweepers." And in the deep silence of the house, there was understanding.

It brought that to those women of Ontario—a better understanding of each other. Kipling's "Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady" felt no more "sisters under the skin" than did these sincere and anxious women from city and country, town and hamlet. For they were all there on one mission—to learn how best they could serve their country and help their men.

"Tell us what you want us to do," was a sentence directed often at the Hon. Mr. Hanna; and he told them—in strong, unminced fashion. "We want you to save for use all perishable foods; we want you to cut down your consumption of storable and exportable goods consumed in Canadian homes; we want you to eliminate waste!"

Was it imagined—that squaring of feminine shoulders in pit and galleries of Toronto's big Convocation Hall, where the meeting was held? I think not. They came for a message—these women—a message to take back to the waiting women at home. A big order—that of Mr. Hanna's—but Canadian women can accept big orders and fill them.

The Facts from Mr. Hanna

MR. HANNA put the facts which we, in Canada, have to face, squarely before the representative women of Ontario; having given them the facts he felt that they would meet the issue with a will and a spirit that would ensure success.

"Why was it that in the fall of 1916 it was suddenly given to us that the great need was food? The facts are these: the harvest of 1914 was abnormally large and the harvest of 1915 overtopped everything in the world's history. Then the turning aside from agricultural pursuits of thousands of men began to be felt. The harvest of 1916 was short, and considerably short in the countries at war. All the "slack" of the preceding two years was used up.

"What is the need of Great Britain and the other allied countries of Europe? It is very acute. The food controller was appointed in the United States by the President because the people recognized that he was necessary if the war was to be prosecuted to a successful issue. The men at the front had to be fed, and normal consumption had to be cut down to liberate foods for export to the soldiers and civilians of the allies abroad.

"For identically the same reason was the food controller of Canada appointed, in order that the allies' soldiers would not need to retreat from the enemy.

"Soldiers First," Says Mr. Hanna

"IN order to feed the European allies and keep the men at the front supplied with sufficient food, there is required 1,105 million bushels of wheat. There have been 645 million bushels only, produced in the European countries. If the soldiers are not to go hungry or the peoples of those countries suffer by lack of food, 460 million bushels additional are necessary. Is that number available? Yes. But it is situated in India, the Argentine, Australia and America.

"The United States and Canada would bring forth 300 million bushels if the consumption were normal. And 160 million bushels are needed. There isn't the tonnage to draw from India, Argentina and Australia. The conditions at the first of the year have grown from worse to worse. Great Britain and the other allied countries are depending upon half the normal tonnage for supplies of food. The attitude of the people of the United States and Canada must be that if we by thrift can release food for shipment, then we must have the courage to do so that the allies abroad shall not go hungry.

"The necessary sacrifice is the reduction in the wheat consumption alone by one-sixth. Thus we would practically have the 160 million bushels of wheat necessary. Since some of the people won't reduce their consumption we must ask more of those who will. We can cut down our consumption of wheat and substitute other products which usually go to waste.

Lloyd-George Counts on Us

"I HAVE made alarming statements, it is true, but I have not overdrawn the picture. Lloyd-George did not misrepresent the fact when he said before the House of Commons: "So far from starving, our food supply for 1917 and 1918 has been secured." But this was subject to reasonable economy by America and based upon the assurances of the President of the United States which are not a mere scrap of paper.

"Lloyd-George, too, had the assurance of the Government of Canada. Without that assurance he could not have made his statements.

"The question of food is a grave and vital question which must be grappled with and met if we are to win the war."

Sir William Hearst's Message

THE Premier of Ontario considered the good work Canadian women had already done and felt that they would face the food crisis with the calmness and sanity that alone could cope successfully with such a problem. Sir William admitted that there is a good harvest in this country; but it has not yet been gathered. The great cry from the farm is for *men*. This increases the woman's responsibility, for she must do now, to-day, everything she can to save the food at hand.

$5,988,000 worth of damage by fire in the first half of 1917, is our Canadian record. But that is not the worst of it. Three-quarters of that loss involved foodstuffs and munitions—the very strength of our fighting men! And here is the barb for each of us—two-thirds of this loss was preventable. Is carelessness at such a time anything short of criminal?

"Very soon every citizen of Canada will be able go about with a fish bulging out of every pocket." So promised Mr. Hanna at the Food Conservation Convention. And thousands of pounds of fish—carload after carload—have already reached the markets—at ten cents a pound. Keep it up, Mr Hanna!

The Promise for the Morrow

THE happy speech of Mrs. Buchanan, of Ravenna, brought the whole problem right into the intimacy of every woman's own kitchen—and her talk was a real stimulation!

Yes, there was much in the great mass meeting that opened the convention, to stir in the visiting delegates a tremendous enthusiasm for being a Canadian woman and *in a position* to do such a great big bit—such a BIT in capitals—for the Empire. Next day, they would meet, they would confer, they would hear and exchange much wisdom, much thrift-lore!

The Second Day of the Great Convention

THERE were fine things on next day's programme, though at times they were almost clouded in the "open hour for discussion."

We heard the same thing often: a sort of "we have done; go ye and do likewise"—but too little of the *how!*

If Mrs. I. came prepared to tell what her community had done, she stuck to her text and expounded it fully in spite of the fact that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and a whole quarter-alphabet of ladies preceding her had each told, with a seeming appreciation of its news value, how her neighbourhood had done the same things.

The delegate whose home-town had not canned and jelled the earliest bean and berry that made their appearance in the local vegetable gardens, must indeed have burned with shame for her dilatory sisters!

Even the Appalling Platform

AND as for being parliamentary, well, it is much to ask of the woman who is summoned because of her housewifely attributes, that she be versed in modes of procedure and fine points of precedence! Give her time, however! If councils and sessions and even speaking from platforms (the point at which the diffidence of many of the speakers, balked them) is required of our Canadian women, leave it to them to qualify quickly and well. Just as they will apply new rules to their marketing, re-write their cook books and study those things that will enable them to feed their own families as well as ever and yet contribute greatly to the amount of food Canada will be able to send overseas—just so will our women take up the other duties that come to their hands to do.

How Women Have Risen

MRS. TOD, a delegate from Simcoe County, probably felt these things to be true, when she said:—

"Burdens must go along with benefits, and we must not neglect our duties for our rights. The new call will train us to new citizenship. No woman could work among the women of our country, as I have worked since the war, and not rise to renewed faith. The spiritual side of woman has been strengthened by the struggles. A woman who has beaten down in her motherhood all that is selfish, grasping, and base has got nearer the divine. She has reached what she could never reach before, because she has risen by what she has put under her feet."

That the women of our country are thinking deeply and seriously of the big issues of the day, was evidenced by certain happenings that for a time threatened to dispel all harmony and shoo the dove of peace from the building.

The Women were Granted a Vote—But—

THE last but all-important item to command the attention of the convention was the election of a committee of 21 women—7 from each military district in Ontario. Time was limited and the slight acquaintance of the delegates—who came from such far-spread distances—made selections difficult. The difficulty seemed so great that one woman suggested desperately that all the delegates names be put in a hat and seven picked out.

"O, O, O," groaned the delegates, "and some of us have worked for years for the vote!"

However, the ballots were finally cast, and the Chairman—a brave man indeed—Mr. Rundle, chairman of the Organization of Resources Committee, was absent from the chair, to assist in the big task of counting them.

Lady Hendrie, as honorary chairman (such a delightful one, combining so well the charm and tact of the gracious lady, with the keenness and sound judgment of the woman-of-affairs for whom there is so much work to-day)—doubted whether the introduction of certain resolutions was in order, but permitted two to be put before the meeting.

Women Resolved

WOULD that scoffers might have seen the perfect unanimity, the complete agreement, of the women of that assemblage, when they were asked to pass the following resolutions:

"That the Province-wide Convention of Women of Ontario respectfully desire to express to the Government of Canada their earnest hope that conscription will be passed, and realizing the desperate need that exists in the fighting line, to urge that the said bill be put into full force at the earliest possible moment."

And again, with but a scattered few who remained seated, they stood to suggest a second resolution.

Oppose General Election

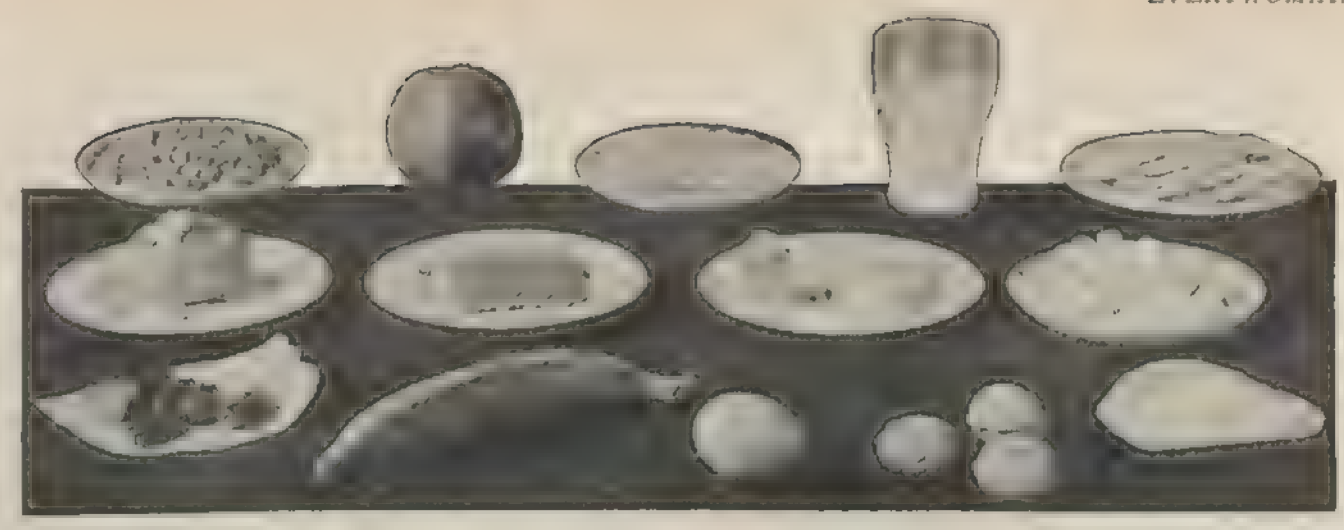
IT was then moved by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, and seconded by Mrs. Buchanan, of Ravenna: "That this meeting express strong resolution against the holding of an election at the present time, and call on the Premier and the leader of the Opposition to unite in forming a national Government so as to organize

(*Continued on page 30*)

"You must Balance your meals as you Balance your cash."

Herein lies the secret of good health and the keenest delight in the pleasures of the table.

War-time efficiency and food control demand that you know food values.



2 tablespoonfuls dried peas
1 large apple
2 thin slices of bacon
2/3 cupful, scant, milk

6 salt wafers or 3 soda biscuits
1 medium baked potato
1 three-inch square corn bread
1 inch cube dairy cheese

1 tablespoonful of butter
1/4 cupful of macaroni
4 to 6 dates
1 medium banana

1 very large egg
3 to 6 walnuts
2 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar

OTHER 100-CALORIE PORTIONS

1 medium sized parsnip
1 cob of corn
1/3 head of cabbage
1 large cucumber
3 tablespoons
1 two-inch cube sirloin
12 oysters
1/2 cup canned salmon
6 egg whites
2 egg yolks
1 1/2 in. sausage
Large serving of veal

UP-TO-DATE ON FOOD VALUES

Consider the Calories

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

"WHAT are those 'clamories' everybody's talking about now-a-days?" asked a woman in Nova Scotia, of a domestic science expert who was about to give a lecture. "We don't know much about them—but we'd like to!"

That's the spirit that will make the work of Canada's women, in making the very most of our food supplies, a big feature in our Win-the-War effort. That's the spirit that makes for success, always.

The Calory Explained

A "calory" is one of the simplest little things in the world. It isn't a part of the food we eat—it is just a *measure* of it.

Just as there may be 26 inches in the length of a piece of ribbon or lace, there will be so many calories in a spoonful or a cupful or a pound of any food.

The definition (which really doesn't matter a jot to you or me, in our everyday use of the term) reads "A calory is the amount of heat required to raise one pound of water 4 deg. F."

Measuring Food Work

WHAT *does* matter to us is—the knowledge of how many calories there are in each of our principal foods, how many of these calories we require each day to be well-nourished, and how we can apply the knowledge to make our house-keeping simpler; how we can be assured that all the food we use does its work and does it thoroughly—and how all this will help us to feed our families better—*on less food.*

For convenience, we measure the work which our food does, as the heat and energy it makes in our bodies. The food we eat is acted upon much the same as if it were burned in a vessel. Most of the constituents in every food are *burned up* in the body, and put to certain uses. That which is left is called "the ash."

Each Person's Needs

WE know that the appetite (the demand our system makes for fuel to keep it working) of each person in the family is different. That is because their *needs* are different.

"Himself," if he is doing strenuous out door work (ploughing, harvesting, etc.) will require most fuel because most is asked of his body. He will need every day from 3,500 to 4,500 of these calories we speak of, to provide all the energy and muscle and firm strong flesh, that his work calls for.

If his work is *indoors*, however, and his exercise is not at all extreme, he will only require from 2,400 to 3,000 calories a day.

A woman, ordinarily busy and energetic, will need from 2,000 to 2,500 calories a day.

For Your Own Family

IT is easy to figure the individual needs of each member of your family on this basis, and to arrive at an estimate of how much food you should prepare for them daily.

An average family of two adults and three children, requires about 10,000 calories a day.

What Should These Be?

OUR food does three things for us:

1. It supplies the material which builds and repairs our bodies.

2. It supplies the material that gives us *energy*—which takes the form, in us, of heat and work.

3. It regulates the body—purifies and enriches the blood, and carries off impurities and waste matter.

Different Foods Do Different Work

NOW of course, no *one* food can do *all* of these things and so we have for thousands of years combined and blended things—unconsciously answering nature's demands.

To build and repair our bodies (which would soon wear out if we didn't eat) we need to eat foods that contain protein, mineral matter and water. To supply heat we need fats; energy is supplied by starches and sugars; minerals feed and regulate our blood!

Body-Builders

PROTEIN makes *tissues* and *muscles*; and as this work is tremendously important, we must be sure to have plenty of protein.

We find that what we would call our *main foods* are just naturally, as it were, rich in protein—lean meat, eggs, milk, cheese, cereals (our breads, etc.) legumes (beans, lentils and peas) and nuts.

It should certainly be easy to supply enough protein in every meal!

Our Mineral Wealth

MINERAL matter is needed to make bone and padding for our joints. It is plentiful in milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Our Heat Supply

FATS are the great producers of heat, in the body. One ounce of fat will make more heat than over twice as much of any other food constituent.

So when we use milk, butter, the fat of meats, eggs (the fat is in the yolk), nuts, olives and the vegetable oils, we are storing up heat.

Starches and Sugars

THESE are two great classes of foods (called carbohydrates) we eat so much of them in our daily fare. In all our cereals (our bread stuffs, breakfast foods, etc.), potatoes and some vegetables, we get a big proportion of starch.

Sugar that is obtained from sugar cane and sugar beets, enters largely into the cooking and serving of our foods. Then we have sugar in our fruits and our syrups—a lot of it.

These abundant food constituents supply most of our energy. They are therefore very important.

Our Body Regulators

WE have four natural safe-guards to our health—water, mineral salts, vitamines and cellulose.

CELLULOSE is just a substance that is in fruit, vegetables and the outside layer of the cereals. That is why the use of plenty of fruit and vegetables (especially those of coarser grain) and bran is advised so strongly.

The MINERALS keep our blood right.

VITAMINES have never been fully described. We just know that they are very tiny and very important to our health and growth.

And last in all but importance—water. About 80 per cent. of the body is water; a large percentage of all our food is water. And we must drink *plenty* of fresh cool water (not ice-water) every day, beginning with a glass on rising in the morning.

SUBSTITUTES

Advocated by our Food Controller, Mr. Hanna

WE are urged to have Meatless days and Wheatless days, in order to have enough food to ensure our fighting men, our mother country and our allies from suffering want.

To cut off our meat for a day without using something that supplies to the body the same things that meat supplies, would be unfair and unwise.

We can make up just those constituents, however, if we know what foods have similar properties.

For example—beans and peas (the legumes, as they are called) appear, with meat, in the list of foods that are rich in protein. Baked beans, therefore, can be used instead of a meat-dish. A bean loaf or one made with peas or nuts, is also good. Eggs are good, and cheese excellent. One cubic inch of cheese contains as many calories as a slice of roast beef or broiled steak, or an average helping of chicken. Macaroni and cheese is an ideal combination, and there are souffles and salads.

Fish is of course a first-class—and much used—substitute for meat. Our Food Controller has promised us fish at a very low price, and already there has been a shipment of salmon and codfish into Toronto that sold to the housewives (through the retail dealers) at 10c. a pound.

A special article elsewhere in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD gives a number of Tested and Endorsed Recipes that will make up the meat-value in a meal. These dishes are as delicious as they are nutritious and will not represent any particular self-denial on the part of the family.

Building by Calories

IT is happily a fact that an average serving or a staple measurement of a great many foods, contains about 100 calories. This makes a very simple matter of computing the values of a dish or a meal.

A mental picture of these 100-calorie quantities will make it easy and natural to recognize them. The illustrations show 100-calory portions of common and seasonable foods. Cut out and pasted on a piece of cardboard and hung in the kitchen, it would make a most valuable ready-reference table.

Everyone is trying to be up-to-date these days. In planning meals we "build by calories,-"the way to cut down expense, cut down waste and feed our families better than ever!

The British Tommy has given us a great example. A revision of his rations, along these well-defined lines, has cut down costs 15 per cent. And he likes it! And thrives on it!

If the Empire's fighting men are leading the way, will we not follow?

Indeed we will!

"BALANCE" IN MEALS

You wouldn't think of serving a meal with three courses of meat—

Ham
Beef
Lamb

—and perhaps fish also!

It would be too much meat—probably make one sick. The meal would be "unbalanced"
Yet I know "good cooks" who serve as an ideal dinner—

Soup and Fish
Ham and Eggs
Cheese and milk
Custard (containing eggs)
Mince Pie and Cake

—in reality six or seven helpings of meat,—too much protein—a badly balanced meal. You need to know food values and "balance" your meals.

1 very large orange
1½ to 3 dried figs
1 dish flaked cereal

3 Graham crackers
1 slice white bread
4 large stewed prunes

Lamb chop
1 large baked apple
Small dish boiled rice

1 large baking-powder biscuit
1/4 cupful of raisins
1 serving bread-pudding

1 dozen peanuts
3½ lumps of sugar
2 tablespoonfuls Lima beans

Illustrations by courtesy of Good Housekeeping Magazine

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

"Help Yourself!"—

There are times in the warmer season when you don't feel like drinking cocoa. At such times learn to make the most of your cocoa, bring it down from the shelf and make it pay for itself by icing your cakes with it.

Perfection Cocoa is the best and most easily adapted to such purposes. These warmer days, try your hand at it.

COWAN'S COCOA "Perfection Brand"

A-48

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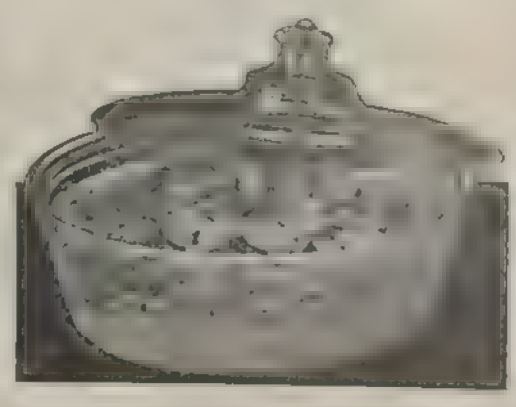
CALENDAR ON APPLICATION

MEATLESS MEALS

By "PATRIOT"

"I'll do it—of course I'll do it! Though I've always thought a meatless dinner and a dinnerless dinner were pretty much the same thing!" Have you heard things like that? But the right spirit is abroad in the land, and the willingness to try new things and to change old ones That makes the "How" very simple "What's the matter-



Baked Beans en Casserole

Meat in Meatless Menus

What does meat give us? And what other foods will supply the same things? The chief value to us in lean meat is its protein—that is, the body-building substances that it contains. But other foods are rich in the same elements—and some of those foods have not been appreciated at their real worth, or for the actual work they will do in rebuilding tissues and muscles.

Fish, legumes (beans, peas, lentils) nuts, cheese, milk and eggs, will give the same "foundation" to a meal that meat will do—and will do much the same work in building strong, healthy bodies.

Feast Days—Not Fast Days

Tuesdays and Fridays can be made bright spots in the week if we avail ourselves of the many suggestions that are already in active circulation. Variety? Lots of it. Nourishment? Excellent. Deliciousness? Um-m-m.

New Brunswick Baked Beans

Wash 1 quart of navy beans and soak over night. In the morning, drain and cook in boiling water, until tender. Fill a bean-pot or a deep baking-dish or casserole with the beans and pieces of pickled pork. Add a teaspoon of salt, a saltspoon of pepper, a cup of molasses and a cup of water beans were boiled in. Cover and bake for two and a half hours, removing cover long enough to brown the top.

Mock Turkey

2 cups purée (beans or peas).
2 eggs.
½ cup toasted bread crumbs.
½ cup browned flour.
2 teaspoons celery salt.
1 cup strained tomato.
2 cups finely chopped nuts.
¼ cup cream.
2 tablespoons grated onion.
1 teaspoon salt.
2 teaspoons sage.

Cook lentils, peas or beans until tender. Make a purée by mashing through a colander. Beat the eggs slightly and add the purée and other ingredients in the order given Form into a loaf and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned—about 20 to 30 minutes. Serve with a good cream or brown sauce.

Goulash

A delicious dish of left-overs! Two cups boiled or baked beans, two cups cooked potatoes, two cups of tomato pulp and juice, a cup of stock, some onion, or onion salt, and any peas, carrots, celery or other vegetables you have on hand. A little macaroni or spaghetti is a decided addition. Season to taste, and serve piping hot.

Codfish au Gratin

Flake 2 pounds of fresh boiled codfish that has been freed from skin and bone; add 1 cup bread crumbs, juice of 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, ½ saltspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup melted butter, 1 egg beaten in a small cup sweet milk, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ cup rich milk. Put in well-buttered shells or baking dish, and bake a delicate brown.

Spaghetti and Vegetables

1 cup spaghetti.
½ cup carrots.
½ cup turnips.
½ cup cabbage.
½ cup onions.
½ cup celery.
1½ cups hot milk.
3 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 teaspoon salt.
2 eggs.

Cook the vegetables in boiling salted water for an hour or more, until tender. Drain.

Boil spaghetti (or macaroni) in the usual way. Combine with the cooked vegetables, add the eggs, boiled hard and chopped, and 1 teaspoon salt.

Place flour on a pie tin in a hot oven until it is golden brown. Mix the butter into it thoroughly, then pour the hot milk over stirring constantly. Add the salt and cook 5 minutes.

Pour the sauce over the mixture, and toss it all lightly together with a fork. Bake in a casserole or baking dish for 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

English Monkey

Heat 1 cup of milk and add to it 2 cups of stale bread crumbs. Melt 1 dessertspoon butter and ¼ cup of cheese which has been cut in small pieces. Season with salt, pepper, and a dash of cayenne. Stir in the milk and bread crumbs, cook a few minutes, add a well beaten egg, and when creamy, serve on toasted brown bread.

String Beans en Casserole

String, cut in inch pieces, and boil till tender, one quart of string or wax beans. Drain and put into a well-buttered baking dish, with some diced fried bacon or pickled pork, pepper and salt, a little chopped parsley, onion and sweet pepper and the juice of a sour orange. Dust lightly with paprika, scatter a teaspoonful of fine bread crumbs over the top and bake to a delicate golden brown.

Peanut Roast

1 quart slightly toasted bread crumbs.
2 cups peanut butter.
2 medium onions.
1 cup milk.
1 tablespoon summer savory.
2 cups mashed potatoes.
4 eggs.
2 teaspoons salt.

Mix milk very gradually with peanut butter and then add beaten eggs. Stir in the bread crumbs, grated or finely chopped onion, hot mashed potatoes and seasonings. Turn into well greased bread tin and bake 1 hour.

Hold tin in boiling water a moment to loosen loaf, as you would a jelly mould; run a knife around the edge and turn out on platter. Garnish with parsley and cranberry or red current jelly.

Flaked Fish in Peppers

Remove seeds and ribs from six sweet peppers and soak in cold water. Beat 2 eggs light and add 2 cups of flaked fish—codfish, haddock or salmon—1 cup of bread crumbs, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 level teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice. Pack mixture into pepper shells, (which may be cut in half if large) sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake until peppers are tender and crumbs brown. Serve very hot.

Fish Cakes

Flake fish from skin and bones with silver fork. To one pound of fish, add three or four potatoes, mashed till light. Season with salt, pepper etc., little butter and find with an egg, or a stiffly beaten egg white, if desired. Mold into small cakes, dust with flour or roll in fine crumbs, and fry in hot fat until a delicate brown.

Eggs in Rice

Boil rice in water that is plumping, taking care to keep it from getting into a soggy mass. Drain and form into little molds. Place a poached egg on each and pour over them a well-seasoned tomato sauce. A dash of paprika will be an improvement.

Rice and Cheese

To one cup of boiled rice, add two well-beaten eggs, 1½ cups of milk, a tablespoon of melted butter, a teaspoon of sugar, salt and pepper and some grated cheese. Mix thoroughly, put in a baking dish, grate cheese thickly over the top. Bake and serve very hot.

Baked Eggs

Cut six hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, remove yoke and make a paste with a little butter, salt, pepper, grated onion, enough cream to moisten. Refill whites and tie with narrow tape. Roll in grated cheese and fine bread caumbs slightly sugared and salted. Place in greased baking dish (bacon fat gives nice flavor) and baste with a little dripping and cream or milk, until delicately browned. Serve with a cream sauce.

DRY! DRY!! DRY!!!

If at First You Don't Preserve—Dry, Dry Again!

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

"CAN what you can and dry what you cannot!" Up and down and across America travels the new slogan.

Europe has already canned and dried great quantities of fruits and vegetables. There is enough dried products alone, in Germany to feed their entire army for two years.

Yes, Europe has done it.

America is doing it.

First we canned.

But sometimes jars give out, or storage is over-taxed or the expense of buying so much fruit and vegetables and sugar in the short harvest season begins to offer a weight of argument against the big stock of perishables we would like to keep for winter use.

So we turn to drying fruit and vegetables.

We dry our surplus—nothing must be wasted.

We dry seasonable fruits and vegetables, when we can buy them cheaply; when winter comes, they will cost two to five times as much to purchase.

Advantages of Drying

THERE are six main advantages in drying:

1. Nothing is taken out of the fruit and vegetables but water, which is replaced in cooking.

2. No initial outlay for sugar.

3. Jars and tins—both scarce at present—are unnecessary.

Cardboard boxes, or paper bags, brushed with melted paraffin, make excellent containers. Fasten tightly and dip in melted paraffin. Or we can now get delightful paper cans or carbdoard tubes similar to those in which cereals have recently been packed. These are already waxed and have close fitting caps or covers.

4. The bulk is so small that very little room is required to store dried foods—a consideration to apartment dwellers or in cases where the goods are to be shipped. Large quantities of nutriment can be tucked away in tiny cartons—a boon where there is not room for storing large quantities of even those roots and vegetables that will keep in their natural form.

5. There is no need of a carefully regulated pantry—neither cold or heat will injure the dried products. Dampness is their only enemy.

6. A very small quantity is well worth doing; keep a package for mixed dried vegetables and add your little bit of celery, carrot, onion, etc., to it from time to time. This makes a splendid mixture for vegetable soups.

Cost—or Absence of it

HALF a dollar at the most will supply any material that may be needed for your drying trays.

There are no ingredients necessary other than the fruits or vegetables and a few spoonfuls of salt and soda.

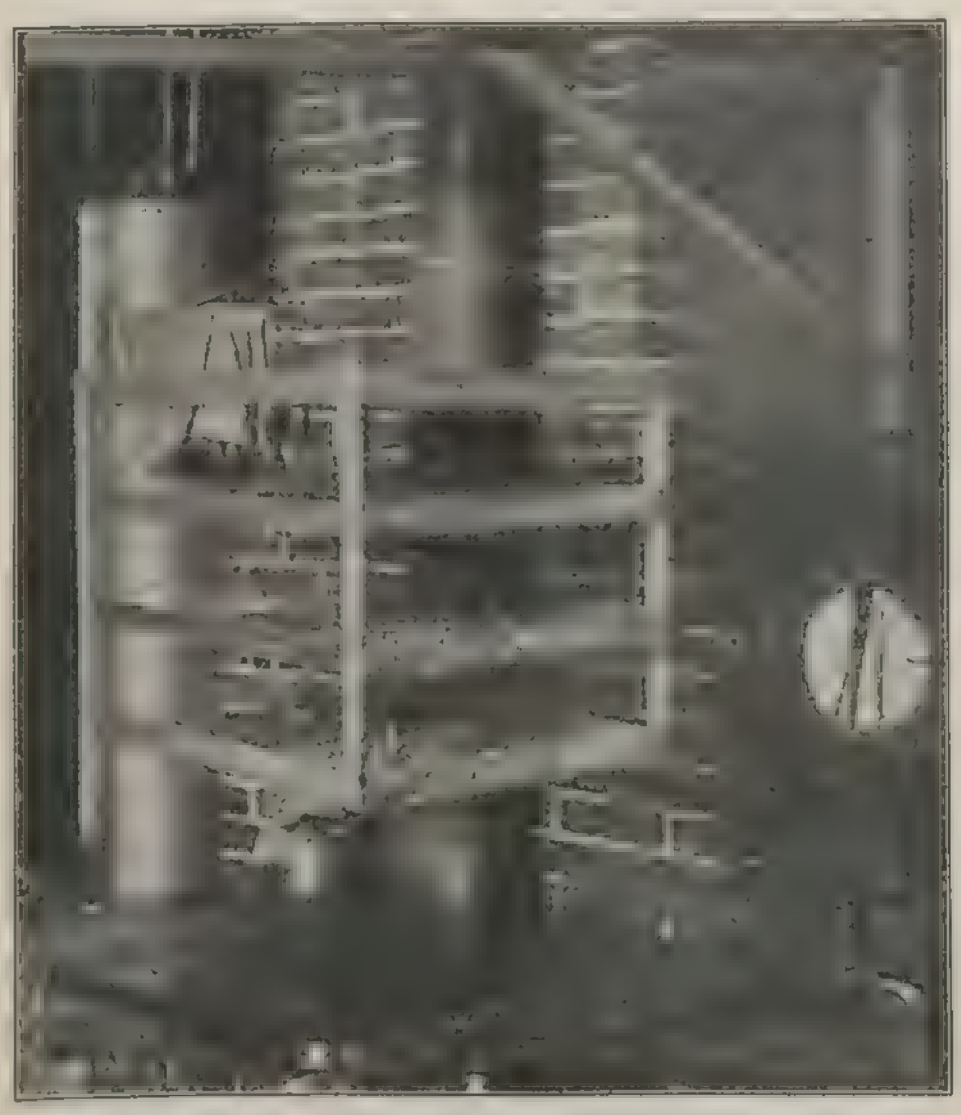
Equipment: Is there a boy in your family who has taken manual training—or a girl who can hammer a tack without damaging her fingers?

Any boy or girl can make the simple rack and trays that constitute the only equipment needed for drying by artificial heat or air blasts. The trays alone are sufficient for sun drying.

Some 3 foot lengths of ordinary lath or wooden strips off an old fruit crate will make the frames. These should be about three feet square and are most convenient when they will take three or four trays.

The trays should be made a trifle smaller than the shelves of the rack so as to slip in and out easily. This arrangement permits free shifting of trays to bring the drying layers nearer or farther from the heat.

This is how the tray slips in or out of the rack. It is easy to shift it to vary the heat.



This drying-rack is hung from a wooden arm that will swing back against the wall. The trays nearest the heat will get a higher temperature than those at the top.

TIME TABLE

Product	Preparation	Blanch or Cook	Treatment	Temperature	Time	Yield	Remarks
Sweet Corn young & tender—plump	Cook 2 to 5 mins. to set milk	Cut kernels from cobs with sharp knife	Spread in thin layers; Stir occasionally	110° to 145° F.	3 to 4 hrs.	1 lb from 1 doz ears	
String, snap or Wax Beans	Wash, string & tip, cut in inch pieces	Blanch 6 to 10 mins. in 1 gal. boiling water with ½ teasp. soda	Drain and dry with towel	110° to 145°			May be string on threads to dry
Lima Beans	Shell from pod	Blanch 5 to 10 mins.	Wipe off with towel	110° to 145°	3 to 3½ hrs		
Pumpkins & Squash	Pare & cut in ½ in. strips	Blanch 3 mins. & dry off surface		110° to 140°	3 to 4 hrs.		Dry slowly
Spinach, Parsley Swiss Chard Beet Top Celery	Use when in prime condition. Wash and cut off roots.			110° to 140°	3 to 4 hrs		
Sweet Potatoes	Select sound mature roots, wash	Boil till nearly done	Peel, slice or run through chopper				
Peppers	Split at one side, remove seeds	Dry in oven until skin blisters	String on threads and dry	110° to 140°			Dry slowly and evenly
Peas	Shell if desired to keep whole.	Blanch 3 to 5 mins. without soda.	Spread in single layer on trays	110° after 1½ hrs raise to 145°	3 to 3½ hrs.		Raise temp. slowly
Beets & Turnips	Select when young & tender	Boil till ¾ done and cold dip	Peel & cut in even slices 1/8 in. thick	110° to 150°	2½ to 3 hrs.		
Carrots, Parsnips, Salsify	Wash, scrape or pare, cut in 1/8 in. slices	Blanch 6 mins. and wipe off moisture		110° to 150°	2½ to 3 hrs.		
Onions	Skin, trim, cut in ⅜ in. slices	Blanch 10 mins., dry off surface		110° to 145°	3 hrs.		
Apples Pears Peaches Quinces	Peel, core, trim, cut in 1/8 to ¼ in slices or in rings	Dip in brine 8 teasp. salt to gal. water	Don't use Summer Apples	110° to 150°	4 to 6 hrs. or longer	1 basket apples 6½ lbs	Dry to tough leathery stage
Blackberries Huckleberries Raspberries	Cull out imperfect fruit		Raise temp. gradually	110° to 130° 2 hrs., then 140°	4 to 6 hrs.		Should be no juice when squeezed
Peaches	Stone, halve or quarter.		Spread hollow side up	110° to 150°	4 to 6 hrs.	1 basket 6 lbs.	
Plums & Apricots medium ripe	Stand 20 mins in boiling water		Wipe off moisture	110° to 150°	4 to 6 hrs.		

The frame of each tray is made of narrow strips of wood and is covered with wire screening such as is used for door and window screen, or this screening can be turned up at the edges and fastened in shape. Two wires looped diagonally from corner to corner, will make a steady handle.

The rack may be suspended over the stove in any way that is handy, but the best way is to have a swinging arm attached to the side wall. This can be swung to and fro and kept out of the way when the drier is not in use.

Your Choice of Method

IN our grandmother's day, drying fruits and vegetables was a common and (let us whisper it quietly) a rather primitive and dusty business. The sliced fruits and the beans and the cobs of corn, were strung on strong threads and hung from the ceiling until wanted! By that time they were, amongst other things, quite dry!

There are three methods of drying, all quite as simple as the old one, which make dried fruits used to-day a much more tempting product.

The most used is the artificial heat method—hanging the drying rack above the kitchen stove. It is at once out of the way and very convenient. Begin each tray at the top of the rack and gradually move it to the shelves nearer the heat. This will help keep your whole quantity in four or five trays drying at an even rate.

Using the Electric Fan

THE second method—to use air blasts—is only availabelfi your home is wired and you have an electric fan. It has two advantages—the most convenient room may be chosen to set up the fan and rack; the only attention needed will be to stir up the contents of the trays occasionally.

The second advantage is that constant coolness during the process keeps the product in good condition and there is less discoloration.

The third method—sun-drying—is rather precarious, as one is so dependent on the temper of the weather bureau.

How to Regulate Heat

THE table shows a heat beginning always about 110° F. and rising very gradually to 140° or 150°. The easiest way to do this is to start your tray of fruit or vegetables at the top of the rack, and after an hour or so, move it down to the lower shelves. The gentle heat is necessary at first because too high a temperature will seer the surfaces and seal up the moisture inside.

An inexpensive oven thermometer will earn its price many times over. It is so easy to keep an even temperature if you are able to test it accurately and the chances of having a scorched product are greatly lessened.

"Conditioning" and Testing

BEFORE putting the dried fruits and vegetables in their containers, and storing them away, it is well to "condition" the product. Put in boxes and turn daily from one box into another for three or four days to thoroughly mix the product and ensure an even distribution of the remaining moisture.

A homely and very satisfactory test for dryness is to bury a soda cracker in each box, for a few hours. If it comes out limp—back to the trays for an hour or so, to get ridof the surplus moisture.

When the cracker comes out firm, you may safely pack and seal your containers and dip in paraffin.

Later issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will help you with the newest ideas on using your "garden in jars." Call them into council—two heads are always better than one!

Such nice cartons can be bought, to supplement your own boxes and bags.

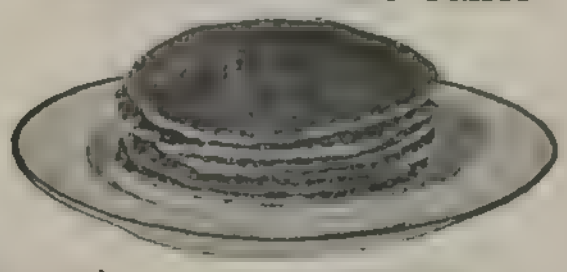
A great aid to food economy

Royal Baking Powder saves eggs in baking

In nearly all recipes eggs may be reduced in number and often left out altogether by adding Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. The following recipes are practical examples.

These recipes also conserve flour as urged by the Government.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes

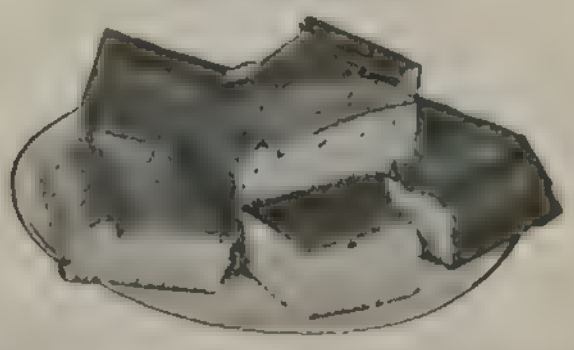


1½ cups corn meal
½ cup flour
¾ cup milk
1½ cups boiling water
NO EGGS
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening
1 tablespoon molasses
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

Corn Bread



1½ cups corn meal
¾ cup flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
NO EGGS
1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening; beat well and pour into well greased pan or muffin tins. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

"55 Ways to Save Eggs," a new booklet, mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 4 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal.

Cream of Tartar, the chief ingredient of Royal Baking Powder, is of pure fruit origin, derived from grapes, and has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

Royal Never Leaves a Bitter Taste

Absolutely Pure *No Alum*

"MRS. BUCHANAN OF RAVENNA"

THE charming little lady who occupied the chair at the big evening meeting of the "Conservation of Food" convention, said she had "much pleasure in calling upon Mrs. Buchanan, of Ravenna." The words passed unnoted for the moment, as the conventional form of introduction. But in a very few minutes we felt that Mrs. Loosemore had meant them—meant them most literally.

"Mrs. Buchanan of Ravenna," took the platform; and with her first words, she took the house—every man and woman in it—took it by storm!

"Ladies and gentlemen,"

Not an "r" in it, but you just knew that they would "burr" forth deliciously when they came.

They did! Never did anyone use quite so many words with 'r's' in 'em, as did Mrs. Buchanan of Ravenna! And with every one of them she got in closer touch with her audience

She *admitted* their shortcomings to them, in a way that won their hearts and their laughter at once. "Thrift"—poor abused word—became not a theory, but a reality, as Mrs. Buchanan talked; many a resolution was formed that night, as she preached "the gospel of the clean plate."

"At home," (and the "r's" and the rich Gaelic vowels left small doubt where that was), "we were all brought up to clean our plates."

A whole text and sermon, there Mrs. Buchanan of Ravenna!

No Need to Stint

And again, "Does this conservation mean stinting our tables? No! It just means using the great quantities of perishable foods that we have at our hands and cutting down on those things we can send to our fighting men and our allies.

"If we have our Red Cross garden parties and social evenings to get money, we must get people to them. And one good way to do that and get their money is to feed them. But let's feed them perishable salads and fruits and such."

And still again, speaking of substitutes for meats, Mrs. Buchanan mentioned soups. "Oh! the soups in this country! Poor, thin things, that have to be thickened with bread—the bread that we so need to save! And such good, nourishing soups can be made for so little and to use up many good left overs."

MRS. BUCHANAN

And the thought came to many people in that hall—hot as the night was—that Mrs. Buchanan's soups would be things to put strength and spirit in one. They would be rich, satisfying and good—very good!

That Tell-Tale Oatmeal

"THEN there's oatmeal!" (Ah, we knew your home country, Mrs. Buchanan of Ravenna!) "The finest food there is, with good milk. Give it to the children—plenty of it—and they don't need sugar on it!"

Miss Margaret Davidson, of the Toronto Technical High School, speaking next day of the same oatmeal, agreed entirely with Mrs. Buchanan, but would be more lenient in the matter of sugar. "A fine producer of energy and strength, and a certain amount is very necessary in the diet. If the child craves it—and will eat the more oatmeal for it—give him sugar on his porridge!"

Touching on politics, Mrs. Buchanan admitted that she had been one of the severest critics of the Wilson policy. "I was built more on the Teddy Roosevelt lines, you see,"—and when the laughter had subsided, she added, "If those people at Ottawa would put their pairty and their politics on the scrapheap, we'd be better off in no time."

That was the feeling of the women there—that the issues are too big to-day to leave any room for partyism. "Win the War" is the only platform that should be recognized. and "Principle Before Profit" must be made a first rule at home if we are to be at all worthy of the boys of whom Mr. Rowell said: "Cheerfully, buoyantly, with an unselfish patriotism that puts us all to shame, they march to the altar of sacrifice to give us the perfection of life and liberty at home."

We Wired to Mrs. Buchanan

THE thought of those soups and good things that Mrs. Buchanan spoke of remained persistently with us—and, we found, with others among her hearers.

The next thought was to covet for the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD some of the wholesome ideas and useful suggestions of which Mrs. Buchanan has such a store.

So we telegraphed, asking her to talk to you herself.

And here is Mrs. Buchanan's message to you—a message from one reader of EVERYWOMAN'S to other readers, from one win-the-war housekeeper to many:

Breezy Brae, Ravenna, Ont.,
Aug. 8th, 1917.

To the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,—

Dear Friends,—

I have been asked to write out a few recipes for your benefit, and proceed to do so, but would just like to state that I am not used to cooking by recipe. I just use my judgment, that is, knowledge born of experience. My mother had a few lessons at a cooking school, and as she was a good cook, I just followed her example and did as she did, and we just seemed to know when a thing was right by looking at it.

We did not have many fancy cakes in those days and my mother often told me when she was a little girl that they did not have wheaten flour to use at all, only oatmeal and barley meal, and what they baked was mostly oatmeal cakes, barley bannocks, and potato scones.

Christmas was not held in Scotland in those days, but New Year's was, and on New Year's day instead of cake she and her brothers and sisters used to get a slice of wheaten bread as a treat.

Now, what people did long ago, they could do again if they had to, but we are thankful that we have not got to the pinch where we have to yet. All we are asked to do at present is to retrench a little, and use a little less flour or wheaten bread so that dwellers in allied lands who are not so fortunate in being so well provided for as we are, may have a little also.

But only yesterday a young man said to me, "How are you going to do it? If people can get the flour, they will use it."

Greater than the Law

"YES," I replied, "the selfish ones will, but for every one who does not do their duty in this respect, some fellow-creature will have to do double, and as to those who cannot learn to save in the present crisis, I would not be a bit sorry for them if they came to the time when they felt the pinch of hunger."

And I would not be a bit surprised if we have to come further down the ladder yet, when we may have to give up more than a bit of bread. As I have often said before, Canadians and Americans are too well off, and do not know it. There is too much waste of food, too much joy riding and forgetting God; too much lack of Sabbath observance; in fact, too much as things were before the flood.

But to our menus: Only the thoughtless can hold the view that what one person eats or saves can have no influence on the final result. If little grains of sand and little drops of water make up the grand total of our mountains and lakes, so also the little bits of flour that each housewife saves will help to make up the deficiency of wheat and flour that is in the world to-day.

A Difference of Opinion

PEOPLE are divided about how they will save. Some will save in one way and some in another. Some believe in cutting out cake altogether, but then there are cakes and cakes, and while I do not believe in loading a table down with a great variety of sweet stuffs, I like a bit of cake or a cookie at the end of a meal sometimes, just to "hould it down," as Paddy says.

I am sending you a few cake recipes, but there are a great many others. Those who buy corn starch will get recipes on the outside of the package, also rice flour or ground rice makes nice cakes, and if recipes for them are needed, I will send them again.

In making cake we in the country often use cream and not so much shortening, but I know that is not to be thought of in the city. So where cream cannot be got or is too dear, more shortening will have to be used or the cake will not be so rich.

If oatmeal cannot be got, rolled oats put through a food chopper will give the desired result.

We women have not been asked to make bricks without straw—we have plenty of the best of food stuffs and if we add a little thought to the other ingredients, we can keep our reputations for being "good providers" -or even make new ones for ourselves. But most of all, without dropping a single one of those duties which have always lain "nearest our hands to do," we can stand close behind our boys with encouragement and help.

They will fight the better if they know that "Mother" has an eye on their country's needs, and is taking a hand herself—in the way she is best fitted to help.

Sincerely,

Mary Buchanan

MY PET RECIPES

Mrs. Buchanan on Soups, War-Time Cakes and Breads

And Now Those Soups

AS to soups. I have known soup to be made of beef dripping, but I would rather have it made with beef. Beef dripping can be used for lots of things, and can be got at some (at least) of the large departmental stores in the cities.

In making SOUP STOCK any of the cheaper cuts of meat will do, neck, brisket, ribs, flank, or shank. Take a piece of beef, say three or four pounds, and put on to boil in lots of water. If the water boils down more can be added, but I like good, strong, well-thickened soups.

For BARLEY SOUP boil the beef an hour, then add one cup of well-washed pearl barley and one half cup of white beans, and boil another hour. Then add again half a cup of rolled oats, two onions and a sprig or two of parsley if liked, and boil for a while longer or until all is done.

Vegetable Soup

FOR vegetable soup, take beef as for barley soup and boil one and one half hours. Then put in one cup of chopped turnips and one cup of chopped carrots. Then boil for half an hour and add again two cups of chopped cabbage, one cup of chopped potatoes, two onions, parsley, etc.; salt to taste and boil till potatoes are tender.

If one has not all the vegetables, some can be omitted and half a cup of rolled oats added.

Potato Soup

TAKE beef and water as before and boil for one and one half hours. Then add one cup of chopped turnips, and half a cup of chopped carrots and boil another half hour. Then add about one quart of potatoes peeled and sliced, two onions, salt, etc., and boil till potatoes are nice and soft.

In making soups, some pieces of beef will take longer to cook than others, so allowance will have to be made for that. And some vegetables take longer to cook than others. So that is why I put turnips and carrots in before potatoes, but there is no hard and fast rules as to vegetables; some people have more of one kind than another, and some people like one kind more than another, so just thicken up your soups with the kind you like best, or the kind your family likes best.

As to your cheap cut of meat that made the soup—put it through your meat grinder when cold, and make meat cakes out of it.

Meat Cakes

TWO or three cups of cold chopped meat, one cup of rolled oats also put through the chopper, salt and pepper and sage to taste. Make a white sauce of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk and a tablespoonful of flour. Mix it through the other ingredients, make into cakes and fry.

For summer soup I would mention green pea soup, also green corn soup and tomato soup. I have not time for recipes just now, but I would suggest instead of using white bread or soda biscuits with them, to thicken with corn starch, or arrowroot, and serve with Graham wafers.

Oatmeal Macaroons

CREAM together 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 2 large cups of rolled oats in which is mixed ½ a teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar. Bake in gem rings. If not wet enough, add a drop of milk, also add a pinch of salt.

Oatmeal Cookies I.

THREE cups of oatmeal, 2 cups flour, 1 cup of shortening, 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful soda, pinch of salt, sour milk to wet.

Oatmeal Cookies II.

TWO and a half cups oatmeal, 2½ cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, flavour to taste, ½ teaspoonful soda, pinch salt, sour milk or cream to wet.

Bran Muffins

ONE egg, 1½ cups of sour cream or milk, 2½ cups of bran, 2½ cups of flour, ½ cup sugar, pinch of salt, small teaspoonful soda. Drop in rings.

Graham Bread

ONE cake Fleischman's yeast, 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled, 1 cup lukewarm water, 2 tablespoons of lard, 4 tablespoons of yellow sugar or molasses, 4 cups Graham flour, 1 cup bread flour, 1 teaspoon salt.

Dissolve yeast, lard and sugar or molasses in lukewarm liquid. Add flour and salt gradually. Knead well, keeping it soft. Place in a greased bowl cover and leave in a warm place to rise for about 2 hours.

When it has doubled its own bulk, turn out on baking board. Mould into loaves, place in greased pans, cover and set aside to rise again for about one hour, or until light. To glaze, brush top of loaf with milk. Bake slowly one hour.

Royal Yeast may be used by following directions on page 28E

Bran Gems

TWO tablespoons bacon fat, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups bran, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt.

Beat all ingredients together quickly. Bake in muffin pans ½ hour.

War Bread

(No butter, no eggs, no milk)

TWO cups yellow sugar, 2 cups hot water, 2 teaspoons lard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¾ package seeded raisins.

Boil all the above ingredients together 5 minutes. When cold, add: 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water. Beat well. Bake in two loaf tins about 1 hour in a very moderate oven.

Bran Biscuits

ONE egg, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon molasses, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sour milk, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup bran, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water.

Form like little tea-biscuits and bake in a hot oven.

Southern Corn Pone

ONE pint corn meal, 1¼ cups boiling water 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 ½ tablespoons shortening.

Dissolve salt and sugar in the boiling water; rub the shortening through the corn meal, then add the water, cover for ten minutes, then shape into oblong cakes two and one half inches long. Bake in a quick oven twenty to thirty minutes.

Graham Crisps

ONE-HALF cup Graham flour, ½ cup white flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1-3 cup top milk, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl and pour in milk, a spoonful at a time, mixing as fast as it is added. When all liquid has been taken up, gather dough together and knead well for five or ten minutes. Roll very thin and cut in two-inch strips. Prick with a fork and bake in a moderate oven.

Scotch Oat Cake

TWO cups oatmeal, 1 cup white flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening, ½ cup or more of cold water.

Mix dry ingredients and chop in the butter or other shortening, mix with cold water to a stiff dough. Knead and roll into very thin cakes, turn into circles and cut each into quarters. Bake in the toasting oven directly under but not too near the flame or cook on a griddle above a steady fire. When one side is brown, turn.

Oat Cakes make a fine "cake," if two are put together sandwich style, with a date or fig filling.

Johnnie Cake

ONE egg, well beaten, ¾ cup of sugar, 1 cup of sweet cream, pinch of salt, 2 cups corn meal, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder,

Hot Water Chocolate Cake

ONE and a half cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder mixed in the flour, also a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 cup white sugar, ½ cup of grated chocolate, or cocoa dissolved in ½ a cup of warm water, 1 teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in another ½ cup of warm water, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. This can be baked in layers, with chocolate between, or in a loaf.

Scones

THREE cups of flour, pinch of salt, also nutmeg, ¾ cup sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ cup shortening. Wet with milk and cut in scone shape, ½ cup currants, or chopped raisins can be added if desired.

Drop Cakes

TWO cups flour, 1½ cups of either bran or oatmeal, ½ cup shortening, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, pinch of salt.

Mix with sour milk, or sour cream. Drop on buttered tins.

Date Oatmeal

TO 5 cups of boiling salted water, add very slowly (so as not to put it off the boil) 2 cups oatmeal. Stir constantly for a few minutes, then cover closely. If you have not a double boiler, set in a larger vessel containing boiling water. Cook for at least 1 1-2 hours. It is best to start cereals cooking the night before, unless you have a fireless cooker in which to leave them over night. Fifteen minutes before serving the oatmeal add some dates, stoned and halved.

This makes a fine dish to give the children at supper time, or may be served for breakfast, combining fruit and cereal courses.

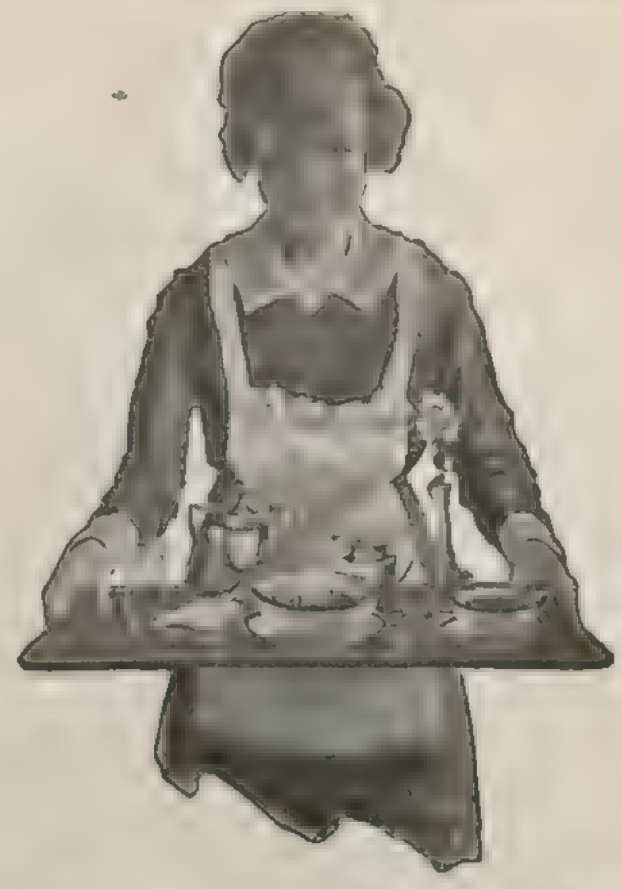
Nut Bread

One cup graham flour, 1 cup white flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter or shortening, 1 cup milk 1 egg, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift dry ingredients and add gradually to the milk and well beaten egg. Stir in the nut-meats and bake in small round tins (coffee or baking powder tins will do.)

Cream Cheese

Place sour cream in a fresh cheese cloth bag and let it drain over night; remove the curd, season, and pack tight in small molds. A few chopped nuts add to both food value and attractiveness, and chopped olives or pimientos add piquancy.



It Saves You 75%

This Luscious Quaker Oats

By units of food value—as all foods should be figured—these are some food costs as compared with Quaker Oats:

Bacon and Eggs costs 5 times as much.
Steak and Potatoes 5 times as much.
Round Steak 4½ times as much.
Fried Perch 6 times as much.
Bread and Milk twice as much.

The average mixed diet—meats, cereals and vegetables—cost about four times as much. So each dollar you spend for Quaker Oats saves an average of $3.

Oats have advanced but little, while other foods have soared. And the oat is Nature's supreme food, in flavor and nutrition.

It excels all other grains. It excels beef by from 50 to 100 per cent. It supplies ten times as much lime as beef, three times the phosphorus, and more iron. It supplies 180 calories—the units of nutrition—for each one cent of cost.

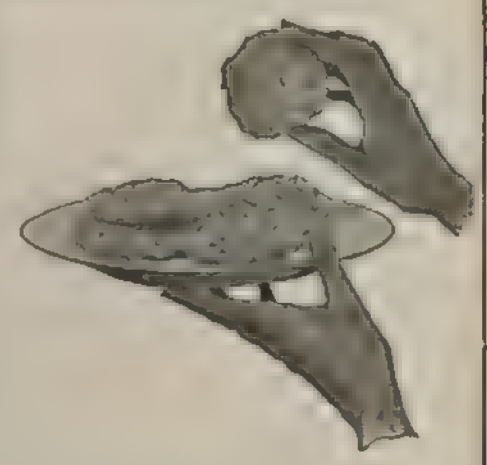
Every dish you serve means perfect food at one-fourth the average cost.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Quaker Oats means a luxury oat dish, made of rich, plump oats. By discarding all small grains—the starved and insipid—we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Yet all this extra flavor costs you no extra price. Be wise enough to get it.



Note the recipes on the package and in it. Quaker Oats will improve many a food which you now make of white flour.

Try This Recipe—Oatmeal Cookies

Here is a nut-like confection, called Quaker Sweetbits, which children will eat by the dozen:

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups oatmeal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add oatmeal, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada **Saskatoon, Canada**

(1689)

The Truth About War Bread

AN ANSWER TO THE FOOD FADDISTS

Tells You Also How You Can Share Quarter of Your Wheat Loaf With Our European Allies—Points You to Dangers to Avoid—Suggests Precautions to Observe

WE who are wise do not need the law. We live ahead of the law. We anticipate it!

It has been left to each individual housewife in Canada to decide whether or not she and her family shall eat bread made of white flour, whole wheat flour, or part white flour and part some other substance such as rice, corn, potatoes, beans, rye, oatmeal and buckwheat.

Definite regulations have come into effect restricting the use of white bread in public eating places and substitutes, such as corn bread, oat cakes, potatoes, etc., must be provided at every meal at which white bread is served.

But for us in the homes it has for the present been left a moral issue—ours to say whether or not we shall use our accustomed amount of white flour, or whether we are willing to give a quarter or nearly a quarter of every loaf we bake to those of our Allies in Europe who are looking to us to keep them from going hungry while we win the war.

NOTE.—Reason has prevailed. The authorities in Canada have not been "carried off their feet" by the food faddists who would compel us to have War Bread in Canada. Every woman, every mother, especially—will want to have the facts about War Bread and white bread substitutes in order that, at least, the children shall be well fed and that she may do her part in food control to help in winning the War.—*The Editors.*

Willing to Share

THERE is not one of us who is not willing to share her loaf with someone in Europe if she but knew how, and if she were only sure that in so doing she would not be depriving her family. Before she makes the change from white bread to these other breads, she wants to know what will be the effect on the health and nutrition of her family. She wants to know the truth about war bread.

Since the use of war bread as a part solution of the gigantic world problem of feeding 1,735,600,000 inhabitants of the countries at war and their neutral neighbours, food scientists and food experts have worked very extensively to see how many different materials could be mixed with wheat flour and to ascertain what other substances could be used successfully to make bread that is good to the taste and good for the body.

England has her "War Bread." It has been forced upon her because of the dire necessity of keeping down the tonnage in all shipments of food products, menaced as she is by the submarines.

France was the last of the European nations to prohibit the milling or refining of white flour. On March 12th, 1917, the French regulations requiring that all bread shall be made of meal containing all of the wheat went into effect. It seemed good and proper for the people of France that these regulations should have been made and carried out in France.

Mr. Hoover on War Bread

IN the United States the air has been rife with the agitation for similar regulations to apply to the milling of wheat. This agitation seems to have been coming mainly from writers on food who are publishing volumes on this subject. For Food Controller Hoover is said to be against War Bread after his experience with it in Belgium. It is doubtful in the extreme if compulsory "War Bread" would be good for the people of the United States, to the extent of relieving the situation on food supply without introducing complications that would be more serious.

Mr. Hanna Against It

WE are certain, from the facts before us, that compulsory War Bread would not be good for Canada. And on this point we understand that our Canadian Food Controller, Mr. Hanna agrees with us.

The problem is a big one. Everybody has an idea or opinions about it. Many people are entirely in error on this fact, regarding this subject, and in consequence of their wrong premises, they have been agitating for "War Bread" in Canada—to use an 81 per cent. extraction or more of flour from the wheat in place of the 72 per cent. as commonly milled into refined white flour.

The big problem for all Canadians is to conserve the food supply in order that we may have available a maximum surplus to export to Great Britain and to our Allies.

Wheat, bacon and dairy products (cheese, butter, evaporated milk and milk powder) and eggs are and will be our principle food products to export.

We must conserve every last possible pound of these most readily available food products.

The Anticipated Results

IF war bread were adopted in Canada, what would be the effect on these supplies of most desirable foods?

First: The utmost quantity of wheat that could be saved from what is milled in Canada for Canadian people would be a bare 3,000,000 bushels—an amount that could easily be accounted for by a couple of submarines.

This, however, is not the main point. If no other issues were involved, it would be well worth while to make the saving of 3,000,000 bushels, or even half of this amount. But the fact is there are other issues involved—issues which make any such saving as might be achieved pale into insignificance. It is these issues that do not appear at first on the surface, which the average mind will not take into consideration—issues so serious in their every ultimate effect as absolutely to nullify any seeming first advantage which may possibly be gained.

What can it profit us, and what can it profit the people of Great Britain and of our allies if we save a little on wheat and eat more, as we will need to eat more, of other food products?

Low in Digestibility

WAR Bread has certain great disadvantages clearly marked. First, it is only 83 per cent. digestible in the human digestive tract. As against this, our white bread made from our refined flours is 94 per cent. digestible.

This is where one very foolish fallacy is exposed. Because chemical analysis shows that whole-wheat flour is somewhat richer in proteids, and ash, everyone rushes to the conclusion that it is in consequence more nutritious. But of what use are a few more proteids in whole-wheat bread if a large proportion of these is not digested?

An eminent authority—Robert Hutchison, M.D., F.R.C.P., of Edinburgh University, Assistant Physician to the London Hospital—writing on this subject says:—

"When we pass on to consider the relative nutritive values of white and wholemeal bread, we are on ground which has been the scene of many a controversy. It is often contended that wholemeal is preferable to white bread because it is richer in proteid and mineral matter, and so makes a better balanced diet. But our examination of the chemical composition of wholemeal bread has shown that, as regards proteid at least, this is not always true, and even were it the case, the lesser absorption of wholemeal bread, which we have seen to occur, would tend to annul the advantage. As regards mineral matter, we have seen that even in the case of ordinary bread this was not all absorbed, while the absorption is so much less in wholemeal bread that, as regards the amount of mineral matter yielded to the blood, the two are about on an equality. There is, therefore, no justification for recommending the use of wholemeal bread for growing children or nursing women. On the whole, we may fairly regard the vexed question of wholemeal versus white bread as firmly settled, and settled in favour of the latter."

And he goes on to point out that no doubts would have been entertained on the subject "had due regard been paid to the behaviour of bread in the intestines instead of merely to its chemical composition."

A Greater Loss

IN his work, "Foods and the Principles of Dietetics," Chapter XII., he gives figures of practical experiments that have been made by such authorities as Goodfellow, Meyer, Moeller, Pozziale, Rubner, etc., to determine the relative digestibility of whole wheat and white bread. In one instance, as a result of an experiment, he contrasts the absorption of the constituents of white and wholemeal bread thus:—

	White Bread Per cent.	Whole Wheat Bread Per cent.
Total Solids	4½	14
Proteids	20	20–30
Ash	25	51 Lost
Carbohydrates	3	6

A few years ago, an experiment was conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture. The report of this experiment is given in Bulletin 156, Office and Experimental Station, U.S. Department of Agriculture. It is a summary of actual digestive experiments made on men at ordinary labour, feeding on Graham, whole wheat and Standard Patent flours all made from the same lot of wheat. Nine men were used for the test. Three were fed on white bread, three on Graham and three on whole-wheat, the rest of the diet being identical. The following figures give the average percentage of proteid, carbohydrates and energy (heat) which these subjects were able to digest—utilized from the absolute amounts present in the bread part of the diet.

	Proteids %	Carbo-hydrates %	Energy %
Patent Flour Bread	90.9	97.7	92.1
Whole Wheat Flour	79.6	90.5	83.8
Graham Flour Bread	77.3	87.4	80.6

In Favour of White Bread

SO that although by an alysis it was shown that the whole-wheat and Graham bread contained a slightly larger percentage of proteids, and energy (figured in calories), yet the net results showed that the amount of nutritive value actually extracted by the human digestive apparatus from the various breads was emphatically in favour of the white bread. Here are the figures:

White Flour.....71.9%
Whole Wheat.....66.1%
Graham Flour.....63.2%

In other words, as the bulletin points out, 100 lbs. of white flour will supply as much nutriment to the human body as 106 lbs. of Graham flour or 104 lbs. of whole-wheat flour.

So much for the lesser digestibility of "War Bread."

Another big fact that must not be overlooked is the greater palatability of white bread as compared with dark. Who would want to eat brown bread three times or more every day in the week including Sunday? The answer comes from the people. It is astonishing how many already at the mere suggestion of War Bread are storing up refined white flour in order that they may be assured of white bread for themselves throughout the months of the next year or two years to come. This was thoroughly brought out in a recent investigation by a prominent Boston newspaper on the sale of flour in metropolitan Boston, from which we quote the following extract:

Panic for White Flour

"THE question of eliminating white flour from the market had a tendency to increase this will having. The majority of Americans are quite satisfied with bread made from white flour. They do not care for a mixture of corn and rice in wheat flour. The fact that the Secretary of Agriculture suggested that the flour supply of the United States could be increased by the expedient of milling the wheat so as to make 81 per cent. of the kernel into flour instead of 73 per cent as at present, did not please the public. It was rumoured that nothing but wholewheat and graham flours would be milled; that white flour would be a thing of the past, and the lovers of white flour acted accordingly—they would have it for a few months longer, even if they had to bake bread at home."

Brown bread, as ordinarily baked, dries up in a day or two. People tire of it much more quickly than they do of white bread.

The attractive appearance of white bread has a value beyond its mere appearance—important as that considered as an appetising quality really is. Too often in the case of dark bread there is a suspicion of dirt—and some people believe that the retention of so much of the coarser properties of the wheat makes it difficult to remove some of the dirt—wheat or threshing dust, which, owing to its construction, adheres to the creases of the wheat berry. They think that a good deal of this dirt cannot help but be ground in, and of course it is anything but palatable. The joke made by "Punch" in a recent cartoon on this point carries real punch, indicating as it does a tell tale disgust on the part of British people for war bread.

"The British loaf," declares one enthusiast, "is going to beat the Germans," and Punch comments "If Grit can do it, we agree!"

As a matter of actual fact, however, this particular suspicion is not based on fact; the

ROBBING THE POOR

Shall the poor starve that men may drink and the Brewers make money?

—Cartoon from The Pioneer

THE good people everywhere in Canada are warming up to fever heat over the pitifully inadequate decree prohibiting the use of grain in the production of spirits, whiskey and beer.

In Canada 98,522,000 pounds of grain were consumed by the breweries last year.

Adding molasses, sugar and rice, 214,562,404 pounds of food stuffs were wasted in Canada last year in making whiskey and beer, and there is no sign that the waste will be stopped or even appreciably checked.

Food Controller Hanna has gotten through a decree prohibiting the use of wheat in the production of spirits. This touches but a mere fringe of the problem, since out of the 88,007,019 pounds of grain used last year in Canada in making whiskey, only 27,782 pounds were wheat.

In the United States the use of grain or any food for the manufacture of distilled spirits or beverages is now absolutely forbidden. "This is real food conservation and a real temperance measure."

What do you think should be done about this matter in Canada? What are you doing about it? A large part of the responsibility is up to you and to your neighbour.

You can write your Member of Parliament about this matter, and you can send a letter to the press to be published to help in this great cause.

modern milling of 81 per cent. extraction can effectually take out any and all dirt.

But, if bread is made distasteful by legislation, it is self-evident that there is going to be a larger consumption of other and more costly foods.

Recently the press of the Old Country was rejoicing in the greatly decreased consumption of bread, attributing this decline to the splendid educational campaign and the "Eat Less Bread" slogan. While wishing in no way to disparage these campaigns, is it not permissible to nurse the suspicion that this decline in bread consumption may also be due in some measure to the dislike of War Bread on the part of the consumer? And what guarantee have we that such reduction of bread consumption is not more than made up by increased consumption of other and dearer foods?

Bread, in any event, is not and never has been a complete food for Canadian people in Canada. What Canadian man or woman, boy or child will sit down to a meal composed merely of bread?

Bearing this in mind, any objections as advanced by food faddists against white bread containing insufficient mineral matter, lose much of their force.

Bread for Canadians

ON the average Canadian table bread is eaten usually with meat, fruit, vegetables, cereals, etc., all of which contain enough mineral salts for the human system.

Then there is some danger in the indiscriminate use of whole wheat or War Bread flour arising out of the excess proportion of bran contained in it. Bran has its good qualities; it has well-known laxative properties and might properly be considered as a medicine. It is not readily digested by the human system and its advantage is more for the person who is indisposed and who needs this fiberous, cellulose substance or will require a laxative or cathartic.

Medicine may be all right for the person who is ill, but why give it to the normal healthy person?

Indeed, in such cases bran has a deleterious effect, because of the fact that it tends to hasten the passage of other foods through the alimentary canal or digestive organs thus causing the food to be imperfectly digested and waste and insufficient nutrition result.

Moreover, as Dr. Hutchison proclaims, out of the total amount of mineral matter, which whole-wheat contains, "fully 65 per cent. belongs to the bran," and it has been shown that bran is particularly difficult to digest, so that a large proportion of the mineral matter it contains never gets into the blood or bones at all.

A Positive Injury

THE bran, then, which whole-wheat bread contains is often more deleterious than beneficial, as instanced in this extract from a letter received from a prominent firm in Liverpool: "Bakers throughout the United Kingdom and their customers are making strong representations to the Food Controller as to the injury to health and the waste of bread which arises from the unsatisfactory flour which millers supply."

Let us consider the keeping qualities of the whole-wheat flour as compared with the refined flours and aside from the finished food which we eat as bread. The War Bread, as everyone knows, of course, is made from whole-wheat flour—that is, a larger percentage of the wheat berry is used than in ordinary cases. The average is 71 per cent. to 73 per cent. Every additional percentage means powdered bran—some of it rough bran layers, really only straw or chaff—with an admixture of oily germ.

This oily germ, if used in flour, causes trouble. The flour containing it will not keep, but will spoil if stored beyond a well-defined period.

In Canada—this country where distances are so great—it is highly important that a flour shall be produced and be available that will "keep."

Not only is Canada an export country, but remember that within our own borders there are great distances to be traversed. This fact has an important bearing on the retail as well as the wholesale distribution of flour, and it is a most important point to be considered, especially in the cases of hundreds of thousands of farmers who buy their flour in large quantities once or twice a year and store it at home to be used week by week as the home-made bread is baked for the family table. *(Continued on next page)*

New Kinds of Bread

Appetizing and Wholesome

Oatmeal Bread

Two cups rolled oats, ½ cup lukewarm water, 2 cups boiling water, 4 cups bread flour, 1 cake Fleischmann's yeast, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ cup yellow sugar. (½ cup chopped nuts).

Pour the water over the rolled oats, cover and let stand until cool. Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm water and add it to oatmeal and water.

Add 1 cup flour, or enough to make a sponge. Beat well. Cover and leave in a moderately warm place for one hour, or until light.

Add enough flour to make a dough. Salt may be added with flour. Knead well. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk—about 1½ hours.

Mould into loaves, fill greased pans half full, cover and let rise again about 1 hour. Glaze with milk or water. Bake 45 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Bran Bread Without Yeast

Three cups bran, 1 cup Graham flour, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ cup molasses, 2 cups buttermilk or sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda. Combine in the order stated. Bake slowly in two loaves about 1½ hours.

Bran Bread With Yeast

One cup milk, 2 tablespoons lard, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons molasses, ½ cake Fleischmann's yeast, ¼ cup water, 1 cup bread flour, bran enough to make a soft dough.

Scald milk, add lard, salt and molasses. Cool until lukewarm, add yeast dissolved in water, flour and bran. Mix well without kneading. Cover and keep in a warm place until light. Mix and put in loaf tins. Let rise until nearly double in bulk. Bake 1 hour.

How to Make the Brown Breads

The Best Recipes from the Macdonald Institute, Guelph

Whole Wheat Bread

One cake Fleischmann's yeast, 1 tablespoons melted lard, 1½ cups lukewarm water, 7½ cups whole wheat flour, 1½ cups milk, scalded and cooled, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 tablespoons yellow sugar.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm liquid. Add lard, then flour and salt gradually, as whole wheat flour absorbs moisture slowly.

Knead thoroughly, being careful to keep the dough soft or "slack." Place in a greased bowl, cover and leave in a warm place, to rise for about 2 hours.

When double in bulk, turn out on a board. Mould into loaves, place in greased pans, cover and set to rise again for about one hour or until light. To glaze, brush top of loaf with milk.

Bake one hour, in a slower oven than for white bread.

(If wanted for over night, use half cake yeast. Water may be substituted for the milk.)

Rye Bread

One cake Fleischmann's yeast, 5 cups rye flour, 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled, 1½ cups bread flour, 2 cups lukewarm water, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon lard, melted.

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm liquid. Add 2½ cups rye flour, or enough to make a sponge. Beat well. cover and leave in a warm place, free from draft, to rise about 2 hours. When light, add white flour, lard, remainder of rye flour and salt. Keep the dough rather soft. Knead until smooth, place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise until double in bulk—about 2 hours. Mould into loaves and let rise until light—about 1 hour. Glaze. Bake slowly one hour or longer, according to size of loaf.

N.B.—In these recipes, Royal Yeast may be used instead of Fleischmann's, by first allowing it to ferment or become active. Break up the dry Royal Yeast cake, add 1 cup lukewarm water, 1 tablespoonful sugar, and 2 tablespoonfuls flour.

Leave in a warm place until light and foamy. The yeast mixture is then active; in using this liquid mixture, the amount of liquid in the recipe may be decreased accordingly.

For Thrift Just Try This Recipe!

EGGO

The New Cookery

You Canadian women can do much to win the war, right in your own kitchens.

Our Food Controller, Hon. W. J. Hanna, urges you to exercise the greatest economy and to eliminate all waste.

With Eggo Baking Powder you can get true win-the-war economy into your home cooking.

Use Eggo Baking Powder and **fewer eggs**—your cakes will be light and delicious.

Here is one of the new Eggo War-Time recipes that will help you to keep up your old high standard with less of the expensive ingredients.

Canada's War Cake, eggless, butterless, milkless.

1 lb. raisins, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons lard, 3 cups brown sugar, 3 cups water. Boil together 5 minutes. When cold, mix with four cups of flour, 4 level teaspoonfuls Eggo Baking Powder, 1 level teaspoonful of salt; sift and beat altogether. Bake slowly 1 hour. Better kept a day or two before eating.

Send a Coupon from the Can

There are many more clever recipes for just the dishes you would like to make at this time, in the book of Reliable Recipes that we will send you upon receipt of the coupon from your next can of Eggo Baking Powder.

Try EGGO To-Day

If you have not already learned by experience the merit and economy in Eggo Baking Powder, ask your grocer for it to-day. Results will delight you—and so will the decreased cost of the good things you like to serve your family. Goodness and economy in baking, call for EGGO Baking Powder.

Eggo Baking Powder Co., Limited
Hamilton, Ontario

Figure the Cost for yourself

DON'T be misled by the careless statement "Home preserving does not pay". Figure it out for yourself. Allowing six ounces of sugar to a can of peaches and adding the price of fruit and fuel you have less than half the cost of commercial canned peaches anywhere near the quality of your homemade product. With metals scarce and transportation problems becoming more and more acute the housewife who preserves her own peaches and other fruits is accomplishing a valuable personal economy and at the same time performing a patriotic duty.

Use Lantic Sugar *for* PRESERVING

2 and 5 lb. cartons **10, 20 and 100 lb. sacks**

THE "FINE" Granulation dissolves at once giving you the full sweetening power of the sugar. The purity of Lantic insures a clear sparkling syrup. Lantic Sugar is pure *cane juice,* one of the most valuable and necessary foods in the diet list.

A book on Preserving, another on Cakes and Candies and another on Desserts will be sent free for a Red Ball Trademark cut from a Lantic bag or the top panel of a Lantic carton. This is the most complete collection of recipes for sweet dishes ever published. Send for it today.

ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED,
Power Building, Montreal.

Lantic Sugar

"Pure and Uncolored"

175

Will Not Keep Well

ONE of the most disturbing characteristics of the flour out of which War Bread is made is that it will not keep well. The oily germ as mentioned, which is retained in the whole-wheat flour, causes the flour to become rancid and even to be infested with weevils.

Moreover the disease known as "Rope" also frequently sets in. "Rope" has been defined as "a bacterial disease of bread which causes it to become soft and dark and evil smelling in the centre of the loaf some hours after the bread is baked." So common is this disease, that in England, a baker has no redress from the miller on this account, for the reason that "Rope" is held to be an "inherent vice" of whole-wheat flour.

The fact that War Bread will not keep well is precisely brought to us in the following "notice" to British householders:—

"It is desirable to warn householders that mixed flour, as now supplied under the Food Controller's Orders, although possessing equal or in some respects even superior nutritive value to ordinary white flour, may be inferior in keeping qualities, owing to the presence of a larger proportion of the natural oil of the grain. It is advisable, therefore, not to attempt to keep a large quantity in stock."

What can in England, with its short distances, be borne with impunity, would in the case of Canada, be an enormous disadvantage.

About those by-products of the milling of refined flour, the food faddist would have us believe that these are wasted!

A Vital Fact

BUT in Canada these products are the very basis of the Dairy industry, and they figure to an important extent in the production of milk from which are made our cheese, butter, condensed milk and milk powder for export.

The wheat bran is invaluable as a food for dairy cows and it realizes at all times a high price and is in great demand, being used extensively by all enlightened dairy farmers. The finer offal—the portion coming between the coarser bran and the refined white flour—the portion known as "shorts" or "middlings" is invaluable and much the most satisfactory food for swine, from which are produced our bacon and other pork products for home consumption and for export. The shorts or wheat middlings are really essential in the feeding of young pigs after they have been weaned and before their digestive tracts can readily assimilate the coarser grains and foods on which they are raised. If we take away these by-products from the swine industry and from the dairy industry, surely we will suffer loss immediately!" The supplies of milk and dairy products will drop off and rise considerably in price. The young pigs will be stunted in their growth. They will be later coming on to the market; time will be lost, much waste will be caused, and the price of bacon and pork products will rise very materially in consequence.

Bran at $85.00 a Ton

AS an illustration of this inevitable consequence, let us cite the following concrete fact, discarding theory wherever possible. In England last winter, close upon the heels of the announcement of the War Bread policy, bran from home-milled wheat reached the dizzy height of $85.00 a ton, due possibly in a certain measure to the scarcity of that commodity consequent upon its introduction into War flour. Now, any attempted regulation of the price of milk simply led to the slaughter of the dairy cattle, for no commercial producer could maintain a consistent milk output in the face of a steadily increasing loss. How the milk supply and milk products stocks were affected needs no elaboration.

In the contemplation of these data, it is advisable to remember also that the flour consumption in Canada bears an inconsiderable relation to that in Great Britain, so that the loss of by-products entailed in the Dominion would be pregnant of even more momentous consequence, in view of our small consumption in ratio of our production. Please note that where as the digestive tracts of the domestic animals, the cows and the pigs, are better suited to digest these coarser products, the bran and the shorts or middlings, is it not a good thing to leave these products available for these domestic animals to turn them into further refined products in more valuable and more desirable and more needed forms for human beings here at home and abroad?

Good for Cows and Pigs

THIS is a very great advantage which enlightened people will not overlook—the matter of having the cows and the pigs refine and use these coarser and humanly less digestible products into the more valuable food stuffs which we get from the dairy and the swine industries.

As a matter of fact, if the miller were compelled to grind practically all of the wheat berry into flour, the only result would be to effect a redistribution of the wheat products and what should we gain in the end?

About 25 per cent. of the total wheat berry is extracted in the form of these by-products—shorts, middlings and bran. In Great Britain, after the Government had decided that there should be only war flour, the price of one grade of these mill feeds advanced $10.00 per ton. A similar increase in the price of these most valuable by-products can be anticipated here in Canada if we were to have "War Bread." It would be poor economy indeed to effect a saving on flour only to discover that in the case of other essential foods we had sustained a loss. We should indeed be "penny wise and pound foolish" if we overlooked this vital fact.

It has also been suggested that one of the most difficult problems of all in connection with wheat flour is a problem that many people have not considered at all. The people would have to be prepared for the redistribution which, under changed conditions, would have to take place. War flour, and war flour only, for Canada would mean the practical disorganization of the whole scheme of things as at present constituted.

Would we be prepared for such a disorganization?

How Would You Cook?

WHAT cook knows about the uses of war flour? As one of the measures of readjustment, it has been pointed out that it would be absolutely necessary for those who do, the cooking in each and every household in the land to have new and special information on how to use war flour and how to cook with it

All of the cook books would need to be revised—all of the information which is in the possession of every cook in every home everywhere throughout Canada—priceless information which has been handed down through precept and by example from decade to decade by all good cooks will no longer be of the same availalthough the domestic science specialists assure us that the underlying principles in the use of this war flour would be the same.

Should all of this upheaval be brought about in the interests of saving a possible 3,000,000 bushels of wheat? In face of the facts, as they have been reviewed, the answer will be decidedly "No!"—facts which suggest what infinite danger threatens from losing indirectly far more than we can ever gain directly from compulsory war bread.

From the facts as given, our readers will see and understand why it has been decided that "War Bread" in the sense it is used in other countries—under compulsion—would not help the situation for Canada.

Can Yet Save 3,000,000 Bushels

THE fact remains, however, that the housewives of Canada can save that 3,000,000 bushels of wheat or nearly all of it if they only will.

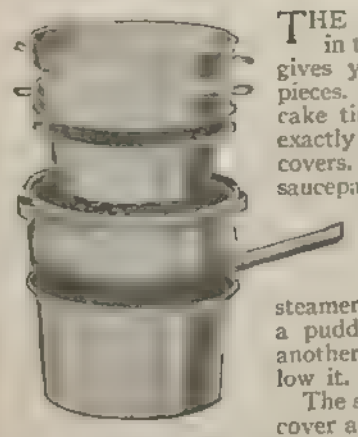
On the second page of this article are given recipes of loaves of

(*Concluded on page 29*

THE EXPERIMENT KITCHEN

News of the Latest Household Labour-Saving Devices, Examined and Endorsed by Everywoman's World Experiment Kitchen

Conducted by KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.



THE beauty of this cooker is in the many utensils it really gives you, with but five actual pieces. You get two well-made cake tins, which, when inverted, exactly fit the other pieces as covers. There is a four quart saucepan and cover, a colander, a pudding pan (good also for baking a deep cake).

The saucepan, colander and cover make a splendid steamer in which you can steam a pudding or a vegetable while another boils in the saucepan below it.

The saucepan, pudding pan and cover are especially designed as a cereal cooker. The wide rim of the pudding pan has six long perforations which do not affect it as a baking dish, but which allow some of the steam through, when it is set over boiling water.

It cooks cereals perfectly without any "skin" forming on the surface, or it can be used as a double boiler.

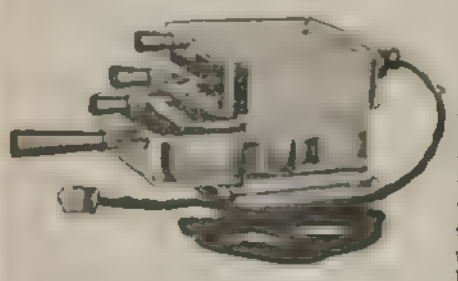
This clever combination cooker gives you many utensils for the price of few. In solid aluminium, $5.00.

YOU are probably in the habit of washing out gloves, dainty collars, a fine blouse, or some of baby's little things, in the wash-basin upstairs—far away from your regular laundry appliances.

A little wash-mitt—a miniature wash-board—will prove a great convenience. It is made of aluminum, measures about 3 inches by 3, and has a band that slips over the left hand to hold it in place. The corrugations are very slight and smooth and a few gentle rubs loosen soil and spare the garment a good deal of the wear and tear incident to much rubbing.

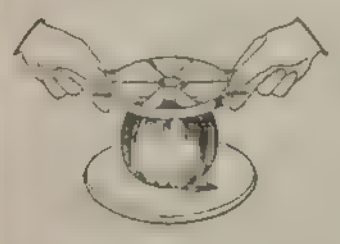
When you are travelling, you will find this wash-mitt the greatest comfort—it occupies little space in your bag, weighs but a trifle, and is such a help in keeping your gloves and little accessories immaculate.

For just 60 cents, this little aluminum wash-mitt offers a great deal of satisfaction.



ELECTRIC cookery is developing greater possibilities every day. Here is a little stove which will cook breakfast for you, right at the table—three things at the same time. A pan for broiling or other cooking operations in which heat is applied from above, is shown at the bottom of the picture. A deep vessel above, equipped with four egg cups, will boil, poach, steam or cream eggs. Two shallow pans may be used as griddles, for frying eggs, pancakes, bacon, etc., or inverted will serve as covers for the deep vessels; or they will act as heat reflectors. Bread will toast on both sides at once in a wire drawer that is exposed to heat, top and bottom.

Made of pressed steel, with nickel finishings, this stove has an excellent appearance. Its initial cost is $7.25, and operating cost is very small.



IF "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," everything possible should be done to encourage its consumption.

The handy little device illustrated, will core and cut an apple with one movement. It is built like a wheel, but the axle and spokes are knives that core and cut the apple into sections, when the handles are pressed firmly down.

One of these apple cutters would be a tremendous time-saver when you are canning apples—so much canning of early apples will be done this year, on account of the probable scarcity of winter apples, and the need of conserving all perishable foods.

The cutters come in several styles and finishes—from a 25 cents article to the silver plated ones at higher prices.

NO woman ever willingly opened a tin can, if there was a man about whose services could be commandeered. The reason is obvious—she finds that most can-openers are either rather skiddy, uncertain objects or require real muscle to urge them through the tin. This can-opener will bring joy to many a can-harried woman. A single pressure sends two sharp prongs through two ever-widening apertures in the top of the can. No pumping and pushing at a reluctant tool that seems sharp only if it slips and gouges a piece from her nearest finger.

The purchase of this can-opener is good hand-insurance, and the premium is but 25 cents.

TO remove the "waste" from "waste paper," there is nothing like a small, efficient paper baler in the kitchen. It is only recently that a small household baler has been offered to women for collecting paper in the house. This model is neat, well-made and will fit under the sink or in a convenient corner. All papers are alike to it—newspaper, parcel paper, scraps of all sizes. The return in neatness is not the only one—paper is so high in price to-day that all hitherto waste-paper has a real market value, increased when the paper is baled. Wires or heavy cords are easily adjusted. When the baler is full, it only remains to fasten these, lift out the neat, compressed bundle—and sell it or give it to the Red Cross! The price of this most useful article is just $5.00.

IN this enlightened day, we know the mischief that can be wrought by exposing garbage and waste, to the danger of the family health.

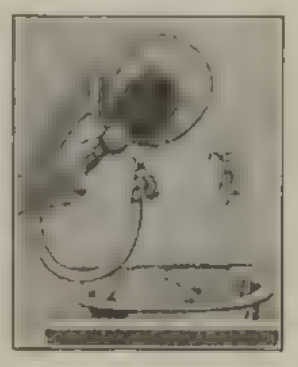
The most perfect can we have yet seen is one of well-finished white enamel, with *a self-raising cover, and self-disinfecting device.* It stands up off the floor, several inches, and has a little pedal which, on being pressed by the foot, opens the lid. Every woman knows the comfort of having both hands free to empty and scrape her utensils. When the foot is removed from the pedal, the lid drops, and the automatic disinfectant container sprinkles a deodorant and disinfectant over the contents. The close fit of the cover completes the assurance of a perfectly sanitary waste receiver—one that is safe to keep *in the kitchen* during the inclement winter months when the usual outside pails are difficult of access. Price $4.50.

A PROBLEM which like the poor, is ever with us, is how to keep the milk bottle which has once been opened, covered in a thoroughly sanitary way. The little paper cap, even if it is kept, will not stand repeated adjustment. The small metal cover shown here, will slip snugly over the mouth of the bottle, and stay there until the milk is used. A little slide can be pushed aside, revealing a round hole, beneath which there is a spout. This converts the milk bottle into a pitcher and protects its contents from dust, flies and odours. Its price, delivered to you, is 15 cents.

THE tea kettle with a rigid handle, and a side opening in the opposite side from that on which you work! No more painful steam-burns when you re-fill the kettle; no more tipping or swinging, on an awkward hinged handle.

The well-fitting lid tilts open. It can never get out of shape or mislaid or lose its knob—everything is fastened together, gracefully but strongly—there is nothing to go wrong.

This kettle is made in two sizes and of two materials—enamelled ware and nickle-plated copper. Its price is no more than an ordinary kettle.



DISHES must be washed—three times a day. The most convenient and practical dish-washer we have examined is a handy little contrivance that fastens on the tap. The water runs through a small rubber hose of convenient length through a metal soap chamber, in which you put your small bits of soap, and feeds a plentiful supply of sudsy water to the brush on the end. Just think of what this means! Fresh, clean, soapy water for every dish; hot as you like and no discomfort to your hands; a quick rub with the brush—and no greasy dish pan to wash at the end. Sent post-paid for $2.50.

EVERYWOMAN'S World Experiment Kitchen has been established for the testing of all household appliances and devices. This seal of approval is given every article which measures up to the high standard that has been set. "On these things you may depend."

EXAMINED
Everywoman's World
Experiment Kitchen
ENDORSED

"VIYELLA"
Flannel

SUMMER DESIGNS
FOR
GOLF,
TENNIS AND
BOATING

The great point is that
Viyella Does Not Shrink

Viyella is just as soft and dainty after repeated washings as when new. It is true economy and the best kind of thrift to have your clothes made of really good non-shrinkable material.

Approved by Thrifty House-Wives

The "1900" Washer

This best known standard line of washing machines on the market to-day, includes washers operated by

Hand Power	Engine Power
Water Motor	Electric Motor

Send for full particulars of our free trial proposition, mentioning type of machine which most interests you. Better address me personally,

L. N. Morris, "1900" Washer Company
357 Yonge St., Toronto

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CHOIR GOWNS

Symbolize all the dignity, beauty and harmony of sacred worship, and bring out the best work of the choir.

Miller choir gowns are readily paid for by an increased congregation and the consequent larger revenue.

Write for information NOW

The Miller Mfg. Co.
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44 York St., Toronto

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Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

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MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

WE ARE REMITTING many ladies $10, $15, $20 per week to obtain orders for Personal Christmas Cards in their spare hours. If you wish to add to your income write now for full details. Beautiful Sample Book free—nothing to buy. Toothills (Canada) Limited, Art Publishers, Winnipeg.

MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad. this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

EVERY HOME ON FARM, in Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No capital required. We furnish Goods on Time to reliable men. Write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial Mantle Lamp Co., 512 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal, Can

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THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

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SORE EYES—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine.

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AN INTELLIGENT PERSON may earn $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers; $40 to $50 monthly in spare time, experience unnecessary; no canvassing; subjects suggested. Send for particulars. National Press Bureau, Room 3026, Buffalo, N.Y.

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LADIES WANTED to do Plain and Light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Mfg. Co., Dept. A., Montreal.

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RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS

IS HE CRAZY?—The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

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REBUILT TYPEWRITERS.—We carry at all times a large stock of rebuilt typewriters. All standard makes. Prices from $35.00 up. No matter what your needs are, we can supply them. Machines shipped anywhere. Write now for our catalogues and price list. United Typewriter Co., Ltd., 135 Victoria St., Toronto.

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AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

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Healthful, picturesque location, 80 miles from Toronto. Academic Courses from Preparatory Work to Junior Matriculation, Teachers' Certificates and First Year University, Music, Art, Oratory, Domestic Science; *Social Economics and Civics;* Commercial Work; Physical Training by means of an unusually well equipped modern gymnasium, large swimming pool and systematized play.

For Calendar write to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal, Whitby, Ont. Reopens Sept. 12

"Nothing But Leaves"

Not Tea Leaves intermixed with Dust, Dirt and Stems but all Virgin Leaves.

"SALADA"

has the reputation of being the cleanest, and most perfect tea sold. E 147

BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED. SEALED PACKETS ONLY.

THE TOWN GIRL IN A NEW RÔLE

(*Continued from page 13*)

glove, and strip each branch clean. Then you pick out the leaves and other rubbish!—most of your handful goes into the discard.

Proving Their Mettle

"WE did other things in between fruit crops—lots of weeding and hoeing. We rather enjoyed it for a change—it is steady, straight-ahead work and we were paid 15 cents an hour. It was less nerve strain, as we were not working against time as in piece-work—quite a relief at times when work had been slack and arrears of board were to be made up!

"One time, there was a good prospect of a workless week ahead for some of our girls. What would they do? Admit discouragement and go home? Not a bit of it. If there was no fruit to pick, there were surely other things a short-handed farmer would want done.

"So they went over to a big poultry-farm in the district and asked the farmer if he needed help.

"'Need help? I should say so, but it's not a girl's job I've got. My hen houses are badly in need of cleaning.'

"'The poor hens! House-cleaning? That's right in our line.' And those girls started right in to make those hens—and the farmer—happy. You should hear him talk now about girls on the farm!'

Ploughed With Five Horses

"I KNOW of a girl out on the prairies, on a thousand-acre grain farm, who did quite wonderful things," said Miss Harvey, when asked about heavy farm work for women. "She is a teacher in one of Winnipeg's best private schools—a brainy, capable girl.

"She was released from school duties in the spring, so that she might go out where help was so urgently needed. She started right in with the farmer to do anything and everything that needed doing. She plouged with five horses—and did many other things with them. And the farmer speaks a word of appreciation for the horses.

"Last year, I had a Galician—the only man I could get in the busy season. He wrecked my horses—beat and abused them terribly—in fact, one of the poor beasts lost an eye from some of his rough usage. My horses are to-day in great shape. Intelligent kindly handling will get more out of a dumb beast than any amount of hard treatment.

"I'd like nothing better than to get that young lady back to help me through the harvest days. She was splendid!"

The Girls on Marketing

ONE of the keenest points that has arisen since the girls from the towns got into the production end of things is "why the big gulf between the grower of fruits and vegetables and the woman who buys them for use in her home?"

They have asked the question so often, and have answered it in so many ways themselves—that the matter is closer to the farmer's attention than it has ever been before.

Getting perishable food stuffs to market is a problem with its own peculiar difficulties. The price cannot be set as for staple products—if things (*Continued on page 31*)

FOR TOMMY IN THE TRENCHES

(*Continued from page 10*)

journey and often finds further uses at the journey's end where such accessories of a cleanly commissariat are often too unattainable.

"Cleanly" leads to thoughts of toilet comforts yet unmentioned—shaving sticks, court plaster, wash cloths, towels—they dearly love a towel—camphor ice, salve, a small comb, even a box of talcum powder so soothing to fretted skins, will not come amiss. A fresh gauze shirt is light and would be a pleasant surprise at the bottom of a box. Needles, buttons, pins, safety pins, reels of cotton, may be sent along, and will be sure of a grateful reception, for the supplies in the "housewife" which every soldier is supposed to have, won't last forever.

Hundreds of things suggest themselves besides those mentioned—pemanganate of potash, which makes a solution restful to tired feet, a tiny looking glass, boxes of "canned heat," so useful for boiling water in a hurry. Tea is acceptable and prepared coffee, little notebooks, and, of course, note paper and pencils. It has been suggested that readers of this magazine who have had experience in sending parcels overseas should write in and exchange views and new ideas with others. There are more people like the mother I told you of who was bewildered over her boy's request for pies. Other boys, no doubt, have asked for things that seemed as impossible as the pie did at first, and there are sure to be inventive minds who found ways and means of responding.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD wants to link these two together.

A further hint would be well, if you have no household scales, to have your grocer weigh various things for you and keep the list by you, so that when you come to make up your parcel you can have an approximate idea of weghts and measures. As a slight guide, for instance—a seven-pound box will hold one tin of chicken, one tin of chocolatta, five condensed soup squares, one package dates, one twenty-five cent package chewing gum, six chocolate bars, and a cake of about two pounds. Including postage, this will come to about two dollars and eighty-four cents, if sent to England, and about fifty cents less if going to France.

Socks, of course, vary in weight and it is possible to get long, stout envelopes, large enough to hold one pair, and fastened at one end with cord. These are capital for sending socks across weekly, as many do.

A number of people have also found that stout cotton bags can be used for sending tins of cocoa, and other unbreakables, the edibles being securely wrapped within socks, shirts and other soft wearable commodities up to the weight of seven pounds—the limit for France. Sew the bag up firmly and write on the address in marking ink.

And as we wrap our packages with skill and care and deftness we can truly feel that we are wrapping up with them courage and love and sunshine that will hearten for the conflict. Weapons of war are needed but a spirit must be in their wielding, and that spirit is stirred by the touch of home. Israel fighting against Amalek on the plains of Rephidim prevailed only when Moses, safe on the mountain top, stood with his arms spread wide, the tide of battle turning "when, through weariness, they failed," but flowing once more with the hosts fo the Lord when Aaron and Hur on either side, the patriarch, "stayed up'" his tired hands.

It may seem strange to us to feel that as we do up our parcels in the peace and safety of our Canadian towns and countryside, that we are fighting in the greatest battle of all time, but the wonderful little story from the Book of Exodus seems to carry the assurance that wars are often won far from the blood-stained field of carnage, so there may be the hint of a triumph song in our hearts as we press down the good things in that little box that is destined for "A Dear One, Somewhere in France."

Ideas and Dollars

There are, among our readers, those who are more successful than others in their choice of comforts to send to our boys at the Front and in the letters they write; some persons have a happy knack of knowing exactly what to say and how to say it, and others know, almost intuitively, just what to send and how to pack it.

We want to help those who have not this happy knack and we want to hear from those who have.

We will pay $1.00 for each idea or suggestion which we accept to pass on to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD readers.

Letters must not exceed two hundred words in length and must be written on one side of the paper only.

Address "Letters to the Front Editor," EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

THE RED TRIANGLE

(Continued from page 14)

came in and moving over to the piano suggested a hymn. The man struck up 'Abide with Me,' and we sang it through, singing 'God Save the King' afterward. You will catch the force of this when I tell you that these men were on their way up to the Somme front, from which only a few could hope to return unscathed. They were not singing for themselves, but as they sang 'Abide With Me,' they were thinking of the boys in the trenches that night, and they knew that two nights later they also would be facing their ordeal and another group would be occupying the hut and singing 'Abide With Me,' with them in mind."

In the Land of Mystery

MESOPOTAMIA used to be a word of dark mystery a few years ago, but to-day it is a very real, if very unlovely, spot. The Rev. L. Dixon, son of the Rev. Canon Dixon, of Toronto, has sent back many descriptions of his work among the men.

"A short time ago," he writes, "I visited a hut at one of the advance bases in the desert behind the firing line. It had no furniture, but was provided with a piano, gramaphone, books, and a Turkish carpet —of six inches of dust. The thermometer registered 120 deg. You have asked me to tell you of the things one sees in Mesopotamia. I made a flying visit to the huts all the way through to the firing line. It was about the middle of July and the heat was terrific.

"Arrived at a small tent where our two men were living, we were glad to get inside, though it was only a canteen sold out, with nothing but a bench and tables for furniture and a temperature of 122. The place was crammed with men trying to forget the heat by reading or listening to the gramaphone. A little further on the Field Ambulance was so congested that seven men were lying on the ground in each small tent. The sight of these men and the equally terrible conditions made us feel that any sacrifice to lighten these hardships was more than worth while."

Where Boys in Khaki Foregather

IT is a long cry from Mesopotamia to Toronto, but the men in the more favoured of the two places are not forgotten on their way to and from the front by the Association. At one of the busiest corners of Toronto, Queen and Victoria Streets, is the Red Triangle Club. Starting modestly on April 17th this year, it provided accommodation for sixty-two members. So popular did it become, that in only three months, fifty-five cots have been added. The cots were possible, but the question was where to put them. To-day, as you go through the rooms, the Assembly room, the reading and writing rooms, you see hanging on the walls, various mysterious, numbered tickets. Natural curiosity brings the explanation that these legends point out the location of the many extra cots at night.

In a busy spot upstairs, men are writing; writing home, writing to chums at the front; writing to girls—everywhere.

All that they need is here, convenient desks, paper, ink, pens—all donated from interested friends of the Club. Across the way a piano resounds to the touch of a still-in-the-bud but happy musician. In the reading room men are gathered in every posture imaginable, chiefly comfortable. It is a very pleasant room, this, with its curtained windows looking out on busy Queen Street, and with its cool mission chairs and tables. Sunk back, however inartistically, in one of the deep arm chairs in this quiet spot, a man must feel that the remembrance of the trenches is only a bad dream.

Tommy at Play

UPSTAIRS is the roof garden where good times are generally the order of the day, or perhaps of the night.

The cafeteria, the second largest in Toronto, is always well patronized. Soldiers have been feasted here and waited on during these feasts by the Toronto ladies on the committee.

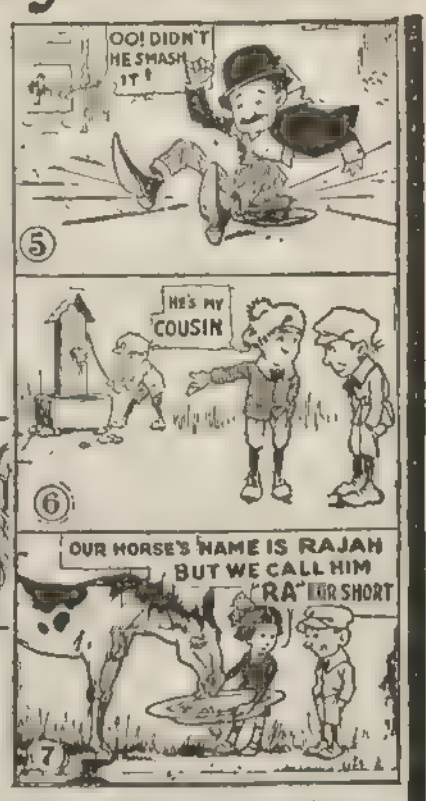
A billiard room, a barber shop and shower baths suggest that little has been forgotten that will add to the members' comfort.

If the men of Toronto come in for all these good things provided by the Club, the out-of-town boys are not forgotten. They are met at the station on their way through by motor cars, and on their arrival at the club are treated to baths and something good to eat, and after a little friendly foregathering are driven back to the station in automobiles again. Everyone, without exception, who is in khaki, or who has been in khaki, or who has aspirations to be in khaki, can claim the Red Triangle here, as elsewhere, as his symbol. A symbol, which, as a fitting accompaniment to the Red Cross, speaks so splendidly of our better civilization.

What Did Little Mary Plant?

What vegetables do these pictures represent?

TO help win the war we must all produce, so every patriotic Canadian has a vegetable garden this year. Little Mary has a fine assortment of vegetables in her garden, and if you will study the pictures at the sides you may be able to discover what she planted. Each of the pictures represents a common vegetable that you all know. Here are two examples from the series our artist drew and we will tell you that No. 1 is Cauliflower (Call-eye-Flower) and No. 8, Beets (Bee-eats). Now see if you can solve the rest and when you have them all, write your solutions on a sheet of paper and send them to us.



What vegetables do these pictures represent?

This Contest is Free of Expense to All

YOU do not spend a single penny of your money, nor will you be asked to buy anything in order to enter this great Contest and win the Chevrolet Car or a fine prize. The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the strongest and best known publishing firms in Canada is conducting this interesting Contest in order to quickly advertise and introduce "RURAL CANADA for Women" the wonderful new magazine for Canadian Farm Folk and landlovers everywhere.

RURAL CANADA is different entirely from any other Canadian Farm Paper, because it is edited and published mainly for the women folk in our Canadian farm homes.

AS soon as your answers are received we shall write and tell you how many of the names you have solved correctly, and send you free a copy of this month's fine issue of RURAL CANADA. Then when you know your standing for the big prizes you will be asked to help us advertise and introduce RURAL CANADA in your neighborhood by showing your copy of the new magazine to just four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate the worth and high purpose of RURAL CANADA and want it to come to them every month. State your willingness to accord us this simple favor when you send your answers. It will only require a few minutes of your time and you are guaranteed and will be sent at once a big cash payment or valuable reward for your trouble. If you wish we will gladly send you extra sample copies to leave with your friends to read.

WHEN your answers to this interesting puzzle are received we shall gladly mail you without cost a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you and your friends may become acquainted with this great new publication and realize the place in Canadian Home Life that RURAL CANADA now occupies.

It is entertaining as well as instructive. It abounds in fine short stories, timely articles, fashions, embroideries, crochet work, recipes, a children's page, a family doctor and many other fine features. Its editorials are inspiring and uplifting. In short, to know RURAL CANADA is to love it. You and your friends will be glad to make the acquaintance of so bright, interesting and good a magazine.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

WRITE on one side of the paper only. On one sheet of paper put your answers to the puzzle pictures, with your full name and address, (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right hand corner. Anything other than this must be on a separate sheet of paper.

Boys and girls under ten years of age are not allowed to send answers to this Contest, because later on we intend to have a fine contest for our boy and girl friends. Employees of this company are absolutely debarred from competing.

To ensure absolute fairness and impartiality in awarding the prizes, the properly qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three well known gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct names and are considered by the judges to be neatest and best written, (proper spelling, punctuation and style of entry also being given consideration). A contestant may send in as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize and not more than any one prize will be awarded one family or household. The Contest will close December 27th, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes.

Send two two-cent stamps to pay postage on your free sample copy of RURAL CANADA, prize list, etc.

5 Passenger Chevrolet **Touring Car**

And More than $1,000.00 in Handsome Prizes to be Awarded

THE BIG PRIZES include this magnificent $750.00 Chevrolet Car, a $350.00 Upright Piano, a Dandy Shetland Pony and Cart, a High Grade Bicycle, $60.00 Clare High Oven Range, Singer Sewing Machine, Phonograph and Records, Waltham Watches for men and women, Standard Cream Separator, 1900 Washing Machine, Perfection Oil Range, Books, Cameras, Bread Mixers, Mantle Lamps, Sporting Rifles, and a host of other big valuable prizes too numerous to mention here.

WE WILL SEND YOU THE BIG COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED PRIZE LIST

Address your solutions to Room 1

THE CONTEST EDITOR, RURAL CANADA CONTINENTAL BLDG., TORONTO

THE TRUTH ABOUT WAR BREAD

(Continued from page 28F)

bread made from white flour mixed with the most common and most easily obtainable of other bread substances.

From experiments carried on under the direction of Professor Harcourt, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, in the chemical laboratories there, it was found that up to 15 per cent. of almost any of the substitutes might be used in making bread without noticeably affecting the appearance of the loaf. More than 15 per cent. of some of the substances may be used without producing very undesirable results.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture says that 25 per cent. or one-fourth of any of the substitutes may be used and still result in a very acceptable loaf. By using one-fourth corn meal, rice meal, etc., we are giving one quarter of every loaf of wheat bread that we bake to someone in Europe.

Caution in Serving

WHEN first serving this bread to children, invalids or elderly people, care must be taken that they do not eat too heartily of it, as the coarser flours may act as irritants to delicate stomachs.

Bread with any amount of substituted substance up to 25 per cent. may be made by proceeding as in making bread from all white flour, except that some of the mixtures will be found to require more water than others and about two-thirds as long a time for fermentation in the pan; while the baking should be a little slower and a little longer.

Unless they are very well baked these substitute breads may not keep in good condition for so long a time as the bread made from the more highly refined flour.

E·B·EDDY TALKS

WHY THE PRESIDENT CHOSE THE NAME "TWIN BEAVER"

What's as truly Canadian as a Beaver—unless it be an Eddy product?

One of Canada's famous waterfalls—The Chaudiere Falls—supplies unlimited power.

From the heart of the Canadian forest comes the lumber that feeds the great Eddy mills.

Two thousand Canadians make from it the Eddy products.

"The Beaver" said the president, "is a water animal, and our washboard is built to stand severest use on wash day."

So much for the Beaver. As to the "Twin"—It can be used on both sides, so it is a real

"Twin Beaver"

1851 **1917**

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc. are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation--that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet clean and pure, as nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times.

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favourable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the 'Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 444, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

Would You Like to Earn $1 or $2 Daily the Year Round at Home

The hosiery trade is booming, and the Demand far exceeds the Supply. We gladly take all the goods you can send us.

We must have more workers at once to help us keep pace with the demand. The Auto Knitter is sent on favorable terms to reliable persons, and we furnish full instructions how to knit sox, etc., also all yarn needed. The work is simple and easily learned; the Auto Knitter is a high-speed machine, and works by turning a handle. Our fixed rates of pay guarantee you a steady income the year round, no matter where you live, but our workers often largely increase this by working for private customers.

Working either whole or spare time, this pleasant employment has brought prosperity to many workers in their own homes, and should do the same for you.

Write to-day, enclosing 3c. in stamps, for particulars, rates of pay, etc., and see what you and your family can now earn at home.

Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company, Limited

DEPT. 102A, 257 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

A Chevrolet Touring Car is the First Prize in an interesting contest announced on page 29. Turn to it now.

Difficulties Overcome

Notice to Subscribers

THOSE of our readers who know and appreciate the handicaps confronting magazine publishers in Canada will continue to bear with us in not being overly critical or disappointed about this magazine continuing to be late in reaching them.

The mechanical difficulties connected with producing in Canada up to 135,000 copies each month of a magazine the size of this are enormous and at times seemingly impossible. But in a few months more—as soon as our great new five-storey building, 100 x 100 feet, on Spadina Ave., is completed and we have our new presses to supplement present equipment, and we have our modern automatic bindery installed, we shall catch up and keep up to time on mailing to our subscribers.

There are big things abroad for Canadian women. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD must continue to lead in thought and action for them, so we appreciate your kindly indulgence during this great growing period in the life and history of Canadian women, and of this—your own Canadian great home magazine.

Watch the October issue for important announcements about new matter of great interest to every Canadian woman who reads.

THE CALL TO WOMEN

(*Continued from page 26*)

the country on non-partisan lines, and thus best utilize all our resources and all our man and woman-power for the sole purpose of winning the war."

Against Beer and Booze

A THIRD, as asking for legislation against the use of precious foodstuffs for the manufacture of beer, was held until the return of the chairman.

Moved by Mrs. Crowe, and seconded by Mrs. Reed, of Tillsonburg, "That this Province-wide meeting of women of conserving food and encouraging thrift and economy to earnestly protest against the terrible waste of foodstuffs in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, and call upon the Government to stop this leakage at once.'"

Down then came their high hopes of speaking their minds in a united voice, to the guardians of our country at Ottawa. Earlier in the proceedings, one who told us she was a farmer's wife, said she had always believed "that the one who hollered the most *got* the most, down at Ottawa." Every woman wanted those "hollers" to echo a bit in the parliamentary halls at the capital, but it was not to be.

"Out of order," ruled the chairman on his return. "The Organization of Resources Committee invited and financed this conference for the purpose of discussing matters relative to the conservation of food and the encouragement of thrift and economy. Let us stick to the business in hand."

Disappointed, certainly; but these women had at least expressed, in strong terms, their opinion on three of the biggest questions of the day. And somehow, one felt that their opinion would bear weight, whether expressed in a conventional resolution or in the influence of deep convictions, earnestly held.

Women in a World of Might

HER own relationship to the great world war was brought home to every woman who listened to Mr. N. W. Rowell's word picture of what a world under the German headship would hold for her.

"How important is this war to the women of Canada?" he asked. "And to the women of the world? Woman has only won her position in the civilized countries of the world where Christian ideals prevail. Man can make his way in a world where might prevails, but how could woman maintain her position in such a world? Much as men have at stake in this world war, women have more.

The Voice of the Women

THOSE women were there to hear a message—but they had also come to give one, a message of many parts.

They stood ready to follow every good suggestion made to them. They were eager, hungry, to learn of ways in which they might help.

But they were women of to-day, with clear ideas of what should be done by the government of the country and they were neither slow nor timid in putting their demands before the Food Controller and his colleagues.

The Biggest Leak in the Bread Pan

THE Government calls on us to stop leaks, to prevent waste, to make the most of everything. "But that same Government still permits one great leak in the national bread-pan, to go unchecked

That 180 tons of grain and 100 tons of sugar are daily being converted into beer in this country is an appalling statement. Beer is *not food*. Beer is not a necessity. The drinking of beer weakens our men, physically, mentally, morally!"

Again and again, the demand was made during the convention—Strengthen our food resources, strengthen our stand for consistent prevention of waste, strengthen the very soul of our nation—by stopping the manufacture of beer in Canada!

And in Britain, what? "Daughter am I, in my mother's house," quoted Mrs. Tod, of Orillia, speaking on the second day of the Food Conference. Yet have we not the right -strengthened by the final ties of affection and loyalty -to urge on the Mother Country her duty to our boys? Is it fair that when they go into the camps in England, the drink temptation surrounds them, unlimited beyond the military restrictions?

Recruiting for the Farm

A SUGGESTION was made by Mrs Laing, of Toronto, that men who desire to serve their country, but who are rejected at the recruiting office for some physical defect that would not stand in the way of their doing farm work, should be drafted into agricultural battalions to help out in the production crisis.

Another idea that Mrs. Laing put forward was that soldiers might be billetted in private houses and so share the benefit of the family furnace in order to obviate the difficulties arising from the coal shortage.

Oleomargerine

CITY woman and countrywoman, consumer and producer—seldom do they have such a good opportunity to discuss things as in the get-together afforded by the convention.

Canadian women, as a whole, seem to agree that it is unfair to deny a good butter-substitute to be sold to people who feel that they cannot afford to pay for butter at its present high rate.

"Let us have oleomargerine, and *at a proper price*," was the constant cry. Time and again the question was laid away and each time, like a persistent ghost, it rose again and clamoured for satisfaction.

"We have had it in England for years, and let me tell you, it's jolly good," said an enthusiastic Englishwoman.

"After four months in the States, I asked, 'What is this oleomargerine?' It was then I found I had been eating it for four months"—this from a Canadian just returned from a visit to our ally in the south.

"I have no word to say against Oleomargerine," said one who styled herself "a farmer's wife." "Butter cannot be produced to-day below its present market price. But if oleomargerine is brought into Canada, *let the Government regulate its price!*"

A fair demand! Oleo, which can be produced so much cheaper than butter, must not be allowed to merely *unsell* it. A fair profit on the manufactured cost, should give oleomargerine to the public at less than 30c. a pound.

THE VOGUE OF THE MOTOR CAR

(*Continued from page 9*)

will women stand for it? Probably until they, themselves will, in Parliament, have the opportunity of furthering progress.

In the meantime people keep on gettin cars just as they keep on building barn and silos, just as they paint v n l s an re-decorate rooms. Th y s e no dis m n- ation between these. One is as component a part of progress as the other.

If a man has not enough money to build a barn or to repair his plumbing he borrows it. Similarly should he act in regard to a car.

Get the Family Opinion

THERE! You can get one NOW! Why not consult the family? Let each have her or his little say as to the kind to be selected. There's no reason to imagine that only the lighter or medium size car is of use to the average purchaser. Ask the family which they prefer, sift the argument, weigh it—and then of course you'll act.

Act! That's what one grain grower in the West did. It's the usual th ng for farmers there to have cars, Lut this man got three.

In 1915, when the record harvest was in, and he felt rather prosperous, he bought his first car—a "tin Lizzie." In 1916 he got a real big car—seven passenger, eight cylinder—oh, a regular car for all the family. And just recently he has purchased for his wife a self starting, five passenger auto for her own use—with plenty of room in it to hold some of the kiddies and her friends.

Everyone is getting theirs. And just let us keep this in mind—"You can trust the masses." What everybody does is most likely to be right.

THE TOWN GIRL IN A NEW ROLE

(*Continued from page 28H*)

are on the point of spoiling, they must be disposed of at once. The farmer has followed the line of least resistance—he has handed over his product to wholesale distributors who scatter it to the retailers. *Eventually* it reaches the consumer.

Is There a Better Plan?

THE girls, who are now producers, as it were, have hitherto been consumers. They realize the big difference in the price the farmer gets and the price their families pay in the cities.

Naturally, they have tackled the problem, and there is a keener desire for a co-operative system of marketing, in every district that they have been in.

And think of the influence of these girls when they get back to the consumer plane! They are going to *know* prices and values.

Good to Come

THIS is just one of the good things that will come out of the "women on the farm" movement—a closer sympathy and understanding with the "grower of goodly things, The Farmer."

Meantime the situation that looked so serious this season, has been met. The experiment has been tried—and in spite of everything against it, has succeeded. The farmers are already anxious to contract with the girls for next year.

But there will have to be many adjustments made before that. Some plan will have to be arranged whereby every girl can be sure of more than clearing her expenses. This year's experiences have shown up the weak spots. They can be remedied before the next season opens.

The Joy of Making Good

WILL the girls go back? Indeed they will—under the right conditions. And most of them want to return to the same places—almost every camp declares "their farmer" to be the finest man in the neighbourhood.

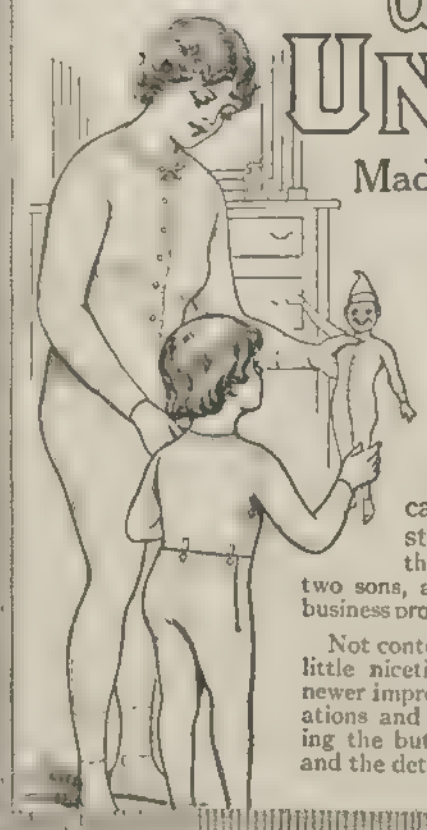
They have done the pioneering—they have opened the way. Appreciation, at least, has been given them, and recognition of their services. They can now claim their rights in the matter of steady employment and adequate pay. And they have done "National Service" work this summer—they have saved the fruit crop. The joy of accomplishment is theirs and the knowledge of good work well done.

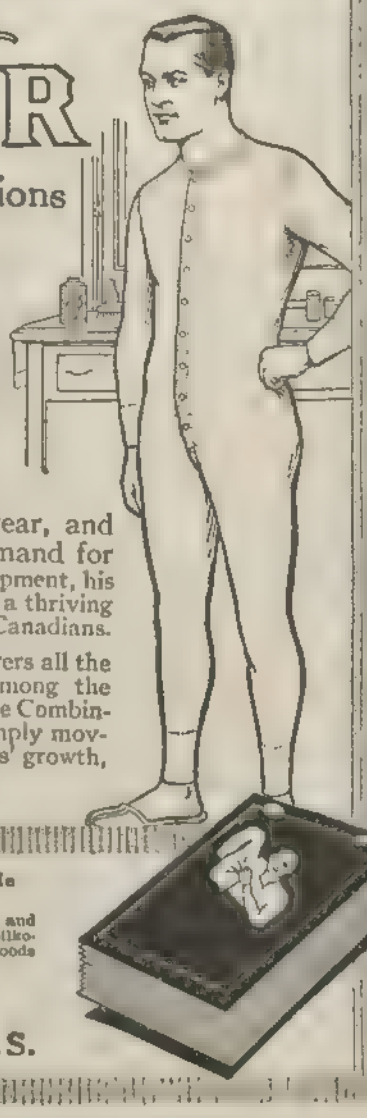
They will go back—in spite of the trials they sing of (to no less significant a tune than "We'll Never let the Old Flag Fall")

"We'll never let the old hoe go,
For we love it so much, you know.
We don't have to hoe to show our go,
But when we start we'll hoe, hoe, hoe.
In rain or shine we'll never whine,
But hoe straight on to the end of the line.
At the close of the War our fame will soar.
We'll never let the old hoe go."

STANFIELD'S

Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR





Made and Worn by two Generations

Over quarter of a century ago the late C. E. Stanfield, pioneer underwear manufacturer of Truro, N.S., discovered a way to prevent woollen underwear from shrinking—by the radical but sensible plan of taking the shrink out of the wool before it went to the knitting machines.

His secret process at once overcame the one fault of woollen underwear, and started a keen and steadily growing demand for the Stanfield's product. On it by steady development, his two sons, at the head of Stanfield's Limited, have built a thriving business providing underwear for hundreds of thousands of Canadians.

Not content with superior quality, Stanfield's give wearers all the little niceties that make undergarments luxurious. Among the newer improvements are the wonderfully handy Adjustable Combinations and Adjustable Sleepers for growing children. Simply moving the buttons on the waist allows for two to three years' growth, and the detachable lower part is a great convenience.

Some Stanfield's Favorites

No. [illegible]—Two-ply medium weight in natural color, for men and women, very soft, warm and comfortable.
No. 78—Is the same weight, in white, for women.
No. [illegible]—Is the same quality, in heavy weight, natural color, for men.

Write for Free Sample Book

showing over a dozen weights and textures, from the lightest Silkowool to the heaviest ribbed goods for Outdoor Men.

All made in Combinations and Two-piece Suits—in full length, knee and elbow length and sleeveless.

Stanfield's Limited, - Truro, N.S.

Buy **HALLAM'S** Guaranteed **FURS** BY MAIL Direct from TRAPPER to YOU

FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions and containing 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments—All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear, it shows Furs for every member of the family.
Don't fail to send for this book TO DAY It is now going to press and will be mailed as requests are received.

HALLAM'S 1917-18 FUR STYLE BOOK

No matter where you live, you can obtain the latest styles and the highest quality in Fur sets or garments from Hallam's by mail. All Hallam garments are high quality Furs—yet can be obtained by you direct by mail at lower prices than elsewhere for the same quality—every Hallam garment is guaranteed.

Why We Can Sell at Such Low Prices

Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value as we cannot afford to have goods returned. The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

1506. Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat. 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42, bust.
$75.00, delivered to you.

1508. Muff to match in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style.
$11.50, delivered to you.

1507. Hat to match, silk lined. **$7.50**, delivered to you.

1686. Handsome Manchurian Wolf Set. Newest design, made from fine, jet black silky skins. The large stole is in two skin style, wide across the back and shoulders—trimmed with heads, tails and paws. Muff is large and comfortable, made over soft down bed—has wrist cord and is trimmed with head and tail—lined with corded silk poplin. Exceptional value.
$13.50 per set, delivered to you.

Don't forget to send for Hallam's Style Book to-day—it's FREE—Address as below, in full, please.

John Hallam Limited - 223 Hallam Building TORONTO

Be A Nurse

Earn $15 to $25 per week

The demand for trained nurses is constantly increasing. Our graduates are taking up this congenial profession. Our system of training makes it possible for you to become a nurse. Excellent home study course. Any woman of 18 or over, can learn under our simple, perfected system.

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Our system founded 1902 is endorsed by Dr. Parkin, the founder, and by physicians throughout the country. Our instruction, assures thorough training, yet saves much of time. Low tuition; easy terms. Send for 32 lesson specimen and 32 page illustrated catalog today—ALL FREE on request. Write now.
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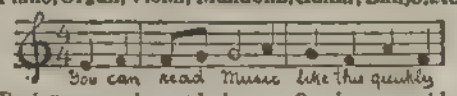

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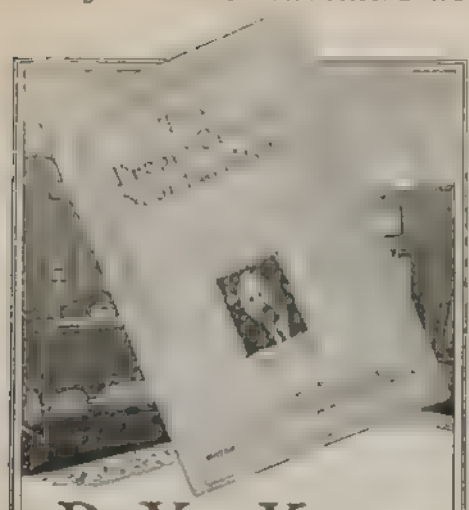

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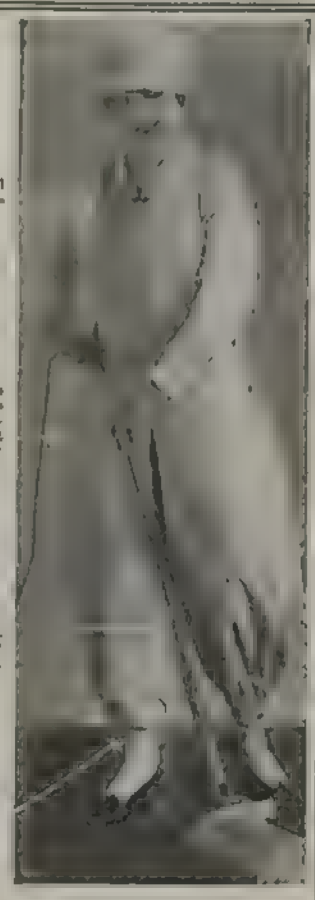
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PETTICOATS vs. PANTALOONS

By HAZEL KELLY

WE had a dynamic sort of visitor of late, our Vermont cousin who in the piping times of peace went off to Paris on a trip and who has been a "Nursing Sister" from the time the first battle of the present war was fought up till two months ago, when she was sent home for a rest. "The Lady of the Interrogative" we used to call her, and, from the wealth of facts and figures she has managed to gather, we more than suspect that even the horrors of war have not cured her of a natural New England thirst for information.

A love of dress and a quick eye for line and colour has always made her fashion hints valuable, but this time on someone putting a query as to what would be worn during the coming season she refused to answer to the lure.

"Fashions?" she exclaimed, "there are none among real people. New times, new methods, you know. Woman's "new time" is one of work, hard work, and her new fashion is a dress for the occasion. More interest is centered in bloomers than in tunics and trains. Yes," with a brisk nod, "even the style sheets published in Paris, London, and New York for the select—and elect—give whole pages to the pantaloon. When the Spring number of the leading fashion magazine of the world came out with pattern and "instructions for making" a jacket and overalls warranted to be becoming to the woman with no waistline and to the sylph as well, to old and young of the sex that loves to think it looks nice, even when it knows it doesn't, it made the poor Birmingham factory woman, who evolved the garment, famous.

The Clever Woman Adores Them

THE "Jenny" opera cloak or the Poiret motoring costume didn't arouse any such universal interest—how could they? Everybody worth while was in search of a working garb which promised to be both useful and ornamental.

The overalls, two piece overalls, one piece overalls, of the English women, and the Zouave trousers and tunic of the French women are rivals in public favour. I've been interested in noting the different ways in which the different women wear these garments. The English woman looks eminently respectable and worlds neater than in her ordinary working clothes; her French sister looks chic; the American trim and yes, challenging, as if she were saying: "Show me anything neater and nicer if you can!" In the matter of bloomers, she's in love with herself—as usual. All but the New Englander, in her chambray overalls, she is more staid than ever, if possible, she is modestly masquerading in a bifurcated garment—and yet, it was we Vermonters who ages ago, tried to set this same fashion in dress, and failed because petticoats were so popular."

"How do we Canadians strike you?" we enquired.

"Fine, but fussy," she answered, with her old teasing smile. "One would think nobody but yourselves had ever donned a sensible uniform of steel clad Galatea, duck, or linen. But the younger folk, Miss Canada in the home, or on the fruit farm, earning herself a lovely holiday, or Miss Canada on said holiday in the hills, or on the water listening to the song her paddle sings, or in camp, or shop, or factory, takes to it as a duck to water, and looks pretty as a peach. The end of the war will not end this fashion. Woman, by that time, will be permanently cured of the foolishness of working in skirts, which hamper her movements and hinder her activity. In adopting it, she had as a strong moral support the fact that she was urged thereto by patriotism, but she will continue it by way of pleasing herself. Right and proper, too. Our splendid working women should look the part; shed their finery. It is moulting time for them."

"There," with a laugh, "I've told you all I know about overalls. And here goes a bit of personal experience besides. They give such a sense of freedom that I, for one, can do as much work in a day while wearing them as I could do in double the time in the old dress, clinging petticoat, skirt and apron."

Patriotic Girls, Take Notice

THE Canadian Girl has come to the point of wearing overalls, but not of being proud of them. This is because people have not gotten used to seeing her in them. Two munition workers boarded a King Street car last week. Both wore khaki uniforms as became volunteers doing their bit. They were objects of curiosity, no, of interest to the other passengers. Yet how well and competent they looked, one in a suit made after the mode of the Oliver Twist "Garibaldi waist" and trousers for little boys with a scarlet tie and brown boots laced high; the other in a jacket with wide belt, very full pants gathered into a band at the ankle with cap and low shoes of the same khaki shade.

"The idea!" gasped the dear old lady in black satin, suspending her vigorous knitting long enough to look them over, "I never thought I'd live to see girls decked out in men's clothes right in public, bold as you please, dear me!" The old man beside her leaned over to whisper: "Nor I to see you knittin' on a street car, ma, it ain't like you, somehow!" "Its for my country, pa," she reminded him with some reproach. "So is the other. You should be shakin' hands with them two lassies, seeing all you women are in this fight for as far as you can go. The knittin' in public is your limit, ma, and if them brave bold youngsters outdistance you, just cry: 'Good for YOU!' and cheer 'em on." Which advice will apply to more people than "ma."

Had I been ever so prejudiced against the wearing of overalls by women I would have been converted from the error of my way before a certain band of college girls had finished picking the first thousand baskets of peaches out Grimsby way. "Watch me!" the daring things in navy bloomers would call as they climbed out on limbs where the fruit hung thickest, or up to the top where every peach turned a red cheek to the sun. "We gather them gently as a gardener his roses." They did, too. I was proud of the way they worked. and of them.

Beauty and Service

CANADIAN women are slow in adopting a new and striking style, but once they do they go far into it. They have borrowed this one from their busy sisters in the old world, and in some ways have improved on it. Until lately, dainty summer overalls for holidaying in were undreamed of, but now milady packs them among her other finery as a matter of course. "Excuse my suit," laughed a bloomer-clad housekeeper as a motor load of friends called to say "Howdy?" I'm canning pumpkin for our winter pies, and find this so safe and handy. Besides it saves heaps of washing, which means something with help impossible to procure."

I was gathering a basket of apples in a York County orchard the other evening, when the farmer's daughter came down the lane toward the pasture. She wore bloomers of Dutch blue, and had the appearance at a distance of a slim boy. She carried a big tin pail in each hand.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" carolled the youth from the farm farther on—the one with the silo and new porch—as he met her.

"I'm going milking, sir, she said," sang the girl back at him, adding: "And don't you dare go on to ask about my fortune, for with all the fuss about income tax, I'm scared stiff the Government will find out what a Capitalist I'm becoming with my berry patch and thrift garden. How do you like me in this rig, sir?"

I didn't hear his answer, he spoke low, but it couldn't have been what she expected, for she cried: "Ninny!" with a little laugh like a song, and the two of them went along the pasture lane together with birds chirping sleepily in the splendour of leaf and vine, and the katydids contradicting each other in the grasses everywhere. It's a great old world, and women perhaps the greatest force in it. Who knows?

AN ARMY OF SAVERS

(*Continued from page 25*)

A good basis for soups—those pots of spinach or potato water.

Then the little bits of vegetable leftovers—a spoonful of peas or beans, a couple of little carrots—we can add them. And such a little bit of last night's meat—not enough even for rissoles—but plenty for flavouring! Easy to add a little barley or rice or sago—if there was not a little of the luncheon macaroni left. A spoonful of mixed dried vegetables will complete a delicious soup at any time and on shortest notice. Oh, yes, we must put the stockpot of our grandmothers back in our modern stoves!

Those Valuable Fats

"MY biscuits made with carefully rendered chicken fat, with sometimes a bit of bacon fat, are as popular as anything served at our church entertainments. I didn't use to tell my recipe when they asked me. But now we are all proud of our war-time economies, and I have told all the members of my Sewing Society and the girls who get up the suppers our Young People's Society serves every week for the Red Cross, how I've been trying out all the fats that come with my meats. I just let them simmer over a very slow heat till there is nothing but a sort of tissue left unmelted. Then I strain them into separate little jars or honey pails. Pork, fowl and beef fats make excellent shortening and, of course, roasting fats. The mutton-fat I keep separately and just use it for cooking mutton because it spoils other flavours. And if I get too big a surplus and some fats that are not fine and sweet enough for cooking, I make soap by boiling them up with a little lye."

A Fearful Waste

Tons of beef and mutton and fowl and milk, and millions of eggs are wasted yearly by housewives who serve veal and lamb and broilers!

Why? Because we women have not thought it out! We have not realized that the calves or lambs or young chickens that are killed to fill those orders of ours, would become cows and sheep, producing milk, or great quantities of beef, (or giving us mutton), and hens that would lay eggs and eventually give us several pounds of good boiling fowl!

We must look a little further than the butcher's list of offerings, a list that has been made up to fill our own demands!

Skim Milk of Value

SKIM milk contains a great deal of the nutriment of whole milk, and is splendid food. It makes soups and sauces that are both cheap and good and should be much more used than it is. It is a real body builder for the growing child. Its average cost is 5 cents a quart—the concluding argument in its favour.

The English Bread Board

THERE is something delightfully homey and generous-seeming in the English fashion of cutting the bread at the table, just as it is required. By all means, let us adopt the habit, and have plenty without waste. And if we have stale bread on our hands, let us see that *not one crumb* of it is wasted! It will make a delicious pudding, with milk, an egg, and a little jam; or with one or two well-beaten eggs and some cheese, you can make a most tempting and satisfying souffle. Dried, rolled fine and bottled, you have crumbs for rolling cutlets, etc., or to use in a meat or fish or nut loaf. The main thing is, *not one crumb must escape.* Every grain of wheat must help us in our "Win the War" housekeeping.

Wheat Tempered with Discretion

WE still believe we should have our white bread in Canada—within reason. We are willing to supplement it with whole wheat, graham or corn bread, oatmeal cakes, bran muffins, etc.—always with our eye on the 1/6 wheat that must be saved! And the various wheat products—they will help us give variety to our menus. Restricting some foods will throw us more on others but we must avoid monotony—we must make our families *like* our Win-the-War meals.

Flavours and Seasonings

"PALATE-TICKLERS," they were called at cooking-school. That means something. The pudding that is so nourishing it forgets to be attractive to the eye and the taste, misses half its mission in life. A few raisins or chips of candied peel, a spoonful of lemon, orange or almond extract, will give it an *excuse* as well as a *reason* for existing. A sauce to which is added a few strips of lemon or orange rind, a stick or two of cinnamon, a sprinkling of nutmeg or a spoonful of Mapleine, will make the most sensible pudding in the world as popular as the sort of love-in-a-mist concoction that in pre-war days called for 5 egg-whites, gelatin, whipped cream and lady-fingers—with a mareschino cherry perched on top!

And the salt that giveth savour, and the pepper, and the dash—oh, just the merest, Frenchiest *suspicion* of a dash—of onion, and the delicious hint of celery flavour (those celery leaves will dry so easily) and the sprinkling of dried parsley—these are the things that make a chef out of a cook!

THE PUBLIC SERVANT WHO PAYS YOU

By HELEN WARD

ON a bright morning in midsummer Mrs. Gladwin was busy with her flowers, the while humming a gay little tune.

Every line of her plump figure, every movement of her pretty hands suggested capability, energy and decision; and her face was as bright as the day.

In her fifty years of life Mrs. Gladwin had had many a wrestle with misfortune, and, having won the spoils of victory in a wide and varied experience, she now had a sure, serene strength for the conflict and a helpful word for any in need.

But the sharp, insistent ring of the bell broke in on her song and caused her to hurry into the house.

"Oh, Mrs. Gladwin, please lend me a quarter. Something dreadful has happened, and there isn't a cent in the house."

"What's the matter, Alice? Sit down a minute while I get my purse." Alice Lane sank down on the hall chair and dropped her head into her hands.

"Oh," she moaned, "however did it happen? And now we've got nothing until next quarter, and we'll have to do with bread and water, and Suzanne can't have the silk dress, and mine was to be the same, but a different color. The lock was old, and I don't know what we are going to do. Just think, the whole two hundred and fifty!"

Mrs. Gladwin shook her with one hand and held up the quarter in the other.

"Now, tell me in three words just what has happened and what you want with twenty-five cents."

"Burglars and to pay the express man," was Alice's very lucid explanation.

"Well," Mrs. Gladwin commented, "burglars won't wait, and expressmen can't wait. Come on home."

"Oh, Mrs. Gladwin, lend me a quarter. Something dreadful has happened, and I haven't a cent in the house"

TAKING Alice by the arm, she crossed the quiet street and entered the tiny house of the two not-as-young-as-they-once-were sisters, to find it a scene of unwonted confusion.

A policeman was just coming in the back way.

"Here's some papers and a jewel case, but I guess the money's gone all right. I found these in the lane. I s'pose they're yours?"

"Yes," said the younger sister, taking them, "they're ours. But the money—oh, the money! It's all we had to live on for three months. Don't you think you can get the thief before he spends it all?"

"We'll do the best we can, lady, but you shouldn't keep so much in the house—and with such locks!" and the representative of the law took himself and his protecting presence off, calling over his shoulder as he turned into the street, "We'll let you know if we nab the light-fingered party."

"The detective was here, too," Alice volunteered, "but he went after he looked over the house."

"Well," said Mrs. Gladwin, "I guess you two had better lock up and come home with me, and we'll talk this thing over with a cup of tea. That's better than tears."

Mrs. Gladwin believed in practical sympathy as the most efficient "first aid" to the injured.

"What shall we do if they don't get the money back?" Suzanne sighed, as she put a second lump of sugar into her tea.

"Now," asked Mrs. Gladwin, "whatever were you doing with all that money in the house?"

ALICE hung her head. "That's what the detective wanted to know, but we always do keep our money in the house. Such a time as we've had! He's been asking questions for the last hour, and he says we'll have to swear to all we told him; and half the time he didn't seem to believe us. I think he might have had more consideration for two unprotected women."

"Don't mind him. He's trying to move the strong arm of the law to protect you, Alice. But how did it happen?"

"I suppose—at least, the detective supposes—that a man must have been watching me when I got that money out of the bank. You know, we get our allowance through the bank every three months. I do hate going for it, but Suzanne won't. And I looked all around before I turned my back and slipped it into my stocking. That's a safe place, I'm sure. But I hate banks. I always get so confused in them."

"But why," asked Mrs. Gladwin with a smile, "didn't you go into the little office, which is for the convenience of ladies, and put your money away in comfort and peace?"

"I—I don't know," said Alice, "and I don't think I'd like to make so free in the bank. They mightn't like it, you know."

"It appears to me," Mrs. Gladwin said, with her dimple showing, "that you have a wrong idea of banks. You don't seem to understand that the bank is anxious to serve you, that that is their business. If it were not, do you think they would advertise so that you would know about them, and that *they* would pay *you* for the use of your money? They are in business just the same as a grocer or dry goods merchant, and each bank is just as anxious to have you go to them as a grocer or baker could be. They pay you interest, which is only another way of saying that they pay you to let them use your money."

"I never thought about it in that way," said Alice.

"And," broke in Suzanne, "it sounds reasonable, when you think of it. I never would go to the bank, but now that you've explained it, I believe I'd like to. I always felt that we were giving them so much trouble, and I was afraid that they wouldn't like it. I thought a woman looked out of place in a bank. My dear father used to say, 'Ladies have no business with business.'"

MRS. GLADWIN'S eyes twinkled. "I wouldn't say a word against your father, but nowadays women have to take part in business affairs, whether they like it or not; and people are beginning to see that it is easier for their daughters if they know something about it."

Alice looked down. "Papa never expected us to come to this. When he was living, both Suzanne and I had prospects—"

"I know, dear, but I, who married and married well, was left a widow with two children to care for before I was five and twenty. Never mind that now. I suppose the man followed to see where you lived. I wish, Alice, you would try my plan and open a savings bank account."

"But," protested Alice, "Suzanne and I need every cent of our allowance to live!"

"That two hundred and fifty has to last you three months, doesn't it? And I suppose you have some of it when it gets near the end of the quarter, don't you?" asked Mrs. Gladwin, with a little snap in her voice. "You don't spend it all at once, do you?"

"OH, no!"—Alice was dismayed. "We couldn't do that, you know."

"And," went on Mrs. Gladwin, "where do you keep it? Under the mattress, I suppose?"

"Ye-es," sobbed Alice; "that seemed the best place."

"And," pursued Mrs. Gladwin, relentlessly, "I'll wager a doughnut that that was the only place the burglar looked!"

"I—I guess so," wailed Suzanne. "But where would you keep it?"

"In the bank, of course, and get some little interest on it," was Mrs. Gladwin's rejoinder. "With only you two, you should be able to leave something in the bank every month and not spend every cent. I don't like this 'hand-to-mouth' way of living."

"But," Alice wanted to know, "how can we save anything, with everything so dear?"

"That's exactly why you should spend less, because everything *is* high and because everything will be higher. You can count on that. What would you do if one of you were to be taken ill and be laid up, or meet with an accident and have to go to the hospital?"

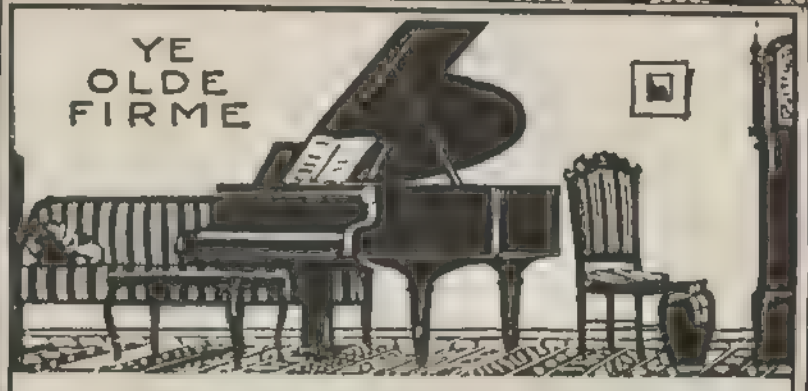
"Oh! don't talk of such dreadful things!" cried Suzanne with another sob.

"There isn't any reason why illness and accident should pass you by any more than any one else." Mrs. Gladwin's frugal soul had long been exorcised over the short-sightedness of her neighbors, but she did not believe in interfering unless she were sure of doing some good. Now she recognized her opportunity and was not slow in making the most of it.

"I am only advising you to do what I am doing myself."

"I don't see how you ever managed to save as you have," said Alice.

(Concluded on page 38)



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HOW I SUCCEED AS A CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINER

By LOUISE GUNTON ROYSTON

ANY girl or woman who loves children, and has a room in which to entertain them, may follow this interesting occupation with the same degree of success that I have met. There are scores of ways of affording amusement for children, ways in which they may at the same time be gaining instruction in various forms that will be of value to them later.

One who wishes to go into the work seriously should have cards printed in the following manner:

MISS BRIGHTON WITHEY,
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Hours: 9 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m.
Address, 240 Hope Avenue.

These cards should be delivered personally in homes of moderate means where there are children of the right ages. I have found it the best plan to take children from four to eight years of age, sometimes forming classes of tiny tots from two to four, and at others children from eight to twelve, according to the plan of entertainment I have arranged. Small children may be taken for two or three hours at a time, while the mother goes shopping, rests, or attends to special home duties requiring her undivided attention.

Become acquainted with mothers, as then they are more likely to send their children than they would be if you are a total stranger. If the children like you, they are a powerful means of increasing your business. Women who belong to clubs and societies will be interested in your cards, as will also ministers, who will hail with delight an opportunity of aiding their church members to find time for church work. Experience has taught me that Saturdays and Mondays are the best days, as all women who do their own work will appreciate.

The Story-Telling Hour

Do not provide the same amusement every day, but have a variety. Make each child feel at home. Do not make the mistake of fondling the sweetest, or caring for one more than another, and do not make the mistake of charging too much for admission. I have found it best to charge 5 cents an hour for each child, which any mother will feel she can pay, and to let each child pay every day to avoid having to keep accounts. When it is taken into consideration that 10 or 15 children may be entertained at one time as easily as one, you can see that the work will pay.

INCLUDED in your studio equipment you will need a supply of little chairs or camp stools for use in your story-telling classes, and several small tables for the children to use in playing games. For children who like to cut paper save the pictures from magazines, or save the magazines, and allow them to cut out the pictures and paste them in book form tablets, or let them cut out exterior views of houses, churches, factories, etc., of related sizes, and paste them on small blocks of wood. They can arrange them on a table or on the floor to form the streets of a town. Flower and seed catalogues will give plenty of foliage with which to beautify the town. Automobiles and people on blocks will supply the life of the town streets. Give the children an idea of arranging rooms, parties, gardens, schools, and the like, and thus teach them that much is to be derived from observation, and that there is everything in the arrangement of articles in a room.

Kindergarten cards to amuse very small children may be fashioned from coloured pictures. Put a piece of heavy white paper under the coloured picture and prick with a pin all around it. There will be an outline of the same thing on the white paper, and the design may then be sewed from hole to hole with a bright-coloured yarn or embroidery cotton. Coloured papers, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, and white, about five inches square, made for kindergarten cutting, cost about 15 cents a hundred sheets. Cheap red paper, unruled, may be used to draw on with coloured crayons. Slates and a blackboard have a fascination for the young. A piece of dark coloured table oilcloth fastened on the wall at a convenient height may be used in place of a blackboard. A few pieces of chalk and a damp cloth are the only other requirements. All children like to string beads. Large and small wooden beads in different colours may be strung on fine wires and bent in numerous queer shapes.

NUTS, seeds, leaves, and a box of wooden toothpicks may be utilized in making pretty things. Yellow and red kernels of corn, acorns, and flat, white squash and melon seeds are wonder-working stuff for making jewelled necklaces. The seeds will need to be soaked for an hour in warm water and dried between soft towels. A length of coarse linen thread and a short, thick needle are necessary for the stringing.

Making soap bubbles is great sport for children. The first thing to be considered is the preparation of the solution. Bubbles that will not burst in the blowing, but will float and roll about for some time, may be made by first dissolving a piece of common kitchen soap, about an inch square, in a pint of warm water. Shave it to make it dissolve quickly. Stir in a tablespoonful of gum arabic, and when it is dissolved add a teaspoonful of glycerine, and then a quart of cold water. Remove every particle of lather from the surface before using. Blow slowly and steadily and you can make very large and brilliant bubbles.

Story-telling arouses an indifferent child to affection, and conquers a hostile one. Success in this line is always proven by the delightful appreciation of the children. To make a success of this branch of entertaining, it is necessary to go about it systematically and with enthusiasm. You could call it the "Children's Story Hour." Fit your studio up in a fairy-like manner, and sometimes have older children dressed up to represent some of the characters. Give single readings or a series of readings by one author or on one subject. Study well the relating of the stories. You could devote two evenings a week to older girls and boys and charge 25 cents each. The libraries are full of good stories to read to children of all ages. Many magazines and newspapers have pages devoted exclusively to children. Cut out all the pictures, funny rhymes, and fairy tales that you think would please a child. Arrange them in scrap books, as near as possible to suit different ages, so that you can quickly turn to material suitable for any occasion. If you do not wish to buy a regulation scrap book, you could use any strong book that is the right size by first tearing out every other leaf, so as to give room for the insertion of the clippings and avoid unnecessary bulging out of the book. These home-made scrap books may be made attractive by putting a fancy cover on them.

Usually the reason why children read trashy books is because no older person is taking a real live interest in pointing the way to good books. Reading aloud is the best way to stimulate a desire for good reading. It is a mistake to read down

to a child. He may not understand all of a book or story, but he will catch the fire and spirit. It is surprising how much children will absorb from nature books that are read to them. They enjoy that which is strong. For out-door readings in summer, have a carpenter build a platform in a shady spot on the back lawn. Posts should be put up at intervals around which to train vines. Ferns and flowers will complete the decorations. The floor should be covered with matting, and little chairs and play tables will complete the furnishings.

Sand modelling is good for a side line in outdoor entertaining. Hollow toys may be bought for the purpose, but if you cannot purchase them where you live, have a carpenter make you some at a small cost. It is a good plan to have some coloured marbles, shells, and pebbles mixed through the sand for the children to discover as they dig. Some of the sand could also be coloured. Beet juice will make a beautiful shade of red or pink; a drop of blueing will produce light blue and navy, and a small amount of coffee will give yellow and brown.

Give the children a party occasionally. A simple and wholesome menu is always the wisest to serve to small children. It may include brown and white bread and butter sandwiches, creamed chicken or tiny slices of toast, and ices served with small iced cakes decorated with tiny coloured caraway seeds to represent flowers and animals. Boxes of bonbons in all sizes and shapes may be used. For very small children the feast should consist of delicately thin bread and butter, angel or sponge cake, and ice cream, moulded custard, served with whipped cream, and very milky cocoa for a drink.

Chopped chicken, devilled ham mixed with mayonnaise, peanut butter, cream cheese and chopped nuts are all good and digestible for older children. Small cakes are less trouble than one large cake, and are as well liked. They can be bought in a great variety, but it is an economy to make them at home. Any simple cake mixture may be baked in a thin sheet and cut into various shapes. Some pieces can be put together with a filling of icing and chopped nuts. Others can be iced in various colours; still others can be coated with thin icing and rolled in nuts. For very simple refreshments, serve hot chocolate and wafers during cold weather, and punch or ice cream and wafers during the warm weather. Sandwiches are in order for larger children.

FAMILY FINANCE—UNFRENZIED

(*Continued from page 24*)

brother has sold our vegetables to the cottagers and the hotel. We have made over thirteen dollars out of it so far, and have lots left yet.

Hay While the Sun Shines

"WE must make most of our money now, because we won't have so much chance in winter. Our sewing teacher is going to help us have a club and make up the materials we have bought—I guess with school that will keep us pretty busy until next spring. Then we are going to have a much bigger garden and we have a lot of the loveliest new plans.

"How much did we make?"

Here it is, on the Moneyed-Five Account Book.

	Cost	Returns
Garden	Our work & time	$13.45 (so far)
Weeding and picking strawberries for a local grower	Our work & time car fare $5.75	32 50
Candy Booth—Jap paper umbrella	.85	
Pop corn, butter and taffy for making pop corn balls	6.25	19.20
Taffy on a stick—Sugar, molasses, flavourings, sticks, etc.	4.45	7.05
Ice Cream—Freezer	4.50	103.20
Cream (bought at 50c. a quart from one of the girl's mothers	21.50	
Sugar	1.25	
Fruit	4.38	
Extras	1.05	
Ice	2.40	
	$52.38	$175.40

"In our two months holidays, we have cleared $123.02. Maybe that is not much for all the work five of us have done, but we have learned a lot about making money and spending it too.

"And all winter, there will be the fun of making up our own boxes of comforts to send to the front.

"It has certainly been the best summer we have ever spent."

Give Your Wife One

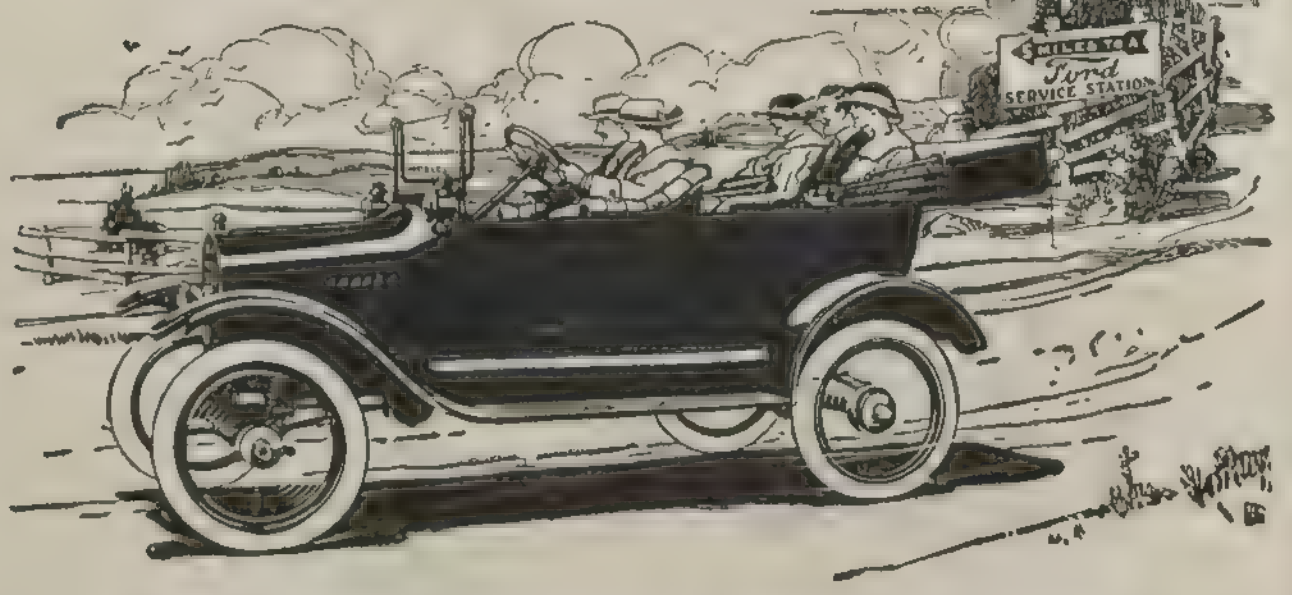
THOUSANDS of wives and daughters run their own Ford cars. They use them for shopping, calling, attending the theatre, taking the children for a run in the country or to school.

The Ford is as easy to operate as a kitchen range, no knowledge of mechanical details being necessary. Inexpensive to operate. A woman can call around town all afternoon, or take a 25-mile spin in the country, at the minimum of cost for gasoline, oil, wear on tires, etc.

You couldn't give "her" a present she would appreciate more than this beautiful, modern car, with its stream-line effect, tapered hood and crown fenders.

Ford

Runabout - $475	Town Car - $780
Touring - - 495	Sedan - - 890
Coupelet - - 695	*F.O.B. Ford, Ont.*



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Over 700 Ford Service Stations in Canada.

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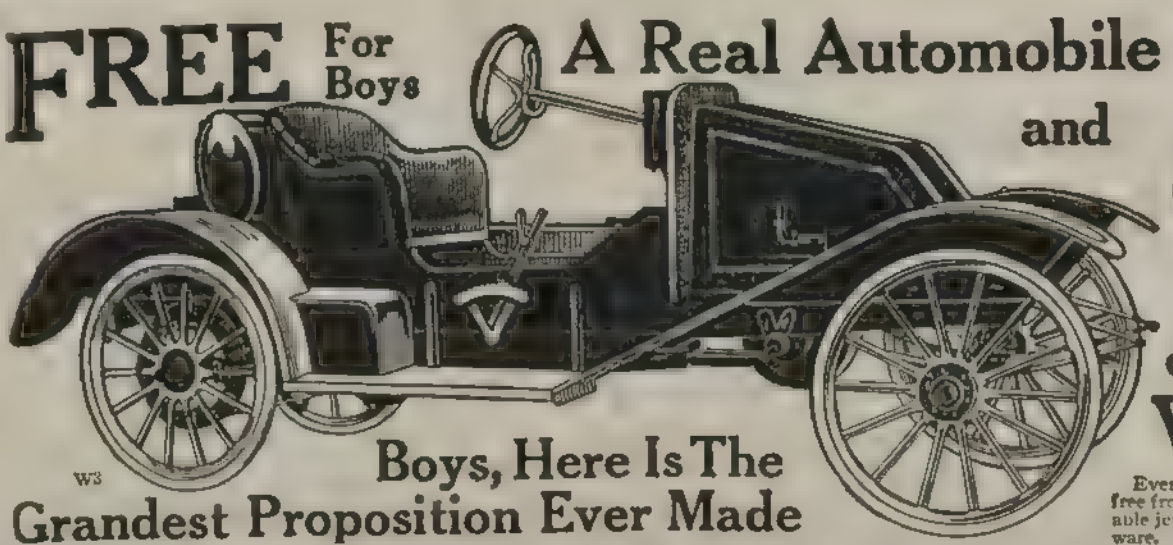

Boys, Here Is The Grandest Proposition Ever Made

W3

YOU can have this real 5 horse-power automobile with an air cooled 4 cycle gasoline engine that can't be beat. This is the Canadian boy's cycle car and it's yours free, besides a crackerjack guaranteed watch in the bargain.

If you have ever wanted an automobile, now is your chance to get one for nothing. This car is just big enough for one person. It is built exactly like the big autos on a small scale. It has artillery wheels and solid rubber tires, steering gear and wheel, two kinds of brakes, starting crank, upholstered seat, tool box, tools, cone clutch. It will run 75 miles on one gallon of gasoline. This is the real thing for the real live boy, and besides the great auto we are going to give you a dandy guaranteed watch that any boy would be proud to own.

If you think you are a live boy and not afraid to run a real auto mobile, just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for our new great household boon—CHINA-MEND—the world's greatest fixer of broken china. Saves housekeepers thousands of dollars annually by repairing expensive broken china, no matter how badly smashed. CHINA-MEND put up in handsome packages and sells like wildfire at 10 cents each. Every purchaser receives free from us a piece of valuable jewelery or silver-plated ware. You can't fail. If you do, you can return the goods to us and we will pay you for the work you have done. Our agents are earning stores of valuable premiums selling CHINA-MEND. We will send you post-paid and trust you with only **40 PACKAGES TO DISTRIBUTE AT 10c. A PACKAGE.** As soon as you have sold them return us $4 00 **YOU WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATELY AS A REWARD** for your work the magnificent watch, and the automobile is yours too without selling another cent's worth of goods, just by sending us the names and addresses of eight boys who will be our agents and earn our fine premiums too. **Send your name to-day to**

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Ready Flow

REGAL

FREE RUNNING

Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

170

WHY I LIKE CANADA

By ELLA G. HEMMINGS

An Englishwoman in the Canadian West

ONE of my chief reasons for liking Canada is because it is so unconventional. Mrs. Grundy occupies a very inferior position, compared to that which she holds in the Old Country, where people are all, more or less, her slaves; and among the first impressions one receives in this country is the delightful sense of freedom.

Another thing which is so pleasant to note is the spirit of friendship, the helping hand which is extended to all newcomers. I was agreeably surprised to find this air of good fellowship, as I had been given to understand that Canadians were inclined to ridicule those who came from the Mother Country; but, speaking from experience I can honestly say I have never met anything of the kind.

Another item much appreciated is that the housework is so very much easier, and I have learned many a lesson from my Canadian sisters which tends to lessen labour. I have a great respect for the Canadian woman as a housewife; she knows how to get the maximum of result out of the minimum of work, and, instead of dragging around all day, as we English are accustomed to do, she "gets through" and takes a few hours' recreation.

If a Canadian woman could take a peep into a typical English kitchen, she would exclaim, and not unreasonably, "Gee whiz! I should think you must *like* dusting!" There is the dresser loaded with things of which probably only one half are in use, and the remaining half seem to be there for the express purpose of making work. Here and there is a shelf filled with miscellaneous articles, underneath which hangs the inevitable row of jugs; a mantelpiece with tin and possibly brass candlesticks, piles up the total of unnecessary work, and by the time Mrs. Housewife or her maid has dusted that kitchen she could have spring-cleaned a sensibly sized room.

It is the same right through the house. The parlour, or drawing room as it is called, is crowded with bric-a-brac of all kinds; the piano is loaded with ornaments, the weight of which effectually deadens the sound of the instrument.

Now let us take a look into the bathroom. Horrors! The fittings are all of brass and must be cleaned daily, as the damp climate causes them to tarnish very quickly; thank heaven for the Canadian nickel plated fittings. Last, and by no means least, of the improvements in our household routine here, is the fact that we have no daily cleaning of doorsteps; one does not mind throwing down a few bucketsful of water or setting on the hose, but in England it means first washing and then whitening, in many cases, quite a flight of stone steps.

NOW there is something humiliating in going down on one's knees to clean steps; and although I belong to the modest order of people who do their own housework, I must confess that when living in the Old Country I have, on occasions, sneaked out at night to whiten steps under cover of the darkness! No, I am not proud! At least, not unduly so; but there is a difference in pride and self respect.

When I first contemplated emigrating to Canada, there were plenty of acquaintances of a pessimistic turn of mind, who were only too ready to tell me, "I should not like this," and "I should not like that." One man in particular, I remember, who with a most lugubrious air assured me that "the first winter would surely kill me, or at any rate ruin my constitution!" Needless to say, not one of these mistaken individuals had ever been far from their own homes. How I have laughed, since then, over their prophecies, and one lovely sunshiny day in the December of my first winter here, while taking a walk across the prairie, I gathered a pretty bunch of dried grasses and berries, which I afterwards tied up with a scarlet ribbon and, affixing a fancy card bearing the date, I sent it to the wife of the man who had predicted my early decease. I am told it was viewed with amazement and immediately given a conspicuous place on their dining room wall (more frippery) where, let us hope, in its modest way, it helped to dispel some of the erroneous ideas regarding "the dreadful Canadian winter!"

Perhaps one of the chief reasons why I like Canada is that I came here *intending* to like it. I came with an open mind, willing to be convinced that the different ways and customs which might at first strike me as strange were more suited to the requirements of this country than those which I had left behind me. In short, I intended to adapt myself to the new life, and as a result I find myself quite contented and much happier than those people who grumble at every little thing which is not to their liking and are constantly threatening to "go back." By-the-way, it is only a very small percentage of these grumblers who keep their word.

I know of one woman who made herself positively unhappy for weeks after her arrival, because she could not get some particular article of diet to which she was accustomed; this was the pivot on which all her grievances turned, and, on the strength of it, she would not allow herself to like anything! Then we have the people who expect too much of the country. They seem to imagine it a veritable El Dorado and that dollar bills are, metaphorically speaking, to be found growing on the trees, waiting to be plucked. Disillusionment quickly follows, and in many cases they wander around for a time, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, and failing this phenomenon, they return to the Old Country and proceed to give Canada a bad name, quite unconscious that the fault lies with themselves.

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The big wash—and the little wash too!—can now be done in the mornings, with the Connor Ball-Bearing Washer. The

Connor Ball-Bearing Washer

washes the clothes to snowy whiteness; does away with the old hard rubbing and makes your clothes wear just twice as long.

This washer works on a set of perfected ball bearings, and two motor springs reverse the motion of the tub as it is swung from side to side. This gentle motion forces the hot suds through every thread and fibre of the clothes leaving them thoroughly clean and beautifully white.

Stop washing one day and suffering six! Send to-day for illustrated booklet on the Connor Ball-Bearing Washer. We will also tell you how you can have one of our washers delivered to you—no matter where you live in Canada.

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MATRIMONY IN CANADA

A Letter by J. Gordon Henry

IN a recent issue of your magazine there was an article entitled "Frau Catching in Hun Land, or Marriage as they View it in the Land of Hate and Kultur." The writer of the above article, in common with most writers who are favorable to the cause of the Allies, seems to take a delight in deprecating the German methods and attitude toward marriage. I wish to state that I am not at all in sympathy with Germany in this war or her methods of carrying it on; quite the reverse is true. The fact that we are at war with Germany, however, does not need to blind us to any good points in her civilization, which might with advantage be adopted by ourselves.

It seems to me that we in Canada might learn a lesson from the German methods in regard to marriage without incorporating any of its sordidness. If it be true, as has often been declared, that a nation is great and righteous in proportion to the number of virtuous homes within its borders, then it must follow that the more homes we can found, the more marriages we can promote, the nation will be stronger and greater accordingly. Of course marriage and the home flourish in Canada, but not to the extent we would like to see. There are thousands of young men and women in Canada who should be married and are not because, perhaps, they feel they have never met their true mates, or one they cared for. Here is where a marriage bureau would come in, and properly conducted, such an institution is merely an acquaintanceship bureau. With the rush and hurry of modern life, especially in the cities, young people scarcely have a chance to get acquainted, and there must be acquaintanceship before there can be love which the writer of the article cited says is the standard in Canada. Think of the thousands of young men homesteading on our Western prairies, leading the most lonely kind of life. Think of the thousands of young women in Eastern Canada and the Mother Country, and there will be a much greater proportion after the war. Surely an institution which would help the sturdy young men of our western country to get a partner for life would be doing a good work.

In what better way could we help build up a great Empire and a great nation here in Canada than by such a mutual exchange. The time will come when the Government will take a more paternal interest in its citizens, and perhaps more closely supervise such institutions as marriage. Under the present system of taxation by tariff it is certainly to the advantage of the State to found the greatest number of homes, because it is evident that a married man with a family is a better citizen and contributes a great deal more in taxes than the bachelor. Again, if the British Israel theory is true, then among other things it is our God given right as descendants of the lost ten tribes to settle and inhabit the waste and desolate places of the earth and to increase and multiply as the sand of the sea.

So I would say, viewing the marriage question from all points, let the marriage bureaus or other agencies flourish in our land. Let the young men treat them seriously as any other business institution, and let the young women not be afraid of them, for just as true marriages may be made that way as any other. We cannot have too many true marriages in our dear Canada if we wish to become a great nation.

PRODUCTION AND THRIFT

WOMEN can begin on a campaign not for destructive measures, but on constructive lines. In their hands lies the problem of conserving the national food supply, which is as important as the problem of manufacturing a national munitions supply, for food as well as bullets is essential to successful warfare. If women at home are wasteful, are thriftless, just to that degree both the food and clothing supplies of the nation are depleted, and that much less for the use of soldier and sailor.

Few women realize their power as consumers, or know that they form 67 per cent. of the buying public. What they buy, how they buy and what they waste have an important effect on the markets in this country and on our relations with countries abroad. For instance, every purchase of a foreign made article works against our own balance of trade and increases the exportation of gold from this country, which is undesirable. When the housekeeper buys a tin of herring packed across the sea or olive oil from the Mediterranean, she is favoring foreign products against those of her own country.

If preparedness is also to be the share of women, then women will have to understand more intelligently the buying of food and household supplies. They will have to decide to prefer the products grown in this country to those that are imported. They will have to learn what are the crops in this country which must be husbanded, what foods are scarce, and thus purchase them wisely.

Every bit of household waste affects the total of national waste. The housewife can do her small share to help maintain an abundant market.

She can use vegetable or olive oils made in this country in preference to olive oil from abroad. She can encourage Canadian farmers to grow foodstuffs which are generally imported, like lentils, which before the war sold at 8 cents per pound, but which now bring 29 cents at retail. Yet no encouragement is given to the small group of growers who are attempting lentil culture. She can become better informed on buying so as not to unsettle the home market by sporadic purchasing. She can learn how to utilize much of what she now throws away and by so doing increase supplies for others.

The warring governments abroad are enlisting the help of the housewife, showing her how to make cheaper bread, and how to utilize every scrap, even potato parings. Why shall not the housewife here assist our Government in its deeper preparedness by thrift, better buying and greater economy in household management?

—L. T. D.

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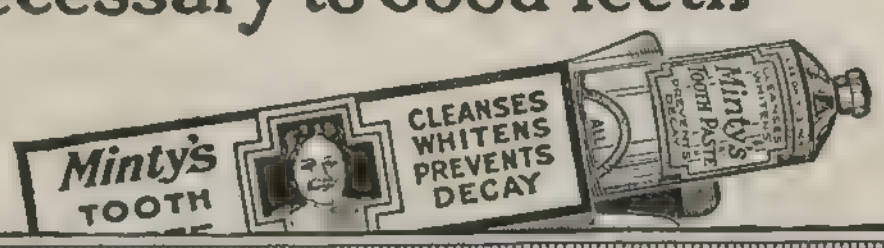
Minty's Tooth Paste

because it's "Necessary to Good Teeth"



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The only liniment which has ever received a medal, awarded for strength, purity and healing qualities superior to any other liniment throughout the world.

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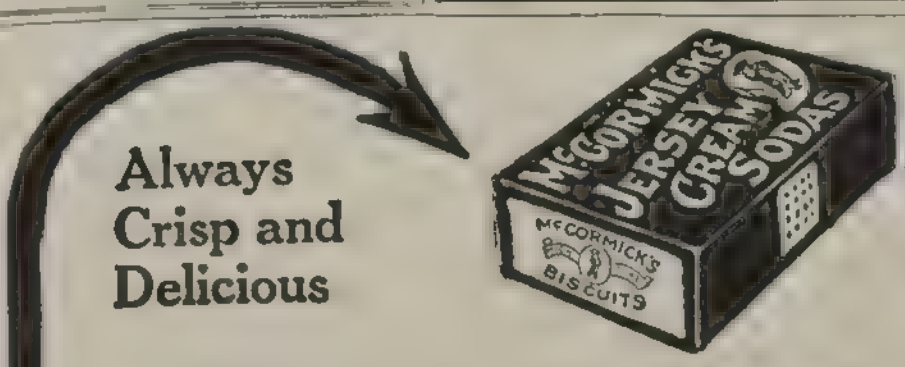

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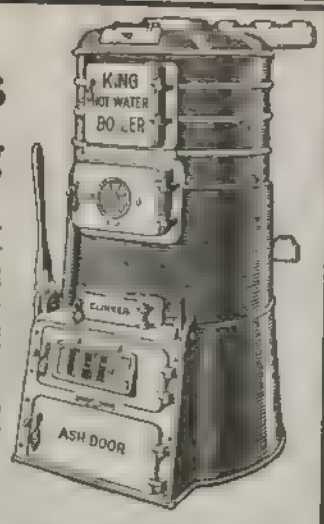

Old fashioned heating methods are *expensive, unsanitary,* and *unsatisfactory.* Stoves and hot air furnaces are being abandoned. Real Estate men find it hard to sell houses that have not hot water heating because people will no longer put up with the inconvenience and inefficiency of old methods. If your house does not have Hot Water Heating, it will pay you in *Health, Comfort* and in *Money* to take out the old and put in the newer and better kind.

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This tiny bottle holds an almost magic fluid. A genius in Cincinnati discovered this ether compound and named it freezone. Small bottles of freezone like here shown can be had at any drug store for a few cents. Don't limp or twist your face, but get a bottle of freezone and apply a few drops on your tender, aching corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you can lift it off with the fingers.

Just think! You get rid of a hard corn, soft corn or a corn between the toes, as well as hardened calluses without suffering one particle. Freezone is magic!

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BENGER'S Food

is in great demand for Civil, Military, and Red Cross Hospitals, and in Convalescent and Nursing Institutions.

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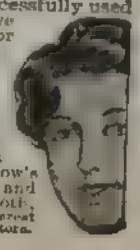

THE PUBLIC SERVANT WHO PAYS YOU

(*Continued from page 33*)

"By always spending a little less than our income," retorted Mrs. Gladwin; "and I can assure you that it means just the difference between an easy mind and a constant fear of what may happen."

"But how do you manage?" asked Suzanne, who had always been a little curious about her neighbor's affairs.

I make it a point to put aside a certain sum regularly, and do without everything I cannot pay for, because I will not use this reserve fund. In your case you might have a joint account, so that if one should be absent or ill, the other could manage the business for both. I have two accounts, one for my reserve fund, and the other for current expenses. I pay my bills by cheque and keep only enough money in the house for small daily expenses. It is a comfort to feel that one's money is safe in the bank, but that is not all. A great financier once said that the bank 'is a servant that pays you for employing her.' It's true. I get interest at the rate of three per cent. annually on all money that lies in the bank a whole month. It may not amount to many dollars in the year, but it is just so much extra."

"Oh, Suzanne, aren't we stupid not to have been getting interest on our income all these years?" exclaimed Alice.

SUZANNE tossed her head. "Mr. Bertram thinks nothing of three per cent.," she retorted. "He gets us six and seven and more, but I'm sure I don't know how he does it."

"Better make sure, my dear," urged Mrs. Gladwin. "I know exactly where every dollar I have is invested and why. When my husband died, I went to the manager of the bank about the insurance money and told him exactly how all Tom's affairs were left, and he sent me to Mr. Sinclair, head of a firm which deals in securities which are safe and which yield a regular and sure return."

"But," gasped Alice, "I'd never have courage to go to the manager of a bank and trouble him with my private affairs."

Mrs. Gladwin laughed. "Why, wherever did you get that idea?" she asked. "Whenever I want any advice about money matters, I always go to the bank manager, and I've always found him ready and willing to help me in any way he can; and you can always rely on what he tells you. It's his business to know.

"When I went to Mr. Sinclair," she went on, "I took with me a lot of letters and circulars which came in in shoals directly after Tom's death, inviting me to take shares in all kinds of companies and promising to make my fortune in no time. Mr. Sinclair glanced over them, threw them all into the waste paper basket, and said, 'If you wish to get rich quick, it's useless to come to me, but if you will be content with moderate returns from your money and safety, I am at your service. As regularity of income is very important to you, I would advise you not to buy stocks at all. Good mortgages or bonds are better, as the interest on these must be paid, while directors of stock companies are not obliged to pay dividends at fixed times. Moreover, it is the stockholders who take the chief risk and who suffer first if the enterprise does not net a good profit. In the case of new businesses, of manufactures depending greatly on fashion, and in many other cases, the risk is great; certainly risks must be taken by some one if business is to go on. But the investor who cannot afford to lose has no right to take these risks; and, if you wish to speculate in stocks, I must ask you to go elsewhere, Mrs. Gladwin.'"

"How very rude of him!" murmured Suzanne. "Our lawyer, Mr. Bertram, says women investors are too timid and need encouraging."

MRS. GLADWIN went on, without taking any notice. "By Mr. Sinclair's advice, I put about half of my money into first mortgages—one on farm property, two on houses in the city—and with the remainder I bought municipal bonds. In other words, I have lent my money to three Canadian cities, to be paid back at the end of ten or twenty years, as the case may be, and while these cities continue to be able to raise taxes there is no danger of loss to me. In the meantime I get my interest to the day. Attached to each bond is a series of coupons, or little certificates, duly signed—one for each half year's interest, payable at a given date—and when that date comes, I have nothing to do but cut off my coupon and cash it at my bank."

"What a dreadful thing it would be to lose a bond like that!" exclaimed Alice.

"It surely would, for any one could use it or the coupons almost as easily as they could use money. But I don't keep my bonds or other valuable papers in the house. I rent a drawer in a safety deposit vault in a bank down-town. It costs me less than five dollars a year and saves me endless anxiety and worry, besides possible loss. I have my own key to the drawer, and no one is allowed to go to it except myself and one other person, who may go only in case of an accident to me or illness. The vault is proof against both burglars and fire."

"Suzanne," said Alice, "we must rent one of these drawers as soon as we get any money."

"And this afternoon," returned Suzanne, "we'll go and stop Mr. Bertram from taking those shares for us in the Cuban Land Company. It'll be a good excuse that we need the money to live on until our next allowance is due."

"You need no excuse," said Mrs. Gladwin. "Speak plainly to Mr. Bertram and insist on knowing how matters stand."

"I suppose we ought to find out," sighed Alice, "but I am afraid he won't like it."

"We'll find out whether he likes it or not," said Suzanne, with spirit, upon which Mrs. Gladwin remarked cheerfully, "You may live to be thankful for the burglar's visit. We all need to be scared into better ways sometimes."

THE LATEST METHOD

of grafting skin over a severe burn or scald is by the Zam-Buk process. Zam-Buk contains herbal ingredients that literally grow new skin. How much safer, simpler and cheaper than the old method, which was by surgery!

Mrs. George Currie, of 194 Waterloo Ave., Guelph, Ont., writes: "My baby sustained a very severe burn, and although he received medical attention for eight weeks, he got very little better. Finally the doctor told me that skin would have to be grafted.

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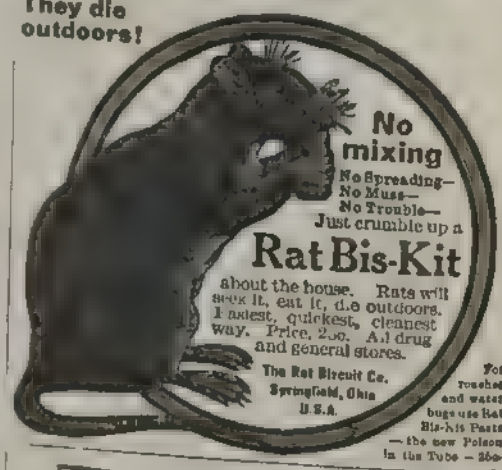
Zam-Buk is equally good for cuts and bruises, as well as for eczema, old sores, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

They die outdoors!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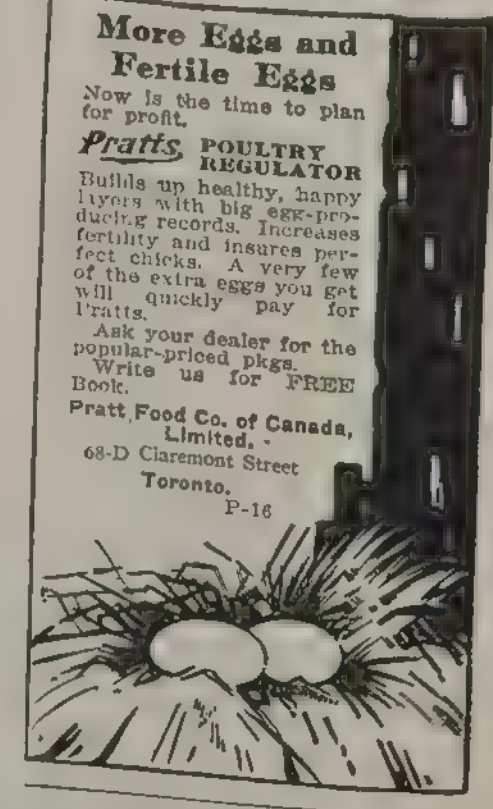


You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

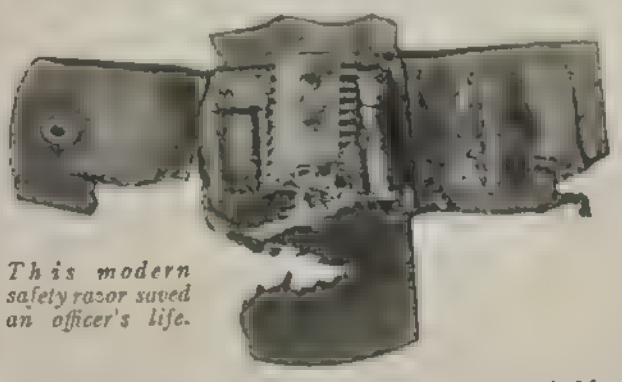
Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

IN THE AMAZING WORLD OF DISCOVERY

SAVING SOLDIERS' LIVES

Accidents That Are Proving the Value of Armour Plate as Protection Against Bullets

WHEN Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous English author, seriously suggested that the English soldiers wear a breast armour, or at least a plate of tempered steel over the heart, many people laughed at the idea and made remarks about reverting to the days of knights in armour. But it was a good and sensible suggestion, nevertheless, and one which many soldiers, both officers and men, have personally adopted.



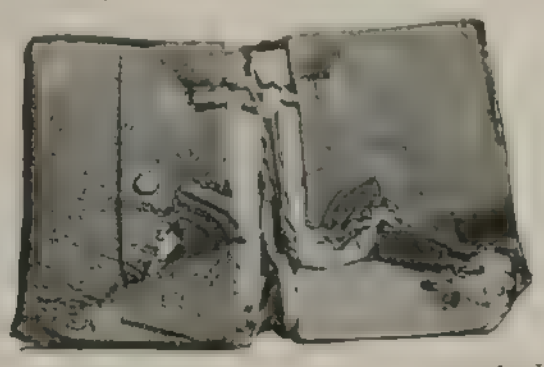
This modern safety razor saved an officer's life.

Sir Arthur based this suggestion on the remarkably large number of soldiers whose lives have been saved during the present war by queer objects in the breast pockets of their coats, over the heart. There is no means of knowing how many lives have thus been saved, but there are thousands who cherish some battered object and exhibit it with the remark, "It saved my life."

Soldiers on all fronts have the same experience, and prisoners in camps as well as their guards exchange stories of their pet "life-saver."

One officer carried a modern safety razor in his breast pocket, one of the sort that comes apart and fits flat in a thin leather case. Leading a charge one day he was knocked down by the force of a bullet, but scrambled up again and went on. After the charge he discovered the hole in his pocket, took out his safety razor and found a bullet half split and impaled on one end of the blade guard.

An identification card, some Bank of England notes, a letter from the folks at home and a letter from "her," encased in a double folding morocco wallet, saved a young subaltern's life. He was down on all fours leading some men through the dark to cut wire entanglements. An illuminating bomb lighted the field, there came a volley from enemy rapid fire guns and one bullet



A letter from home and some Bank of England notes stopped the bullet meant for the subaltern who carried this card case.

struck this wallet in the corner and stuck inside. Without the wallet it would have doubtless torn straight through the young chap's body. Now his folks have it at home and he has a thicker and heavier purse than ever in his breast pocket.

More like the steel plate over the heart which Sir Conan Doyle advises the soldiers to wear, is a form of card case made of metal and covered with leather. An officer in the "Queen's Own" carried such a card case. A bullet struck it and glanced harmlessly off, leaving only a hole in the coat and leather and a dent in the metal side of the case.

How many good watches have been spoiled by bullets—and good lives thereby saved—will not be known. Some time ago there was an objection to the men wearing wrist watches since a bullet which would otherwise go through the wrist leaving only a clean hole easily cured, would, on striking the watch, frequently cause a loss of the hand. But the watch in the coat pocket, firmly held against the body, will stop the most vicious bullet with no more than a painful jolt to the owner. Of course this watch will never run again, but better stop a watch than a human heart.

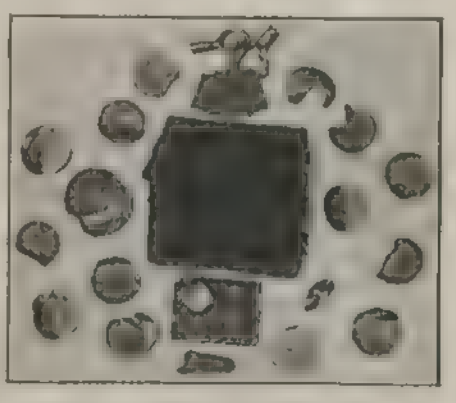
Twenty-three cents isn't much of a price to pay to save your life. One soldier is alive to-day because he had twenty-three cents in his little flat coin purse in his breast pocket. A bullet pierced a coin and inflicted a painful wound in the breast, but the coin so deadened the speed that the bullet did not penetrate to the heart. Key tags, metal identification tags, such as things, such as match and various pocket knives, and metal cigarette cases have been the means of stopping bullets and saving lives. A French soldier picked up a scrap of steel from a wrecked Zeppelin and carried it in his pocket as a souvenir. The very next day this kindly souvenir stopped a German bullet and saved his life.

The watch that stopped a vicious bullet.

ALFALFA AS FLOUR, TEA, COFFEE, SYRUP

THE World and his Wife have long known that alfalfa honey is the best in the world, so it is not surprising that it also produces a good syrup. But the making of flour, tea and coffee from the leaves is a bona-fide discovery that will greatly increase our food resources. Council Bluffs, Iowa, is the scene of the experiments by which Mr. Rich has produced these wonderful results. He has found that the different uses require different treatments in the growing, cutting, and curing of the plant. Established flour mills cannot be adapted to the manufacturing of the produce.

Alfalfa flour has a greenish tint, which can be bleached out if white is desired. It is not best to use it alone, but blended with wheat flour about half and half makes an excellent bread, nourishing and pleasing to the taste as well as being highly medicinal in some cases.



Coins carried in purse in breast pocket saved a life.

Cakes, cookies, and crackers are as great a success as the bread, and are no longer in the experiment stage. The baked leaves of alfalfa make a coffee possessing the taste and all the tonic and nourishing properties of the coffee bean without its injurious elements. Tea is made from a selected leaf, carefully cured and dried, and put through a special preparation. Extracts are made for flavouring candy, pop and soda water drinks.

MAKING SOLDIERS INTO CITIZENS

Beating Their Swords Into Ploughshares

IT is a long way from the battle-fields of France and Flanders to a farm house in New Ontario, but twenty-eight returned soldiers are now being trained in the Government Demonstration Farm at Monteith, where Mr. W. G. Nixon, B.S.A., an expert in all lines of farming, is training these men in agriculture, animal husbandry, and all the branches of practical farming to fit them for their own farms at Kapuskasing, about 70 miles west of Cochrane. It is one of the ironies of warfare that the interned aliens, who would have fought against us had they been free, have had to make the roads in this new country for the soldier who has fought Germany in Europe. This saves a great deal of the heavy preparation work that is usually so trying to the pioneer. The soldiers are quite satisfied with the arrangements under which they go to the soldier colony. The Government gives them a lot, clears 10 acres, loans them $2,000 at 6 per cent. for twenty years, with which they are to purchase necessary equipment and stock, and erect suitable dwellings on each homestead. The township will be run on the community plan, with Major Thomas Kennedy in charge of the colony buildings, and giving general supervision to the district. As more men wish to farm, the colony will be extended or new ones formed, and all is being done to transfer the pleasures of social live to the rural community. At Monteith the temporary home for the soldiers is made comfortable and attractive, with recreation rooms, where they have books, music, billiards, and other games. The bedrooms are equally

A war veteran who finds profit and recreation raising poultry.

comfortable. The men take a great interest in practical work; the science of agriculture is not taught except incidentally. Horrors of war seem to be forgotten as they are absorbed in learning their new duties of growing grain, building fences, tending cattle, judging horses, and the many lines of farming. That some men at least will be able to tear themselves away from the life of the city has already been proven, as these men go happily about their work. When their course at the Demonstration Farm is completed the men, with their wives and families, will be transferred to the new colony, to carry out for their own profit what they have been learning at the farm. British soldiers and sailors are also to be sent to settle on Canadian land, according to the report signed recently by Lord Tennyson and the majority of the members of the Empire Committee, including Col. E. Reid, Agent-General for Ontario, and Bruce Walker.

We are gradually discovering that wounded soldiers can earn good livings. These chaps are learning carpentering at the Grey Nunnery, Montreal.

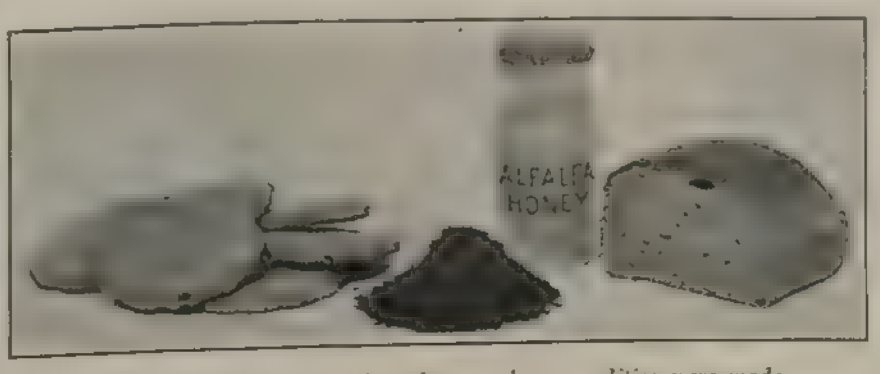
WOMAN'S INVENTIVE GENIUS

MISS EDITH O. MACDONALD has discovered that the colouring matter of brown maple leaves makes an excellent brown dye for wool and silk, that is fast to washing and sunlight.

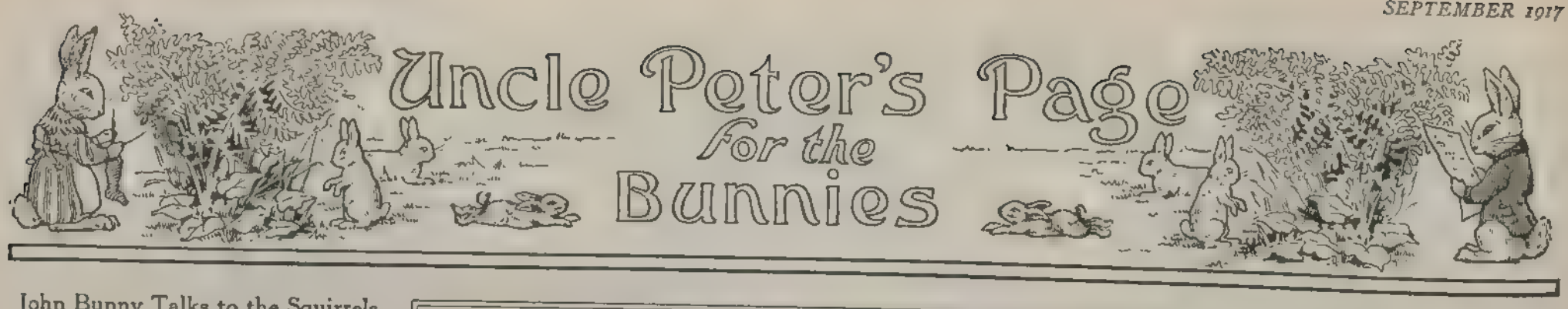
A sanitary drinking cup, formed of a single piece of thin metal with rounded edges, and a projection that forms a handle, has been invented by Elinor C. Walsh.

Eugenia W. King has invented a Thread Cutting Thimble, which has a lip punched up from its body with a short thread-cutting edge facing, and is slightly inclined toward the closed end so as to form an uninterrupted continuation of the said edge.

A simple Spool Protection for keeping the thread clean and to prevent waste by unrolling is the invention of Jane White. An elastic band rests on the bevelled edge and has an eyelet through which the thread is drawn



Who would believe that these four good commodities were made from alfalfa? They were.



John Bunny Talks to the Squirrels About Thrift

MR. TIM SQUIRREL opened his bright beady eyes, and looked around him. It was certainly morning, and time to be busy this bright September day. Waking the family was only the work of a minute. They were soon ready for breakfast. Then to work. "Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May," sang Mr. Tim Squirrel. "Whoever heard of gathering nuts in May?" objected Mrs. Tim. "Well, that's what the song says," replied Tim.

"If I gather two nuts every minute for five minutes, how many nuts shall I have?" asked Mr. Tim, addressing the family. "If you gather one nut a minute instead of talking so much it will be better for you," said Mrs. Tim severely. Mr. Tim laughed. A good-natured little fellow, Mr. Tim Squirrel.

Now the Squirrel family were just about as much alike as five peas in a pod, the biggest ones at one end of the row and the smallest at the other end. All their little bright eyes twinkled the same way, all their bushy tails were held just the same. "A good-looking family," thought John Bunny as he came through the wood, and saw them just ready to start out to work.

"Good morning, Tim, I'd like to tell you the tale of a squirrel," said John, "but I cannot." "Why not?" asked Tim.

"Because it's much too long," said John.

"Well, John, I would like you to talk to my family for a few minutes about providing for the future," said Tim. John agreed.

"Come down lower where you can hear me, Squirrelkins," said John, "and *listen*. All young Squirrels and Bunnies must learn this year that they must save. Jimmie Squirrel, you are eating a nut right now," said John, pointing to the smallest squirrel. "You must *not* eat nuts in the summer time. Nuts will keep, gather them now and keep them till the winter, when you will have nothing to eat but nuts and grain and other things that keep. Why, even the families of men and women, who walk on their hind legs and spend so much of their time making things which they can never possibly need, even THEY have learned that they must save this year. That is why we see so many green things planted this summer. They must have been frightened at the idea of having nothing to eat in the winter," said John, "or I don't think that they would have ever learned to save, as they haven't nearly so much sense as we have in some ways.

"Thank you, John, for talking to the children so nicely," said Mrs. Tim, "let me crack you a nut before you go."

John was vexed. "I'm surprised at you, Mrs. Tim Squirrel," said he, "How can you expect your family to learn to save unless you set them a good example. I would not think of eating a nut of yours now. Put it on one side as one more for the winter, and I will go and eat something that belongs to the summer time, and help in my little way to save the things that we shall all need when the winter comes round again." And John wagged his long ears very hard and started for home.

"John Bunny is a good fellow," said Mr. Tim, as he thoughtfully watched him going down the woodland path," and there is a lot of truth in what he says.

And Bunnies, Mr. Tim Squirrel was quite right.

Uncle Peter.

Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES,

Our drawing competitions seem to be just as well liked as they were at first, so we will have another one this month. The one we had in June was the best of all, and there were certainly some very nice drawings sent in. If you remember, Uncle Peter actually had to give two extra prizes as they were so good. I hope lots of you will go in for this month's competition, and be sure not to forget to try for Uncle Peter's Puzzle on page 28D.

As you will see, Bunnies, Uncle Peter has changed your page a little this month. Now you will have two stories instead of one, and this time you have a story in prose and a story in verse.

Each of these little stories teaches a lesson that all Bunnies should learn. Since the war started the prices of everything have been going higher and higher, because so many men are away from their work there is less made than there was, and it costs more to make. So you will see the lesson of the Squirrel Story is that we should save, not only for the winter, as they do, but also for the time to come when we may find ourselves short of many things we have now. The old saying "Waste not, Want not," is well worth remembering now.

And what is the lesson in our little story of the Country Mouse? Simply that it would be wiser for more of our Bunnies to stay in the country and build up their lives there instead of crowding into the cities. Living is a harder thing in the city than it is in the country, and you would be surprised to find out how much better off most of the Country Mice are than their friends are in the cities.

Another thing I would like you all to remember is that the Country Mice are much more important as a rule than the City Mice are ever likely to be. People in the cities could not get along at all without the people in the country, and Canada could not get along without them either. The food of the Nation is not provided in the cities, and grain and stock must be raised in the country or the world would starve.

And this year, my Bunnies, when so many brave men are away fighting for their country, the farms are not able to do their share in providing for the country's needs. Many of you know this very well, and I am sure that those of you who are fortunate enough to be living on farms, will be doing all you can to help.

Every little thing that you can do this year, and next year, and the year after, will not only be done for the farm, but it will be done for *Canada*. Every time you help to sow or to reap, to plant or to harvest, you are doing something for your country. Is it not a fine thought?

The time that is just coming will be a time of trial for Canada, as this year has been, and perhaps even more so. It will be a year when everyone of the 250,000 Bunnies, big and little, in the homes to which Uncle Peter's page goes, may each do something for Canada and for themselves. We shall not all have the same things to do, nor can we all do them in the same way, but we can each do our best.

All of you are a year older than you were when Uncle Peter started the Bunny Club last year. Next month will be the first anniversary of the Bunny Club, and I want you all to look back over the last twelve months, and to think of the great events which have been happening all over the world. Then ask yourselves, Bunnies, whether you have all done what you could for CANADA, for your parents, for your brothers and sisters, and for yourselves. I wonder what the answer will be!

Let us have a BIG 4 all of our own for the Bunny Club.

(1) Canada
(2) Our Parents
(3) Our Friends
(4) Ourselves.

and we will have a Bunny Club Motto all ready for next month to start our second year with. We will have it right at the top of the page. Watch for it, and start in right now to ask yourselves each day:

"What have I done to-day for the Big 4?"

GOLDEN RHYMES

FRANCE AND CANADA

FRANCE

See—a thousand—brave and strong,
Gallantly they march along,
Weary—yes, and hungry too
Noon time meal will soon be due.
LET THEM EAT!

CANADA

See—a thousand fields of grain
Fed by sunshine and by rain,
See—a million loaves of bread
Made, that brave men may be fed!
LET THEM EAT!

OURSELVES

Help to smooth their toilsome way
SAVE—*a little every day*,
Helping thus to save the BREAD
That our heroes may be fed!
LET THEM EAT!

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE

A butterfly flitted from flower to flower
And he passed a humble Bee
But the Bee scarce noticed the Butterfly
For he'd work to do, you see;
And the Butterfly said, "You slow old Bee
Don't you wish you were half as fine as me?"

Then the Bee looked up from his honey-cup
And his voice had quite a sting,
As he said "I work for the good of men
While you flit on painted wing.
The Lord made us both, so you must be some use
But I am a reason while you're an EXCUSE.

Moral

How cheap would honey be, if you please,
If all the butterflies turned into bees?

Competition

All the Bunnies seem to like the drawing competitions, so here is another one. Let us see which of you can send in the best drawing of a horse, in either pencil or ink. There will be six prizes given for the best six drawings according to age. Letters must reach Uncle Peter not later than October 20th, addressed Uncle Peter, The Bunny Club, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

And Bunnies, don't forget Uncle Peter's puzzle on page 28D.

How Country Mouse Came to the City

1

Listen, Bunnies, to this tale,
(It's an old one), for a minute,
If you listen properly
You will find a lesson in it.

2

Little Country Mouse was sad
Was not happy in his home
Thought he's like to go away,
Felt a great desire to roam.

3

Father Mouse and Mother Mouse
Told him he should be content,
But he would not listen, made
Up his mind, and off he went.

4

To the city then he came
Many City Mice he met,
Though they rushed from place to place
Very little they could get.

5

City Mouse became his friend,
Showed him many fancy things,
But he said, "The sight of these
Not a trace of pleasure brings."

6

"Look," said City Mouse, "around
At the glories of the city,
At the stores with windows bright,
Are they not all very pretty?"

7

Then he said, "Oh, City Mouse,
All the things you've shown me yet
Are *other people's property*,
None of them YOU seem to get.

8

Show me now what YOU have got
Stored up for a rainy day,
Things that are your very own,
Then perhaps I'd like to stay.

9

City Mouse could scarce reply,
Sadly then he hung his head
"Though I've worked from day to day
I have nothing much," he said.

10

Then said Country Mouse, "Good-bye,
This can be no place for me
Back I'll go where I can build
For a future sure," said he.

11

Country Mouse has built his nest,
Stored his grain, and takes his rest,
City Mouse, between his play,
Lives his life from day to day.

12

Bunnies, watch how Nature works
City gold is hard to gain,
City gold can never match
Country fields of golden grain.

13

Bunnies, Country Mouse is building
For the future, don't you see.
Country Mouse or City Mouse—
Which would you prefer to be?

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.

Uncle Peter.

Try Uncle Peter's Puzzle on page 28D

HYGIENOL
The Sterilized
POWDER PUFF

The Finest Quality Lamb's Wool
In Individual Envelopes
Four Popular Sizes
10c, 15c, 25c, 35c

At all best dealers or will be sent direct on receipt of price and 5c extra to cover postage.

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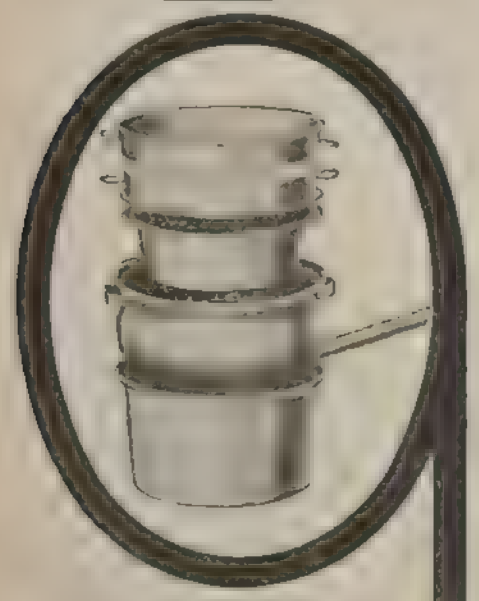
Importer of Famous Creme Simon and Societe Hygienique Toilet Products.

Look for Lamb's face in circle on all Hygienol Powder Puff Envelopes.



Put in Your Home for

50c

There are still a few of these **$17.75 Aluminum Cooking Outfits** in our stock which we will put in your home for examination for only 50c. This outfit includes the **large Combination Cooker illustrated above** which would cost you in individual pieces **$9.75.** It also includes one

3 pint Perky Teapot $3.00
and
12 pint Aluminum Teakettle - - $5.00

Examine your outfit thoroughly and work out all the possible combinations. If you like it send us $9.50 to complete payment in full for this big outfit. If you do not want it send it back to us at our expense.

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"Will outwear any ware"

EXAMINED Everywoman's World Experiment Kitchen ENDORSED

The Ware Manufacturing Company

Oakville, Ont.

The Ware Manufacturing Co.

Oakville - Ontario

Please send me, with full privileges of examination, your large Tea Kettle, Perky Teapot and Combination Cooking Set. Pay Post Office Clerk the three dollars and I will send you $9.50 in full payment if satisfactory or will return the set at your expense.

Name

Street Number

Town and Province

WOMEN AND THE LAND ARMY

(Continued from page 13)

City versus Farm

THE greatest difficulty that the Government has had is in the billeting of these National Service Volunteers. When it is possible, they live on the farm where they work; these farms are subjected to a rigid inspection, and everything is done that can be done to secure the best possible conditions. In this they often fare better than the farmers' wives and daughters during normal times. If things are not right, a complaint to the Government effects a change, but what farmer's wife or daughter ever dreamed of appealing to the Government if the chimney failed to draw or the roof leaked?

In some places it is necessary to establish hostels, where a number of girls live together, with a superintendent in charge who looks after the hostel and ensures a comfortable home to the workers. The Government does not expect a woman to do her best if she live under unfavorable conditions; neither does it expect good work, except she have good tools wherewith to accomplish it. A good principle, that! How many farmers right here in Canada expect good meals, a clean, healthy home, and a bright, happy wife when they do not even see that the water supply is convenient and sufficient?

The humor, without which the picture would not be complete, is abundantly furnished by the incongruous situations which arise when two such opposing forces —the city bred and the farm woman—meet. The deep and natural, though unreasoning distrust that exists so often between these two classes is fanned into flames by the care the Government takes of its workers and the improvements the farmer must make if he is to lodge and board his help. But the farmer's wife has her revenge as she watches the first crude efforts of the willing but very often green city lass; and then the city recruit "comes back" at the farmer's wife for her "rather antideluvian ideas." So it goes, back and forth, give and take; and without doubt, not one of the smallest benefits of the Land Army is this interchange of idea, thought, and suggestion. It broadens the outlook of each class and makes for a better understanding of the limitations of both. Only in this way can the city and the country be bound together in that community of interests that works for the greatest good of all.

It goes without saying that this contact with nature, and the fight they must win despite her uncertain moods, gives the city woman a new strength and resourcefulness. She learns to love the soil, she has feasted her soul on the joys of honest and healthy toil, she has come to glory in a day's good, hard work, and she drops into peaceful sleep and wakes a new woman with each new day; and having learnt and known all this very few of this vast Land Army will ever go back to factory, office and shop.

Helps for the Housewife

PREVENT PIE JUICE FROM BOILING OUT. Before putting on the top crust, moisten the edge of the lower crust in about one half inch and sprinkle it with flour. Lay the top crust in two small folds, Prick the edge and cut off surplus, then roll the double crust in a braid like edge and press well at each turn. The folds in the crust allow for the expansion of the cooking fruit, and the flour and water at the edge paste the two crusts together so securely that all the delicious juice is retained in the pie.

WHEN YOU MAKE JELLY, choose a dry, clear day; it is much more difficult to make jelly "jell" on a damp day.

Have your fruit ripe, but rather under than over ripe.

Slices of lemon in a muddy syrup causes scum to rise, and will make it firm and clear very quickly.

To get the juice out of fruit quickly, line a colander with wet cheese-cloth and set hot mashed fruit in oven to drip—heat keeps the juices flowing.

Can the juice airtight and make the jelly in the winter, when it will be a pleasure and not a burden.

Mix paraffin wax with hot jelly and put in glasses. It will rise to the top and seal perfectly.

CLEANING THE WINDOWS OF THE NEW HOUSE.—The windows of the new house usually have a good many paint and varnish spots that are very difficult to remove unless done at once.

Rub the spots with sal soda.

Prepare liquid soda by putting a pound of sal soda in a saucepan on the fire. When the water boils the soda will be dissolved. Let cool, then bottle for use in the many ways in which it is an excellent cleanser.

Another method is to soak the spots with wood alcohol and rub with the edge of a common copper cent (or a quarter if you have one).

If varnish or hardened oil resist this treatment, use pumice stone.

Uncle Peter's Puzzle Page for Boys and Girls

I WAS delighted with the response that I got from the Picture Arithmetic Puzzle which I published in the August issue. The Boys and Girls all liked this puzzle so well that I had another Puzzle this month. The Boys and Girls who did not enter last month will be sure to enter this month.

Here are three more picture puzzles for you to work out. In this puzzle we have the names of three well-known countries hidden away in the pictures. See if you can find what they are. Do you know you have to add and subtract pictures instead of figures. The idea is to find the correct word represented by each picture, then write them down and subtract the minus words. If you have found the right picture in each case the result will be the words called for.

$25.00 in Prizes Will Be Awarded This Month

THE first prize will be Ten Dollars in cash, the second prize Five Dollars cash, and there are five fine prizes of Two Dollars cash each.

Next there are an unlimited Number of $1.00 Cash Prizes.

Not a single one of you need be disappointed. Every one of you may win a prize of One Dollar, provided that your answers to the puzzle are correct, and that you carry out the condition of the contest properly.

How to solve these Problems

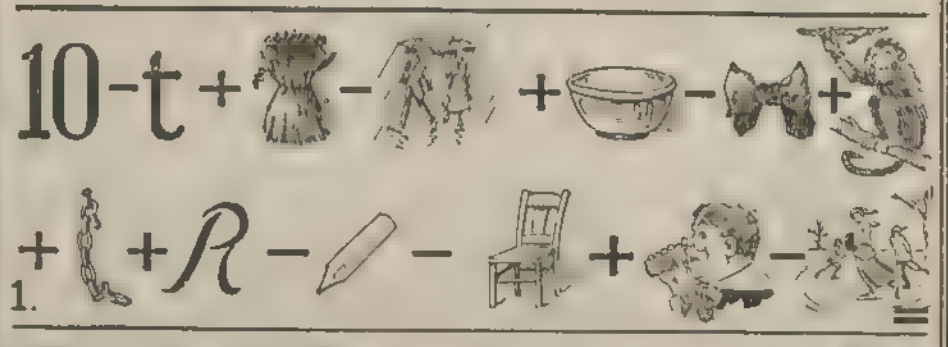
I told you above that to solve this puzzle you would have to find the right words represented by each picture, and after writing them all down, take away the words which you should subtract. As an example and to get you started right, we will solve No. 1 so get your pencil and you will find that it works out as follows

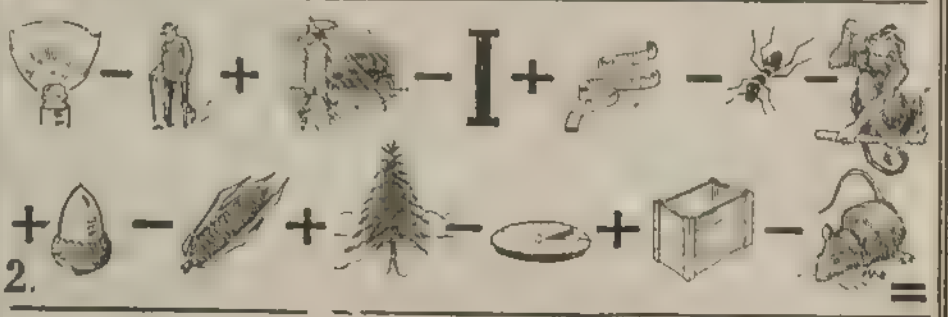
Take T away from TEN and you have EN, add Grain and take away rain and you have G, add Bowl and take away Bow and you have L, add Ape and add Chair and add R and take away Pen and take away Chair and you have the letters AN, add Drink and take away Rink and you have D, and that spells England. Now work the others out the same way.

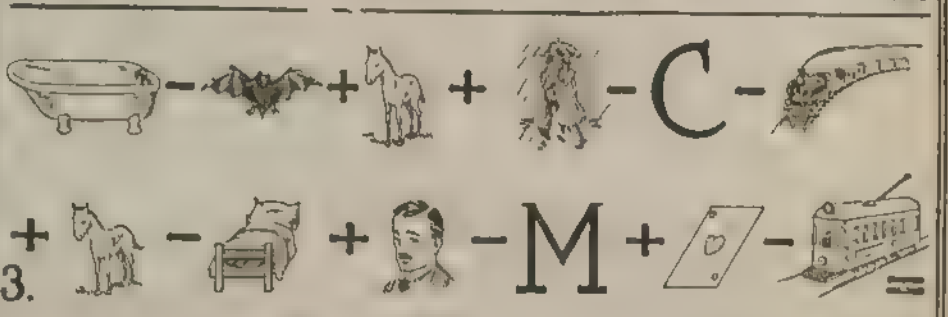
Each of the other two puzzles spell out the names of well-known countries. When you have solved the puzzle, write your answers out carefully and promptly mail them to us.

Three Well-Known Countries!

Do You Know What They Are?







How to Enter the Competition

WRITE your answers out to all three puzzle names using one side of the paper only and put your full name and address and your age on last birthday, in the upper left hand corner of the first sheet.

The prizes will be awarded to the boys and girls fulfilling the conditions of the competition whose solutions of the puzzle are correct or nearest correct and are considered neatest and best written. Spelling and punctuation will count too. You are sure to receive one of the cash prizes of from $1.00 up to $5.00 if you solve the puzzle letter correctly, and fulfill the following simple condition which is the only one you are required to comply with.

If you send a correct solution to the puzzle and I know you are in line for one of the prizes, I will send you free, a special copy of the latest issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which you will be required to show to two of your mother's friends who do not take it now, who will want it to come to them every month.

You all know how much EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is enjoyed by your own family, and you will be glad to have this chance of showing your magazine to some of your friends. If there are any children there you will be able to show them Uncle Peter's page, and tell them about the Bunny Club and the Success Club, and about Uncle Peter's Puzzle Page. I am quite sure their mothers will want to have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD come to them every month, as much for the kiddies as for themselves.

You can go in for this Competition whether you take Everywoman's World in your home or not

So come along boys and girls and win the prizes. Perhaps you may win the $10.00 prize. At any rate, it will be easy for anyone of you to win one of the One Dollar prizes, however many hundreds there may be in the competition. Send your answers to **Uncle Peter, c/o the Success Club, Everywoman's World, Toronto.**

The Prize Winners in Uncle Peter's Puzzle Letter Competition last month

AS THIS issue of EVERYWOMAN'S goes to press we are still receiving answers to the puzzle letter to our boys and girls, in the July and August issues. My Puzzle in the July issue closes August 31st, the one in the August issue closes September 30th, 1917, and these will be judged as soon as possible. This Contest closes October 30th.

We will send the prize money to the winners by mail just as soon as Uncle Peter makes his decision, so hustle up boys and girls, and if you have still to qualify your entry, in the last two Contests, do it within the next few days, so that Uncle Peter can consider your entry for one of the big prizes.

REMEMBER—There is a $1.00 Cash Prize for every boy and girl who qualifies his or her entry properly, and you can therefore win two prizes by carrying off one of the big prizes as well

Straws which Show the Way the Winds of Fashion Blow

Tailleurs, Coats and Collars—Some Fur

September is of course too early to announce authoritatively just how the Winter mode will develop. It is not too early, however, to venture the prophesy that long skirted coats with plain narrow skirts will be much favored by wearers of the smartest tailored clothes. For the tunic model the underskirt must be very narrow, barely one one-half yards round, velveteen and serge are the favored materials for this model which gives the straight, slim, silhouette so popular at present. In fact both Paquin and Jenny are clinging to the youthful, slim lines of the present in all their tailored creations.

For Autumn and Winter wear the most notable feature of coats is collars. Whether the coat is part of a suit or a separate affair to be worn with a day dress it is distinguished by its unique collar. The high turned up and down effect is new and interesting, such collars, of course, are developed in the material of the garment. All fur collars, and present indications are that fur will be worn even more lavishly than last season, are huge and crumpled or transform themselves into long scarfs that fall between the shoulders. And while we are talking about fur, there seems to be some doubt as to the place it will take in this Autumn's trimmings. However, when fur is used, its use will not be conservative. Bands on skirts will be deeper than ever, and collars and cuffs will be wider and of a more pronounced design than they were last year. Short flat capes of fur will probably be seen about a great deal with the tailored costume.

It was inevitable that the popularity of the fur cape which appeared last Winter should increase. . All the newest models cling closely at the shoulders and widen gradually at the feet. Other capes have long points over the elbows and a marked adherence at the waist-line. Still another new model is uneven at the edge, being longer in back than in front and has a large soft collar of the shawl variety.

The very latest coat for motoring and travelling is of leather colored suede, trimmed with sable toned mink. The long waisted straight effect and the close-fitting shoulder are very new, and although different from the loose coats that we have been accustomed to, it is still easy to slip on. The collar of fur buttons one side over the other and is shoulder deep in back. The muff and hat are both of suede, banded with the mink. There are other combinations equally attractive for this coat and, as far as the fur goes, less costly. Gray suede with chinchilla squirrel is effective; also, a soft hunter's green suede and sable toned muskrat or Hudson se[al]

Fashions That Come With Falling Leaves

Evening Dresses are Simple

The new evening dresses which are just making their appearance in Paris may well be taken as indicative of the trend of Fashion, and it is interesting to note the tendency toward simplicity in both fabric and trimming. There seems to be a determined effort on the part of the designers to put a ban on ostentation; if the gowns are cut low in back they are veiled in front and vice versa, and frequently they have a transparent covering over both neck and shoulders.

A charming model is of black satin with the sleeves and upper part of the bodice of tulle. The satin over-drapery on the bodice ends in a point in front at the neck-line, where it is held in place by a necklace of flat jet; the underbodice of dull old-gold net is embroidered in an Egyptian design. The straight skirt hangs from a very low waist-line. The square black satin train, held to the sides of the skirt at the feet by jet ornaments, is loosely tacked at the top to each shoulder, and at the normal waist-line it is slightly bloused; these lines are such as give a very good effect when one walks.

Some Charming Hats

The large mushroom brimmed hat is one of the first of the fall styles. Its underbrim is of black velvet, and the satin on the upper brim and crown is encircled with row after row of the narrowest velvet ribbon to match the satin. A soft velvet ribbon encircles the crown and ties in a bow at the front.

Small shapes of combined materials, tall crowns and assorted Tam-O'-Shanters will all be found in Autumn millinery. One tall hat of black satin has the rakish look of a Dumas hero, the crown can be crushed in any shape most becoming to the wearer. A chic motor hat combines a soft crown of grey and an upturned brim of grey felt closely stitched round and round with grey silk. A jet buckle in front is its only adornment.

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THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED

Hosiery

has that richness of appearance which the modern woman admires, and yet is not costly. Our selection of yarns and perfect knitting gives a durability that is satisfying thousands of wearers of "Monarch Knit" Hosiery.

Monarch-Knit Hosiery is made in all grades for Men, Women and Children.

Ask your dealer to supply you. If he cannot do so, write us, giving us your dealer's name, and color and size desired, and we will see that you are supplied.

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Head Office:
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An Economy Hint

By Joan.

NOTHING is so helpful to one in every way as pleasant surroundings. Even a person of a happy-go-lucky, cheerful disposition may become depressed and moody in gloomy quarters, where pretty things find no place. It is so easy to make the home dainty and cheerful, and now that chintzes are so much used a pleasing result may be achieved with no great cost.

Plain net curtains—with an edging of torchon lace—form a foundation, and in some cases completely cover the window, and then a smart pleated frill of chintz or casement hides the pole from view, and straight curtains hang from each side.

These cheaper fabrics have only one drawback: they are apt to lose color in the sun; and faded articles of this kind look worse than none at all. Why not, then, try dyeing them yourself? The best to use is "Drummer Dye," because it is cheap, being only a few cents per packet, and it never fails to give absolute satisfaction it is easy to use, and splendid colours are obtainable it is especially suited to casements, tapestries and chintz, and it is strongly recommended. JOAN.

Drummer Dyes
"So Easy to use."
Will dye Cotton Silk or Wool. Sold in 4 shades by Grocers, Druggists and Stores everywhere. Write for Booklet on Home Dyeing.
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CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
For Marking all Kinds of Clothing
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Style sheets may be obtained from
J. & J. CASH, LIMITED
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or 301 St. James St., MONTREAL

In Prospect of Autumn

Coat 7934
Skirt 7917

Empire Coat 7939
Transfer Design No. 816 for Beg

Waist 7944
Coat Suit 7937

Dress 7919

Dress 7803
Transfer Design No. 822

Costume Nos. 7934-7917. Medium size, 39-inch skirt, 37 inch coat, requires 4¾ yards 54 inch checked material, and 3/8 yard 36 inch plain material for collar (20 cents.)

No. 7934, Ladies' Coat; in 37- or 32-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents.—Size 36 requires, 32-inch length, 2¼ yards 54 inch checked material and 3/8 yard 36-inch plain material

No. 7917, Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt, 39- or 37 inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents.—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, 2½ yards 50-inch material. Skirt's width, 2 3/8 yards.

No. 7237, Ladies' Coat Suit; two-piece skirt in 39 inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents)—Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch material Skirt's width, 2 yards For description of waist No. 7944, see below

No. 7939, Ladies' Empire Coat; in 53 or 43 inch length Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents). Size 36 requires, 53-inch length, 3 7/8 yards 54-inch material

No. 7919, Ladies' Dress, two-piece straight pleated skirt, instep length, or tunic with three-piece foundation, straight lower edge in 39 inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents.—Size 36 requires 4 3/8 yards 50-inch material. Width of foundation, 2 1/8 yards.

No. 7803, Ladies' Empire Dress. Pattern in 4 sizes, 34 to 40 bust (20 cents). -Size 36 requires, instep length, 2 5/8 yards 40-inch satin, 2 5/8 yards 40 inch Georgette. Width of flounce, 1 7/8 yards. Transfer No. 822 (15 cents).

No. 7944, Ladies' Waist. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 1/8 yards 38-inch pongee, and 1 yard 15-inch lace.

Autumn Models Show Variety

No. 7754, Ladies' Blouse. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch striped, 7/8 yard 36-inch plain material.

No. 7711, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt with Yoke; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3 yards 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2¼ yards.

Blouse 7754
Skirt 7711
Transfer Design No. 846 for Bag

Waist 7921
Skirt 7925

Costume Nos. 7921-7925.—Medium size requires 5½ yards 40-inch satin, 3 8 yard 40-inch Georgette

No. 7921, Ladies' Tie-On or Button-on Waist. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material and 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 7925, Ladies' Three- or Four-Piece Skirt; 39-inch length Pattern in 5 sizes, 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch material. Width, 1 7 8 yards

No. 7932, Misses' Coat Suit (suitable for small women); two piece skirt in two lengths Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3 5/8 yards 54-inch serge. Skirt, 2 yards wide.

Coat Suit 7932

Empire Coat 7920 Dress 7922

No. 7920, Misses' Empire Coat (suitable for small women); with or without cape. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 54-inch velours 5⅜ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

No. 7922, Misses' Dress (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch plaid, ½ yard 36-inch plain material. Width, 1½ yards.

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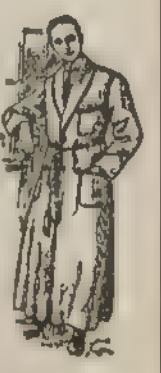

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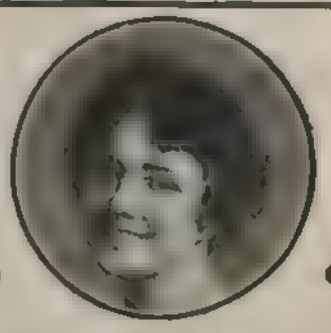
British "founded 1883".



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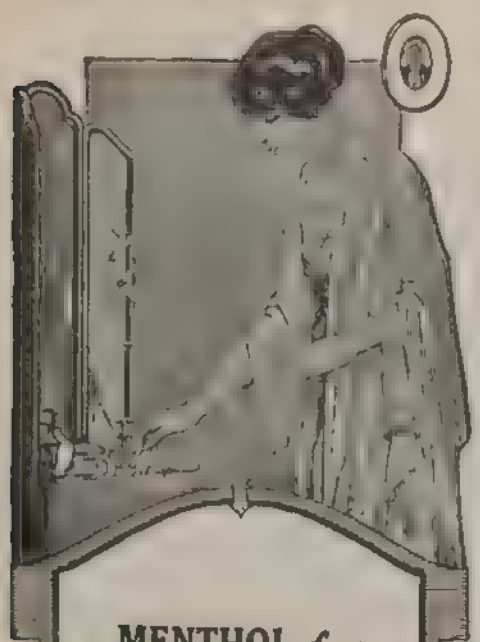

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which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will explain all this to any woman who will write to me. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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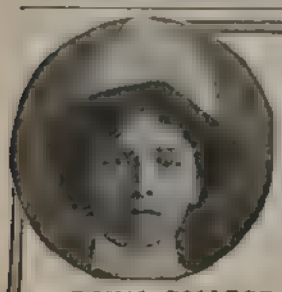
Suite 950 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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For the Children---Even the Tiniest are Remembered

No. 7790, Child's Romper and One-Piece Sun-Hat.—Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 2 yards 19-inch chambray. Transfer No. 448 feather-stitching, No. 318 scallops (10 cents each).

No. 7556, Child's Dress; straight skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 2 5/8 yards 32-inch material, and ¼ yard 27-inch for collar.

No. 7508, Boy's Suit; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch serge, and ¼ yard 27-inch for collar.

No. 7914, Girl's Middy or Dress Apron. Pattern in 6 sizes; 2 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards 45-inch linen, 1 1/8 yards 32-inch check trimming.

No. 7400, Child's Coat and Cap.—Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires for coat and cap, 2 1/8 yards 44-inch material.

No. 7112, Girl's Dress. Pattern in 5 sizes; 4 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2 7/8 yards 36-inch corduroy, and 3/8 yard 27-inch tub silk for collar.

No. 7910, Child's Romper. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 1¾ yards 32-inch figured and 5/8 yard 27-inch plain material.

No. 6512, Boy's Suit; in two styles; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch kindergarten cloth and ¾ yard 30-inch contrasting material.

Patterns are 15 cents each, postpaid. When ordering write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each pattern. Patterns may be obtained from dealers handling McCall Patterns and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Frocks of all Kinds For the Miss

No. 7586, Misses' Box-Pleated Dress; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 44 inch wool poplin, and ½ yard 36-inch satin for collar, cuffs and pocket laps. The width at the lower edge is 3¼ yards. Well suited to a girlish figure is this model with box-pleats front and back under which the belt passes and fastens in front.

No. 7938, Misses' Dress (suitable for small women) two-piece straight skirt, with side pocket sections or plain, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents). Size 16 requires 3½ yards 50-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2¼ yards. An absolutely plain waist is relieved from severity by the graceful side drapery on the skirt. The softest of velours or chiffon velvet would be suitable.

No. 7936, Misses' Dress (suitable for small women) in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).— Size 16 requires 6 yards 40-inch velveteen. Width of skirt is 2 1/8 yards. Panels and bouffant draperies are among the newest of Dame Fashion's ideas.

No. 7394, Misses' Empire Dress (suitable for small women); straight skirt, pleated or gathered; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 5/8 yards 45-inch gabardine for dress. The width of the skirt is 3 yards.

Corsets that Lace in Front

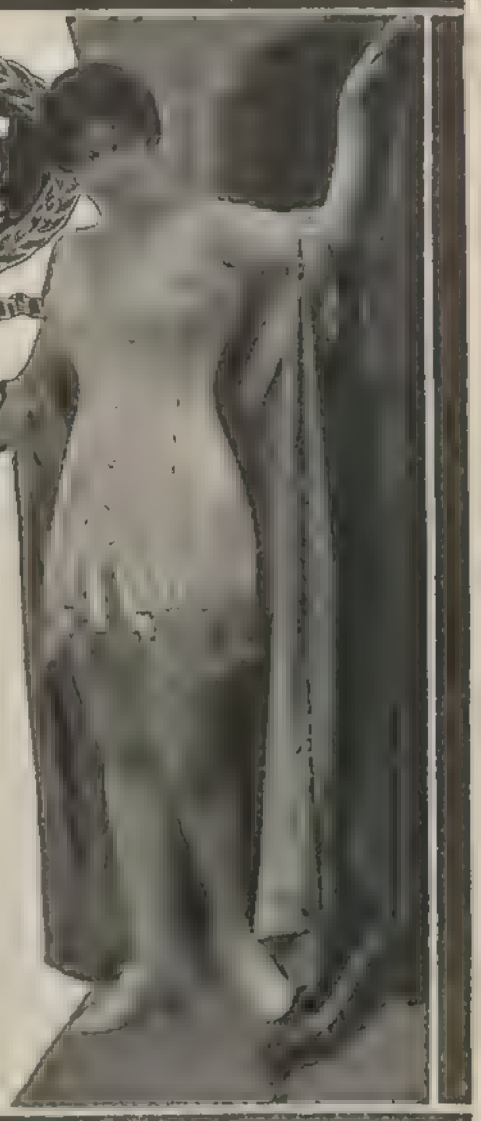
Goddess
Laced in Front

Goddess Corset

¶ The *Goddess* Corset shown here is suggestive of how all *Goddess* Corsets fit.

¶ The *Goddess* is ultra-fashionable and scientifically constructed to mould the figure symmetrically and comfortably.

¶ Fitted on perfect living models by expert corsetieres *Goddess* Corsets are the complete expression of perfect corsetry.



Corsets that Lace in Front

HOW A MONTREAL WOMAN SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF CLOTHES

By MADELAINE MACLAIN

LAST spring a Montreal woman suddenly found herself face to face with the necessity of maintaining herself and three children on half the income that had previously been available for her use. Her husband had joined one of the early formed volunteer regiments and had gone to the "front." The family savings account was not large, and the mother of three realized that in order to provide food and clothing for herself and her children—two girls of seven and ten and a boy of five—on her reduced allowance, she would have to practice greater economies than those to which she had been accustomed.

A real problem was the matter of clothes. She had always taken pride in dressing herself and her little ones attractively. But now not only did she have less money to spend, but every article of clothing had increased in price. Unfortunately, this woman had never learned to sew, and this meant she was entirely dependent upon ready-made clothes or the rather expensive services of a dressmaker.

Then one evening, when she was beginning to realize the pressing need of some new dresses for herself and new clothes for the children for summer, she read in one of the women's magazines of the wonderful work being done by a school of domestic arts and sciences in New York which taught dressmaking and millinery entirely by mail. The article told of how hundreds of women with no knowledge of sewing whatever had learned by this new method in their own homes to make stylish clothes and hats for themselves for half or less what their clothes had previously cost them.

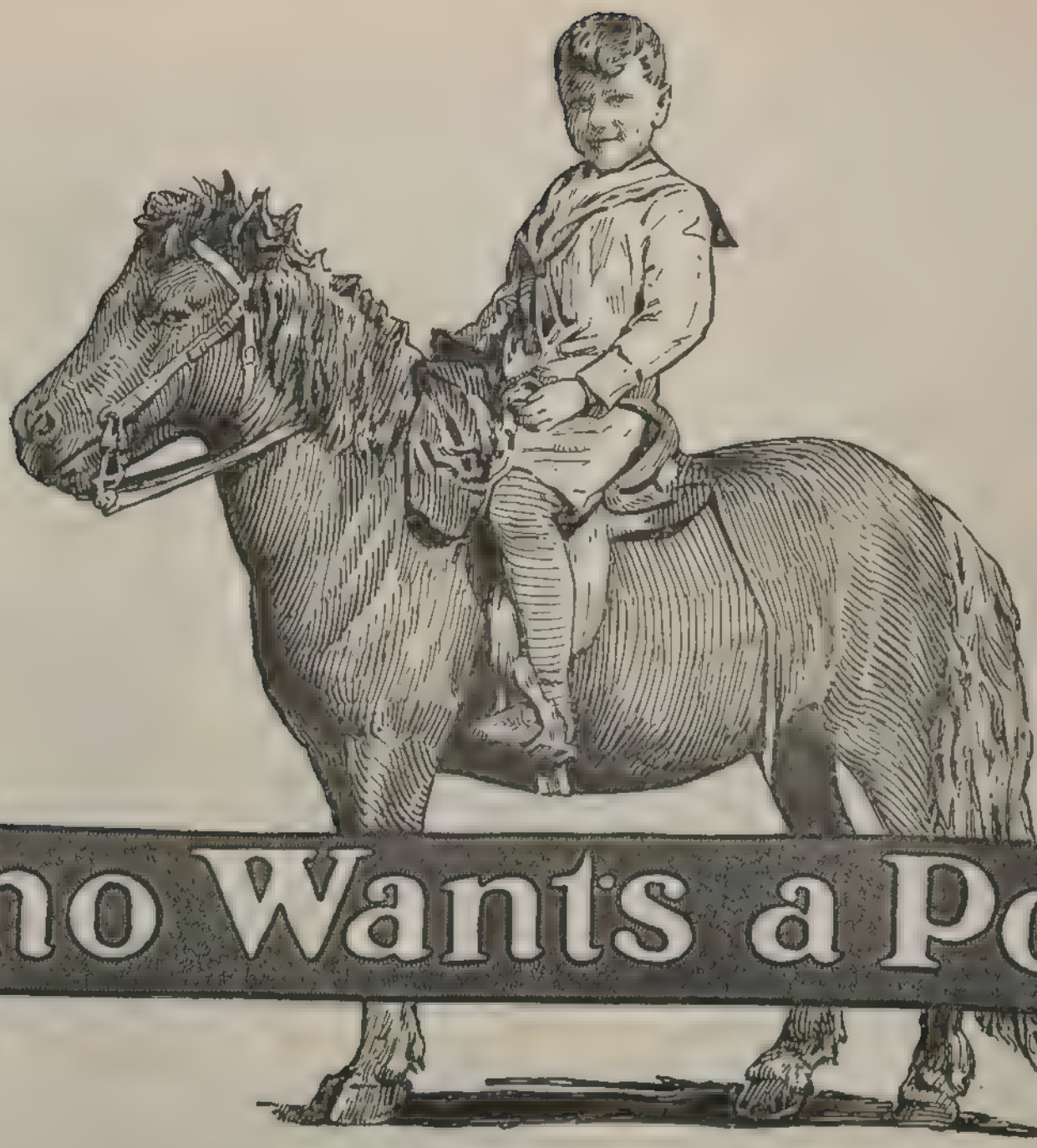
The story seemed almost too good to be true, for she could scarcely believe that the art of dressmaking could be learned entirely by correspondence. But she realized that if it could be done satisfactorily, it would solve her own immediate problem. So she wrote to the school and in a few days received a delightfully interesting book that explained clearly just how the instructions were given and gave a complete description of just what the course would enable her to do. Furthermore, the tuition asked was so reasonable that she saw she could quickly make it up through savings on her own clothes. So she enrolled as a student.

The other day I met this little woman on the street. She was faultlessly dressed. In fact, her clothes struck me as being quite beyond the means of one in her circumstances. And the two little girls with her were wearing the most charming frocks and coats that I have seen this season. Of course, I remarked about her clothes—I just had to compliment her—and then she told me all about it, just as I have told you.

"It is just a few months," she said, "since I read of the Woman's Institute, and to think that in so short a time I could learn to make every article that the children and I are wearing. I have even made most all of Bobbie's clothes. We are all better dressed than we ever could be before, and we have more clothes than we had last season, although they have cost less than half what I was counting on having to spend. I think it is really the most wonderful opportunity that has ever come to women.

"And another thing," she said, "it has answered a big question that has been way back in my mind all the time. If anything should happen, I can now earn a comfortable living for us all."

The case of this brave little woman interested me so much that I have been making inquiries and find that, at the present time, no less than five hundred women in all parts of Canada have learned by this new method to make their own clothes—all with a success quite as great as that of my Montreal friend. And so I thought I would tell this story so that every reader of Everywoman's World might know about it. If you are at all interested in saving money on your clothes, or in taking up either dressmaking or millinery as a profession, I suggest that you write direct to the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Dept. 6-W, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., telling them whether you are most interested in home or professional dressmaking or millinery. They will send you a charming illustrated book telling all about their courses and methods of teaching.



Who Wants a Pony?

I AM THE PONY MAN OF CANADA. I work for this Great Magazine, "Rural Canada." I am going to give away Shetland Ponies to Canadian Boys and Girls.

SOME BOY OR GIRL will get this dandy Shetland Pony. I WANT YOU to have an equal chance with every boy and girl. I want every family in Canada who takes this paper to have an equal chance. BOYS AND GIRLS should send their own names. Fathers and Mothers should send the names of their bright children.

Relatives and Neighbors should send in names of bright youngsters they know. I will enter the name for my intelligent and clever Shetland Pony for Boys and Girls.

No matter where you live, on the farm, in the village or town—send in your name and address, quickly.

OVER in the Shetland Islands, just north of Scotland, where these ponies come from, they live on terms of the most intimate friendship with their owners and their families. Not infrequently when one is in a particularly social mood, he strolls through the door of the little cottage and is treated like a member of the household. Not knowing the meaning of unkind treatment, he comes to believe in man as his natural friend and benefactor, and reciprocates by developing this kindly and affectionate nature, which makes him most desirable as a pet. The training of a Shetland may be made a very simple matter. Where a pony and a child are allowed to grow up together, breaking to saddle and to harness are little more than natural processes, worked out with pleasure and satisfaction to both parties in the game. If a child treats the pony in such a manner as to inspire confidence, this confidence is freely imposed, and whatever the little master or mistress thinks ought to be done the pony is ready to attempt.

A pony comes to rely very largely upon his master or mistress, no matter how small the child may be, and a knowledge of this fact helps to teach a child self-control and gives him a feeling of responsibility. Indeed the handling of a pony is an excellent means of developing the character of a boy or girl and of creating the sympathy with dumb animals which it is desirable every child should have. One satisfactory feature in the keeping of a Shetland pony is the fact that it requires very little care. It is more in danger of suffering from heat in summer than from cold in winter. A lightly constructed shed is ample protection if free from dampness.

The expense of feeding a pony is so small that it hardly need be considered. During the summer, one animal will be able to get practically all his living on the lawn around the house. It is not a bad plan to feed a small bran mash every week during winter, even though hay alone is being fed, and a piece of rock salt should always be where the little animal can lick it.

Given to Boys and Girls

Upon receipt of your name and address, I will write you a letter and send you complete information on how you may win this dandy little fellow that you have always wanted. Don't wait a minute, send in your name and address quickly.

Parents:—Look at our captains of industry, our leading men and women. They look mighty big and important,—don't they?—yet they were boys and girls once—and many of them did not have the opportunities that boys and girls have now. Help your boy or girl to a good start now. Let them try to win out.—Let them have our interesting business training now. Your boy or girl can earn money and win a pony. There are no insurmountable difficulties. No matter where you live your boy or girl can make good.

Boys and Girls:—You stand just the same chance as any other boy or girl and can win this little pony if you really want it. I will send you all particulars as soon as you send the coupon properly filled out.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON—PROPERLY FILLED OUT

Pony Coupon

THE PONY MAN,
RURAL CANADA for Women
62 Temperance St., Toronto

Please send me full information as to how I may win the clever little Shetland Pony you are offering. Enter my name for the Pony so that I will have the opportunity of winning it.

My Name is.....

Post Office.....

Age ..... Province.....

THE ALPINE PATH

... ...l from pa

very much the stranger in a strange land But, as usual, anticipation was discounted by realization. I had a very pleasant time although not, of course, so wildly exhilarating as to endanger life, limb or nerves, which was, no doubt, just as well.

"I had a holiday, the first since coming here, and so was haunted all day by the impression that it was Sunday. I had dinner at the *Halifax* with B. and spent the afternoon with her. In the evening we went to the opera to see 'The Little Minister.' It was good but not nearly so good as as the book. I don't care for dramatized novels. They always jar on my preconceptions of the characters. Also, I had to write a criticism of the play and cast for the *Chronicle* and I dislike that very much."

"Saturday, March 29, 1902.

"This week has been a miserable one of rain and fog and neuralgia. But I've lived through it. I've read proofs and dissected headlines and fought with compositors and bandied jokes with the marine editor. I have ground out various blameless rhymes for a consideration of filthy lucre, and I've written one real poem out of my heart.

"I hate my 'pot-boiling' stuff. But it gives me the keenest pleasure to write something that is good, a fit and proper incarnation of the art I worship. The news-editor has just been in to give me an assignment for to-morrow, bad 'cess to him. It is Easter Sunday, and I have to write up the 'parade' down Pleasant Street after church, for Monday's *Echo*."

"Palmday, May 3, 1902.

"I spent the afternoon 'expurgating' a novel for the news-editor's use and behoof. When he was away on his vacation his substitute began to run a serial in the *Echo* called "Under the Shadow." Instead of getting some A. P. A. stuff as he should have done, he simply bought a sensational novel and used it. It was very long and was only about half done when the news-editor returned. So, as it would run all summer, in its present form, I was bidden to take it and cut mercilessly out all unnecessary stuff. I have followed instructions, cutting out most of the kisses and embraces, two-thirds of the love-making, and all the descriptions, with the happy result that I have reduced it to about a third of its normal length, and all I can say is 'Lord, have mercy on the soul of the compositor who has to set it up in its present mutilated condition.'"

"Saturday, May 31, 1901.

"I had a good internal laugh to-night. I was in a street car and two ladies beside me were discussing the serial that had just ended in the *Echo*. 'You know,' said one, 'it was the strangest story I ever read. It wandered on, chapter after chapter, for weeks, and never seemed to get anywhere; and then it just finished up in eight chapters, *licketty-split*. I can't understand it!'"

"I could have solved the mystery, but I didn't."

I Write "Anne of Green Gables"

In June, 1902, I returned to Cavendish, where I remained unbrokenly for the next nine years. For the first two years after my return I wrote only short stories and serials as before. But I was beginning to think of writing a book. It had always been my hope and ambition to write one. But I never seemed able to make a beginning.

I have always hated beginning a story. When I get the first paragraph written I feel as though it were half done. The rest comes easily. To begin a book, therefore, seemed quite a stupendous task. Besides, I did not see just how I could get time for it. I could not afford to take the time from my regular writing hours. And, in the end, I never deliberately sat down and said "Go to! Here are pens, paper, ink and plot. Let me write a book. It really all just "happened."

I had always kept a notebook in which I jotted down, as they occurerd to me, ideas for plots, incidents, characters, and descriptions. In the spring of 1904 I was looking over this notebook in search of some idea for a short serial I wanted to write for a certain Sunday School paper. I found a faded entry, written many years before: "Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for a boy. By mistake a girl is sent them." I thought this would do. I began to block out the chapters, devise, and select incidents and "brood up" my heroine. Anne—she was not so named of malice aforethought, but flashed into my fancy already christened, even to the all-important "e"—began to expand in such a fashion that she soon seemed very real to me and took possession of me to an unusual extent. She appealed to me, and I thought it rather a shame to waste her on an ephemeral little serial. Then the thought came, "Write a book. You have the central idea. All you need do is to spread it out over enough chapters to amount to a book."

The result was "Anne of Green Gables." I wrote it in the evenings after my regular day's work was done, wrote most of it at the window of the little gable room which had been mine for many years. I began it, as I have said, in the spring of 1904. I finished it in the October of 1905.

Ever since my first book was published I have been persecuted by the question "Was so-and-so the original of such-and-such in your book?" And behind my back they don't put it in the interrogative form, but in the affirmative. I know many people who have asserted that they are well acquainted with the "originals" of my characters. Now, for my own part, I have never, during all the years I have studied human nature, met one human being who could, as a whole, be put into a book without injuring it. Any artist knows that to paint *exactly* from life is to give a false impression of the subject. *Study* from life he must, copying suitable heads or arms, appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncracies, "making use of the real to perfect the ideal."

But the ideal, his ideal, must be behind and beyond it all. The writer must *create* his characters, or they will not be life-like.

With but one exception I have never drawn any of my book people from life. That exception was *Peg Bowen* in "The Story Girl." And even then I painted the lily very freely. I have used real places in my books and many real incidents. But hitherto I have depended wholly on the creative power of my own imagination for my characters.

Cavendish was "Avonlea" to a certain extent. "Lover's Lane" was a very beautiful lane through the woods on a neighbour's farm. It was a beloved haunt of mine from my earliest days. The "Shore Road" has a real existence, between Cavendish and Rustico. But the "White Way of Delight," "Wiltonmere," and "Violet Vale" were transplanted from the estates of my castles in Spain. "The Lake of Shining Waters" is generally supposed to be Cavendish Pond. This is not so. The pond I had in mind is the one at Park Corner, below Uncle John Campbell's house. But I suppose that a good many of the effects of light and shadow I had seen on the Cavendish pond figured unconsciously in my descriptions. Anne's habit of naming places was an old one of my own. I named all the pretty nooks and corners about the old farm. I had, I remember, a "Fairyland," a "Dreamland," a "Pussy-Willow Palace," a "No-Man's-Land," a "Queen's Bower," and many others. The "Dryads Bubble" was purely imaginary, but the "Old Log Bridge," was a real thing. It was formed by a single large tree that had blown down and lay across the brook. It had served as a bridge to the generation before my time, and was hollowed out like a shell by the tread of hundreds of passing feet. Earth had blown into the crevices, and ferns and grasses had found root and fringed it luxuriantly. Velvet moss covered its sides and below was a deep, clear, sun-flecked stream.

Anne's *Katie Maurice* was mine. In our sitting-room there had always stood a big book-case used as a china cabinet. In each door was a large oval glass, dimly reflecting the room. When I was very small each of my reflections in these glass doors were "real folk" to my imagination. The one in the left-hand door was *Katie Maurice*, the one in the right, *Lucy Gray*. Why I named them thus I cannot say. Wordsworth's ballad had no connection with the latter, for I had never read it at that time. Indeed, I have no recollection of deliberately naming them at all. As far back as consciousness runs, *Katie Maurice* and *Lucy Gray* lived in the fairy room behind the bookcase. *Katie Maurice* was a little girl like myself, and I loved her dearly. I would stand before that door and prattle to Katie for hours, giving and receiving confidences. In especial, I liked to do this at twilight, when the fire had been lit and the room and its reflections were a glamour of light and shadow.

Lucy Gray was grown-up and a widow! I did not like her as well as *Katie*. She was always sad, and always had dismal stories of her troubles to relate to me; nevertheless, I visited her scrupulously in turn, lest her feelings should be hurt, because she was jealous of *Katie*, who also disliked her. All this sounds like the veriest nonsense, but I cannot describe how real it was to me. I never passed through the room without a wave of my hand to Katie in the glass door at the other end.

(To be continued).

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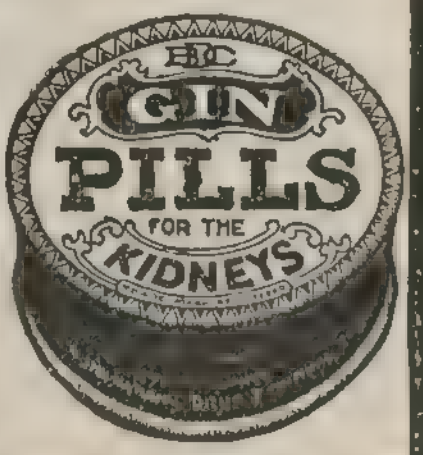

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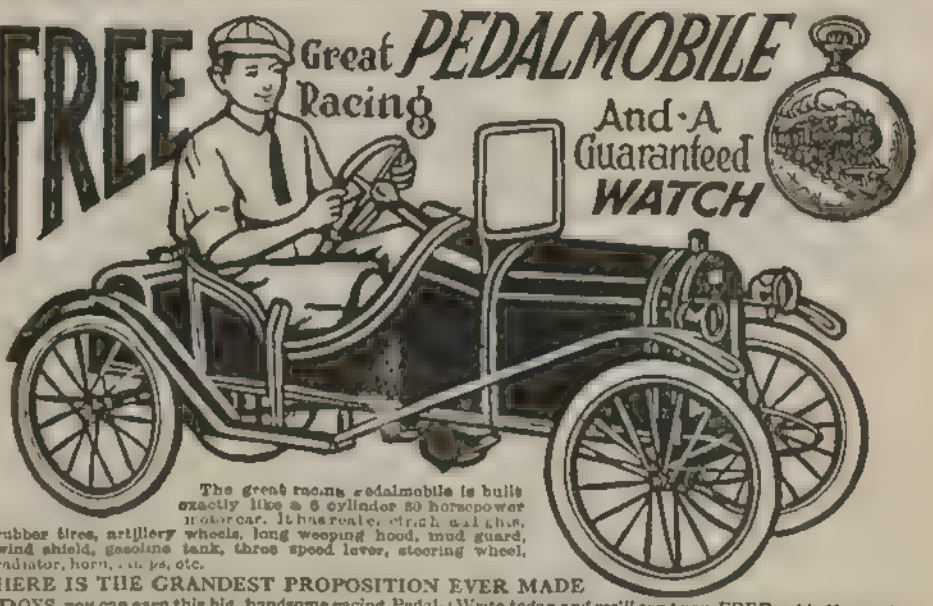

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THE SOUL OF A GERMAN

(*Continued from page 7*)

make seeing my sister with a blue shawl on her head an excuse for committing some 'frightful and unnatural crime' this night, though it would be exactly in line with the usual German reasoning if you did." This Jason said to himself, adding aloud, "Here is Bahkhar to say the car is waiting. I trust we have made your visit pleasant, M. Captain."

So Heinrich Muller went out of Sarah's home and thoughts. She was a busy woman, with her books and her friends, and her charities, and her brother's family, whom the passion of her life was to mother and love. She quite forgot the tactless old man to whom she had tried to be kind for an hour.

But Muller did not forget her. For five and twenty years he had lived in a world where white women, except for the very lowest class—and very few of them, in Africa—were not. He had seen women like Sarah d'Anvers beyond the bars that hedged in a soldier of the Legion, but he had never dreamed of sitting beside one of them as an equal again. His life had hardened and coarsened him, and he was too old to feel any of a boy's sentimental passion for the woman who had been kind to him, but like many materialistic men he was superstitious, and the charm of Sarah's face in the moonlight had made him believe that the Von Schwarzburgs could be saved, if only they would let their Jewish lady of the curse into their house, and the longer he thought of it the more sure he was that Sarah was the actual Jewish Madonna—and he knew that he, though in exile, was the real Prince Von Schwarzburg.

IT was a May evening, and Sarah was driving home. She had had an extra busy day. Italy had joined the Allies, which meant that France, quite secure now from any attack in Africa, was calling all her men from Algeria. There had been much extra work for the ladies of the Red Cross, and Sarah was tired as she leaned back in her seat. Jason would be home to a late supper that night, when he would like to talk over many things with her, and knowing that a woman past forty who wishes to keep her figure and complexion must not get over tired, she planned to rest in her own room till it was time for Jason's return. So everything combined to make her annoyed and indignant when as she entered the house, Bahkhar told her that Muller was there waiting to see her.

"To come, without the least invitation, how unspeakably Prussian," she thought, adding aloud, "why did you not tell him I was out, Bahkhar?"

The old man spread out his hands deprecatingly. "I did, but El Caid (the captain) would not be denied. Also he bade me give the gracious lady this. "This" was a card on which Muller had written—"Will a woman of France listen to a few words from a soldier of France in great distress?" Sarah did not refuse to see him then.

Without thinking she had put on the blue shawl again over her white dress, as she sat in the moonlit courtyard. Bahkhar, looking very oriental with his flowing white robes and big bronzed face, came in with Muller, whom he stood near, watching jealousy, though he knew too little French to follow the conversation.

Muller ignored the seat offered him, and standing before Sarah he said abruptly, "The Legion is ordered to France. You must tell me what to do."

Her eyes were blue ice as she answered, "I do not understand you."

"I am German-born," cried Muller dramatically. "Can I change my blood? Can I forget the home of my childhood, or the land where I spent the best years of my life. I am only an exile in Africa. I did not mind fighting the Arab savages for France, but how can I go armed against my own country? How can I strike at the flag of Germany?"

Sarah rose. "I know nothing of military matters," she said coldly, "but I should think that at your age and with your record, you would be permitted to retire under the circumstances. Or else you might desert. And now Bahkhar will show you out. Good-night."

"Stay, I implore you," he cried, "I must tell you who I am, and why I am in Africa. Hear me for pity's sake."

Unwillingly Sarah sat down again, and Muller spoke hurriedly. "My grandfather was Prince Von Schwarzburg. He had twin sons, Max, my father, and Otto, his younger brother. The twins shared everything even to their thoughts, till Max became entangled with the dreamers who opposed the overlordship of Prussia, and the fusing of Germany by blood and iron, into one united empire that should soon dominate the earth. The old prince was dead, and there was no one to interfere when Max made his castle the headquarters of the plotters against Prussian rule of Germany. Outwardly Otto was with him in everything, but when Max fraternized with the Socialists of that day, privately marrying some girl of the people, Otto grew more and more appreciative of the iron order and efficiency only possible under an intellectual autocracy. Then came the night when Max saw the Jewish Madonna, and while they barred the doors, Otto was writing a full description of the plot to the King of Prussia. There was nothing weak about that Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Like his grandson he was a great ruthless soul. He crushed the plotters. Max faced a firing party, and when his wife heard, she died as I was born. Under the circumstances it was not hard for Otto to suppress the evidence of Max's marriage, and take his place as head of the house. Only my grandmother, the old Princess, knew the truth, and she was too broken-hearted to say much. She brought me up, telling me I was a peasant's child that she had taken a fancy to and adopted. I was called her secretary, but really I was master of her house, for my uncle lived in Russia, where he had some high diplomatic position. Then when I was forty she told me the truth, for my uncle was coming home, and she was too old to resist him. He offered me an income, but ordered that I should go to live in America. He had murdered my father, she said, and defamed my mother. Could I take favours from his hand? And I—I think I went mad. I had been brought up to regard the House of Von Schwarzburg as my benefactor, and now I was its robbed and wronged head. I could get no one to listen to me, and I rushed out here. I drank, I had no money and I enlisted in the Legion. For years I thought I hated Germany, but now she seems to be pulling at my heart."

Muller's last words were a low cry, and Sarah bent towards him with soft compassion in her eyes. She could not hat this German with his helpless sentimentalism. "I will help you," she began impulsively, then stopped in dismay, while Bahkhar put his hand on the huge Arab sword he wore, for Muller had dropped on one knee before her.

"Sarah Madonna," he exclaimed, "the doors of my heart are open, come in and save my house, as you said the lady of our curse could do. Don't look at me so. I love you, but it is as men love stars in Heaven above them."

"M. Captain," said Sarah sternly, "Unless you rise instantly I shall leave you." Then, as Muller unwillingly obeyed, she went on severely. "The fault of you Germans is mental sloth; you want someone else to think for you. It is this trait in you that has made your wicked Kaiser and junkers. I read that some German soldiers weep in secret at the abominations they are forced to witness!—and commit. But, of course they could not defy a 'sacred order.' I am disgusted with you all, and I will not be a substitute Kaiser to even one German. Think for yourself, man. Have you no conscience to guide you?"

"You are French," said Muller in a low voice, "so you are unjust to many—some Germans. You call it wrong for a German to obey some war-time orders, yet you would condemn a Frenchman who disobeyed any of yours."

"I would die for France," she answered instantly, "but I would not sin for her. That is what makes a man free, when he holds his soul for God only, and proudly gives his body to serve his country—but he wrongs her if ever he consents to sin for her."

"You mean that honour should keep even a German from fighting for Germany, but surely he should not fight against her?" Muller persisted.

"This is not an ordinary war between nations," cried Sarah. "Men are fighting now because God is the Eternal Law, instead of a Kaiser's deferential assistant. Oh, that I were a man to fight for those glorious ones among the nations—England, Belgium, and France—vive la France."

She sprang up as she said the last words, with her eyes flashing. The man looked at her, then saluting, repeated "Vive la France!" and went out of the house, but this time Sarah did not forget him.

. . . .

IN the early dawn of an autumn day Muller sat on a stump in a shell torn forest with a soldier of his company kneeling beside him, bandaging a flesh wound in his leg. "There," he said, as he rose, "there, my captain, with me for your crutch, we shall get on nicely."

"You are going on without me," said Muller shortly.

"My captain, I will not. Shall I desert a wounded comrade because he also happens to be my captain and orders me to go? Never, we stay or go together."

"Idiotic child," growled Muller. "What does your feelings or life or anything matter, so that France lives. Have we not seen where the enemy is placing his great guns? One of us must get through with the information. They are beating the wood for us now, and do you suppose I am going to spoil your chance of a quick get-away by tying you to a cripple? Go instantly, and—vive la France!"

THE soldier saluted, then bent suddenly down, and kissing the captain's very dirty hand, he darted off.

Muller sat still, smoking stolidly. He knew that when the enemy found him his accent would betray his German origin, and he would be shot, but that did not trouble him. He had passed, like many another materialist in the trenches, to the extreme of mystical belief. And he needed the support of something outside himself, for his position was a very hard one. Twenty-five years as a French soldier had made military obedience to France a habit. But the sight of German flags and uniform, and hardest of all, the sound of German music, tugged at his heart with the memories of childhood and young manhood, till his soul would well nigh turn traitor to the Tricolour. Then he would fall back on his faith in Sarah d'Anvers. For from her words he had taught himself to believe that Germany was only a magnified House of Von Schwarzburg. Because of past crimes against humanity Germany believed that a spirit of hate against her moved in the hearts of other nations, so she barred her gates, and frantically committed frightful and unnatural sins. And her only hope of salvation from the curses she was breeding within her was to throw open her doors in complete surrender to the spirit she thought was Punishment, but Muller believed now was Pardon—in his visions it was a white robed, blue-draped Madonna, whose face was the face of Sarah d'Anvers. So his faith in her words made him able to fight Germany, believing that in helping to batter in her gates of pride he showed the truest love for the fatherland of his heart.

But he said nothing of his beliefs to the savage men who captured him. They tied his hands when he admitted his German birth and education, then despite his wounded leg he was dragged to the ruins of a French village, and stood up against a wall. "Traitorous swine," snarled the German officer, "shooting is too easy a death for you, but we will only shoot you when you say Gott strafe France."

Muller's reply was short. "Vive la France!"

Six hours later he looked with dim eyes at the westerning sun. He hung against the side of a house with spikes through his hands and feet. A few rags of clothing and his broken sword hung from his neck, but the rest of him was covered only with the flesh wounds from the knives of the men who stood round.

Then suddenly he was free One minute, it seemed to him, he hung there in blood and nakedness, staring through a blinding mist of burning pain, and the next, uniformed and sworded, he stood in the moonlit inner court of the d'Anvers house. Not only had all feeling of pain left him, but the memory of it was growing vague.

She was sitting by the fountain, with her head bowed, for she had just seen Heinrich Muller's name marked as "Missing," and she knew the quality of the mercy that Germans would show to a man they called a traitor Then looking up, she saw him standing in the moonlight.

He thought she was angry with him when he saw her turn white, and he knelt before her pleading. "Do you mind me coming to you, Sarah Madonna? You have saved my soul, for I opened the doors of my heart, and you have come in, to stay there forever."

She did not seem to hear him, for she only said in an unsteady voice, "Thank God, you are dead. I was afraid they had captured you."

Her words had no meaning to him for he knew he was alive, so he still looked at her with dumb pleading eyes, and with an effort she said, "Soldier of France, well done!" then, because she did not know what to say to him, she added, "Vive la France!" And she saw his eyes grow satisfied.

She heard him say softly, "Vive la France!" Then he walked out of the court.

Were they to know each other in some Hereafter? Perhaps.

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE AT HOME

Make Your Own Whole Wheat Flour

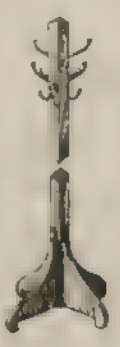
FOOD CONTROLLER HANNA insists that we each use one-third less wheat, that we may help to make up that 160,000,000 bushels of wheat we are short for export, if the Allies are to be fed and our armies kept up to fighting strength.

Out on a lonely ranch in Alberta, Mrs. Thomas Mills reviewed the whole question. She knew that whole wheat flour would be more nutritious than white flour, since the valuable bran coats and germ are removed in the process of milling and sold as by-products; and she had heard her grandmother condemn the patent flours and refined corn meals of to-day, claiming that the more simply prepared flours of a past generation were more nutritious and appetising. The "brown" bread that she sometimes bought in Calgary was merely white flour with bran put into it—a fair substitute, perhaps, but not good enough for Mrs. Mills—and she determined to have the real article. But how to get it, puzzled her, until, while turning the matter over in her mind, she had an inspiration.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed, and straightway sent to a seed store for some spring wheat. Promptly putting this through the coffee grinder, she had a rather coarse product, that, however, worked up into a most wholesome and appetising loaf. Certainly, it was a rather slow process, but she kept it up for a couple of months—her family refused to go back to white flour—then she secured a small mill that paid for itself in a very short time, not only in better flour and health, but by the wheat ground for the neighbours. The grain grinders that many farmers are already using, will grind the whole wheat berry finely enough for flour; with a two to three horse power, six bushels an hour are run through; this grinder runs by either gasolene or electricity.

A Clothes Rack For Children

SOMETIMES it is impossible to nail a hat rack where it can be reached by the children. Plaster walls will not always stand a nail just where it is wanted. Here is a clothes rack that the clever housewife can make at home.

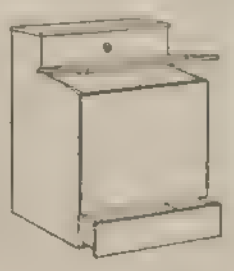


The main post should be 1½ inches square and whatever height is most convenient for the children. The four legs or foot brackets are ¾ of an inch wide, 6 inches deep, and 9 inches on the slant edge. Finish the main post to a blunt point at the top—it will look better than if finished flat. The four legs should be shaped in such a way that they may be nailed, easily, to the main post. Screw clothes hooks to the post so that hats may be hung without interfering with each other—two on opposite sides higher than the other two. The staining or varnish should match the furniture.

An Improved Wood Box

THIS wood box has a cover and two drawers, one at the top and the other at the bottom. The upper drawer is for flat irons and stove polish and the lower drawer is the bottom of the wood box.

Take a box rather deeper than the ordinary wood box and cut the front 12 inches lower than the back, then cut two-thirds of the sides even at the front but sloping up a little to about 10 inches. Make a drawer to fit the raised part and a cover to fit the lower part, hinging it on. Put in a row of strong slats about 8 inches from the bottom, and cut out the front up to the slats. Make and fit a drawer to slide in under the slats. The dirt and pieces fall from the wood through the slats into the box, which can be removed easily and cleaned without trouble.



The old fashioned wood box, without cover and without drawer, is the catch-all for all kinds of rags, paper, and other refuse, making it very unsanitary and a possible source of danger.

A Rack for Drying Clothes

IN homes where there is a baby or small child and where the space is limited, it is sometimes a problem to get the daily washing dried. A drying rack made of two light frames suspended one above the other and both attached to the ceiling by strong cords or lengths of fishline, can be made at home at a very small cost and, hung above the stove or range, accommodates a large number of articles at the same time.

The wood chosen should be straight-grained, smooth, free from knots, and about ¾ inch thick. Make two frames, 2 feet 9 inches square and brace them with four 12-inch pieces fastened inside and across the corners; these strengthen the frames and add to the rack space. Use thin screws instead of nails and take care that the ends are joined evenly and firmly. Bore two holes, large enough to take the fishline, through each piece near the corners Cut four pieces of line long enough each line near one end, slip through the holes in one frame and knot again 12 or 15 inches higher up, slip through the other frame and tie each two lines separately and firmly together, making a loop by which the rack may be hung from small hooks placed in the ceiling so that the rack will hang exactly over the stove. Place a hook in the wall, and when not in use, the two frames can be folded against each other and hung on the wall out of the way.

In using the rack, if several diapers or towels are put over the top frame, a box is formed that catches the heat.

An old umbrella frame can be used in much the same way by painting the ribs and frame white and suspending it by the handle from the ceiling over the stove.

TO SHARPEN A KNIFE, draw the edge through and against the open edge of a pair of scissors.

TO CLINCH A WIRE OR FINISHING NAIL, drive it in to about 1 inch of the head, then lay a larger nail beside it, and bend the wire nail over. Withdraw the larger nail; the end of the wire nail is now in the form of an arch and when this is hammered in, the nail is clinched.

THE CORNERS ARE THE MOST TROUBLESOME part of a room to keep clean. A small triangular piece of brass or copper fastened with a nail through the centre in the corner keeps the dirt out and saves work.

A BARREL MAKES A GOOD CHICKEN COOP. Get a good barrel with a bottom; cut off every second stave at both ends close up to the first hoop. Place the barrel with the bottom up. The lower openings allow the chickens to go in and out and those at the top admit air and light.

TO KEEP CORKS FROM STICKING to bottles containing glue or mucilage, smear a little vaseline on the cork.

TO PREVENT THE WASH-BOARD SLIPPING in the tub, nail a narrow piece of wood on the back of the board. Another and better way is to nail to the upper part of the back of the board a piece of rubber taken from an old tire. This makes washing easier by making the board have a slight "give."

IF WOOLEN GARMENTS ARE PRESSED before the bastings are taken out, the marks show. Use silk for basting instead of cotton; the silk will not leave any marks.

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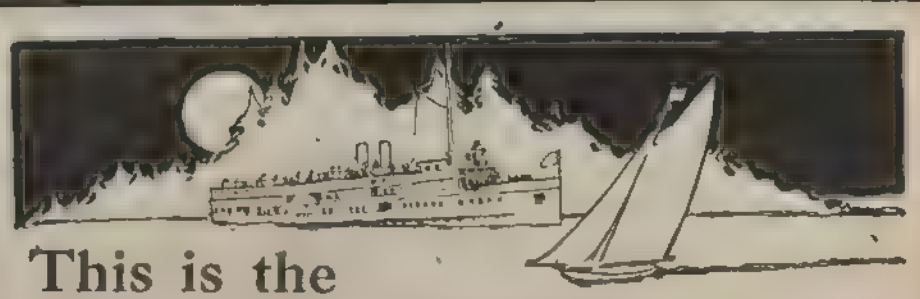

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Go to a "Hecla"-heated home. There are hundreds of them. You will find them in every community.

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It is pure air, constantly renewed. Nature demands a humid atmosphere. The "Hecla" supplies the air with the proper balance of moisture that nature requires.

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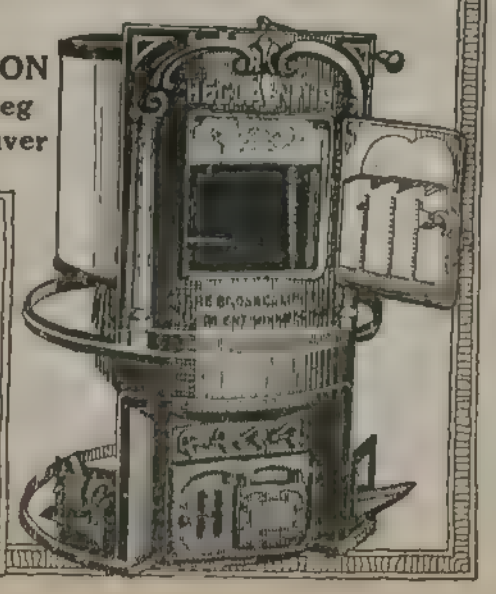

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THE CURÉ'S LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 5)

God, if He exist, because He will not heal her. But if He work a miracle, then I will believe in Him.

"Now I have something to add, in confidence, and I write to you as though you were my confessor. There is a young man of my acquaintance in whom I have long seen a husband for Jean—if she can be cured. That is the irony of it—if she gets well! He is of good family, rich and ambitious, and of a fine and honourable character. But she is no better. He loves her, I am sure, and I know Jean adores him; but marriage has never entered the mind of either. Pray for her, Sebastian; pray with all your soul and strength, that she may be cured, for otherwise I believe she will die from pining for him. I shall bring her to Beaupré once more next June."

When he had read this letter every atom of self-love was purged from the heart of Sebastian Fiset. Now he realised that his love of the world had been indissolubly bound up with his love of Jean Durant. And he had not betrayed it; Jean had never known! He entered the Sanctuary, and, kneeling before the relic of Ste. Anne, offered himself to God, pleading that the good Saint intercede with God for his sake and Jean's.

June came, and with it John Durant, and Jean, in the wheeled chair. Sebastian was as cold as steel, and as firm in spirit, too, when he met them. He had passed through the ordeal; he had met his test; he was fit to be a worthy soldier of the Cross. His term with the Redemptorist Fathers was drawing to a close, and that autumn he was to enter the Theological Seminary at Quebec. Sebastian had answered the merchant's letter, and now he assured him that he had carried out his request for prayer. But Jean—

How beautiful she was! Sebastian's eyes searched her soul, and because he had put temptation aside he was strengthened thereby to read the secrets of it, to see the purity of her nature, and the tenderness of her heart. Involuntarily her eyes filled with tears as she greeted him. The slight pressure of her hand thanked him, and he knew that she was aware of the contents of John Durant's letter to him.

AND the days went by and the visits to the shrine accomplished nothing. John Durant's bitterness of soul overflowed at last. He felt that he had been made the sport of God and man. He had entered the Sanctuary with Jean, but in the middle of the service he left her and went out, and found Sebastian near the door, before a booth on which were displayed rosaries. He grasped him by the arm and shook his fist at the old sanctuary of stone.

"I am tired of this mummery!" he cried, startling all who heard him. "To-morrow I shall take Jean home, and may heaven's curse light on me if ever she or I enter a church again. Four years! My God, four years!"

Sebastian Fiset had a great gift of silence. He stood quite still, paling at the blasphemy, but saying nothing; and as he stood there a tumult was heard inside the Sanctuary, and men appeared at the door. "A miracle!" they cried, "a miracle!"

Jean Durant was coming out of the building. Two priests were holding her, one at each side, but she was walking, she who had not set foot to the ground since childhood. She came up to her father, and a gathering crowd came running from all directions.

Jean put her arms about her father's neck. He kissed her, and stared at her for a moment in bewilderment. Then he staggered into the Sanctuary. When Sebastian followed him he found him prostrate before the altar, where they had left Jean's chair.

That night the merchant came to the monastery doors. He was admitted to the student, and took a seat beside him in the reception room. His face was very pale and his hand shaking.

"My boy," he said, placing his hand upon Sebastian's, "it would be useless to tell you of my change of mind. Of that another time. I have something of more consequence to you and to Jean which I must say. Do you remember what I wrote about in my letter to you?"

John Durant's voice was near the breaking point. The young man bowed his head, looking at him with his blue, disconcerting eyes.

"I was wrong," continued the merchant, choking. "Jean does not love that man. She loves you. Her heart was breaking for you. She told me this afternoon. I have been mother as well as father to her for years, and—and she told me. Sebastian, if you give up your plans you will violate no promise, you will be acting honourably, and I will repay those who have advanced money for your education. Come home with me and I will make a rich man of you. Will you come?"

"No, I thank you, Monsieur. I cannot come," said Sebastian.

"For your own sake? For my sake? For Jean's sake, then," the merchant urged.

"Monsieur," said Sebastian, "when you wrote to me to pray, I prayed. I vowed my life to God if He would heal your daughter, Mademoiselle Jean. If I could not break my faith with men, how much less can I do so with Him?"

John Durant said little more. But as he was leaving he remarked:

"You are a young man yet, and you will have a year or two to think it over. I shall write to you four times a year. I never change, and Jean never changes."

"Alas, Monsieur," replied Sebastian, smiling, "God never changes either."

He did not see them again, but the letters arrived. The first came as Sebastian was boarding the boat for Quebec, to be admitted to the Seminary. Sebastian read it and tore it into pieces, and flung them into the water. For that test he thanked God and was grateful. The second letter came when he had been enrolled among the Seminary students. Afterward they came regularly and with the receipt of each the young man's strength of will was increased. An iron will those letters of torture gave him. The last one came on the evening of the day on which he had been ordained. Sebastian read it when he was alone, and his eyes grew dim as he thought of the unhappiness of life. He answered for the first and only time, and then went out into the world to fight for the souls of men.

* * * * *

Charles Bonnat entered the post-office, where Madame Rose Eva Tremblay was laying out a hand of canfield. The mail was still unsorted, and the registered letter was still clutched tightly in the old woman's fingers. For a long time she sat in her chair, weeping or rocking herself, or staring out toward the sea, but when the whistle of the departing "Arethusa" came to her ears she reached for the pack of cards and began to play. She had nearly finished one game as Bonnat entered.

"Monsieur le Curé is coming up the hill," he announced. "He has been conducting the tourist lady over the church. He took her to the steamship. I have been recalling an old tale of his youth."

Paul Duhamel, the discreet man, laid down his plastering trowel.

"I did not know there was a story of Monsieur le Curé's youth," he said.

"I was thinking of what they said concerning his days at Beaupré," said Charles Bonnat.

"Beaupré! Eh, bien, is it that Monsieur le Curé was ever at Beaupré?" asked Madame Rose Eva.

"But," stammered Charles Bonnat, "surely, Madame Rose Eva, you can remember—"

Paul Duhamel shook his finger beneath Charles Bonnat's nose.

"Take care, Charles Bonnat," he said. "That tongue of thine runs faster than thy wits. Monsieur le Curé has never lived at Beaupré."

Charles Bonnat looked at Duhamel and gulped, and just then Monsieur Fiset entered.

"Ah, Madame Rose Eva, you must have been misinformed concerning Mademoiselle Duvergne," he said. "I called upon the telephone, and they told me that she is fast recovering. How did that mistake happen?"

THE postmistress laid down her cards.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Fiset; I must sort the letters," she said with dignity.

Madame Rose Eva was the only person in St. Jean who could withstand the curé to his face. Monsieur Sebastian looked after her and stood still, pondering. Charles Bonnat blurted out:

"I trust you were not troubled by that tourist lady, Monsieur le Curé?"

A frosty smile appeared on Père Sebastian's face. Bonnat continued:

"She did not tell us her name."

"Why," said the curé, as though answering an uspoken question, "she did not tell me her name either."

There came the sound of sobbing from within the post-office, and Monsieur Sebastian started inside. Madame Rose Eva was weeping as though her heart was broken

"O, Monsieur," she sobbed, "I cannot help myself. I am crying because—because—I am afraid that you, who are so good, you—you—they will make you a bishop."

Paul Duhamel, the discreet man, went on with his plastering.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Beware The Philanderer

IT USED to be that about the time a youth had accompanied a girl home from church a few times, taken her to a party or two and established himself on her father's verandah whenever opportunity offered, that the parents on both sides of the house began to quote adages for the occasion, of which the time-honoured "marry in haste and repent at leisure," was prime favourite, and "better be sure than sorry" a good second. That the youth meant marriage was reasonably certain, that the girl meant to accept him—well, that depended on the state of her feelings; but, at least, she would be given the chance to accept or refuse.

But nowadays a young man's love making, be it ever so marked, may mean nothing at all. This fashion of allowing attentions without intentions has grown out of the freedom prevailing among young people. The father of three nice daughters was airing his views on this subject: "May and Annie are both engaged. You can't get the attention of either of them away from the linen chest and they are happy and hopeful as all young things should be; but Ruth, the nicest girl of the lot, is losing her roses and her chances of having a home and husband of her own—an ambition every girl cherishes—by allowing young G—— to dangle after her still. Three years of calls, visits, flowers, of making himself at home, of usurping her time and attention, and I don't believe he has an intention in the world outside of having a good time. No one else gets a chance to interest her while he is around; in fact, he acts so much like an engaged man that most people think he is. I'd show the pest the door, only—well, a daughter is so sort of precious, one hates to hurt her, don't you know."

In this fear of seeming to cheapen a girl we have the secret of the pest's immunity from interference on the part of her family.

About The Long Courtship

IT IS A delicate matter, this of bringing the laggards in love up to the mark, I should judge. "You see," explains a harassed mother. "I like the boy, and have no wish to be mean, but he has been coming here right along for the last four years and I find it hard to make plans, for the future as I've no idea when he means to marry Ida, or if he means to do so at all. And she will only say: 'If you ask him I shall die with shame.' I'd risk that part of it; the only thing I'm afraid of is that he would get scared and make off for good."

Which is precisely what a wise mother would wish him to do if so be he is so nervous as all that. The chances are that if he has not been able, in all that time, to make up his mind as to whether he wants to wed "daughter" or no, he is not likely to become an eager suitor at this late date. Isn't it Jane Austen who says, "You can turn a lover into a friend, but having done so, you cannot turn him back to love, no matter how you try."

It seems to me a girl should be able to read a man's heart and know for herself whether or not he really cares for her. Failing this, there are ways and means of getting hold of the truth—testing processes, which tell the tale. If he love her truly she need not care how slowly he makes haste; if he does not, the sooner he goes out of her life the better. She should have too much common-sense, to say nothing of womanly pride, to put up with unmeaning gallantries from any quarter.

Demand Health Certificate

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN did a fine thing at its meeting in Winnipeg this year in recommending, through its Resolution Committee, that in view of the fact of diseases becoming a blight on the nation a law be passed making the granting of a marriage license dependent on the production of a health certificate. This is patriotism of the first order. There is nothing sweeter than a bright, wholesome girl, and to see such a one become the wife of a man diseased is unthinkable. Yet, innocently, ignorantly, he does it, wrecking her health, her hopes, spoiling her life, and often breaking her heart over the pitiful showing up of the father's sins on the children. I shall not soon forget a visit made, of late, to a young friend who was in the hospital with her first baby. Only a year before I had seen her in her bridal finery, and now all that remained of that bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, happy girl was this woman, sick of body, sick of soul, this invalid with a bitter story in her tragic eyes. When I enquired for the baby she broke into stormy weeping. "She is blind," she sobbed, "my baby is blind! I could stand it for myself, but not for her, poor, wee victim!" It was a terrible case, but by no means a rare one, so the nurse assured me. When our young men realize that there is a law that says: "Before you begin the new life, in the new home, you must prove your fitness to marry and rear children by producing a certificate of health," they will put a higher value on clean living. In all its work of safeguarding the home, the National Council has attempted nothing more purposeful than the crusade against the spread of vicious disease.

Good Thrift Recipes Wanted

"I RISE TO REMARK that a lot of this thrift talk is nonsense," writes one signing herself 'House-keeper.' "I'm sick and tired of being told how to feed a family on next to nothing. With prices as they are, it can't be done. I don't care how clever a woman is (in her mind) or how perfectly she works the prices out—on paper—she can't possibly make something out of nothing. She must have material, and material means money, and more money. At a Thrift lecture I was told how to spend fifty cents in a way to make a nourishing midday dinner for six hungry persons. Filled with zeal I essayed this modern miracle, following recipes to the letter. It was a 'flash in the pan' miracle, merely a scrappy apology for a meal, and a disgruntled family whose reproachful eyes demanded 'Why?' Won't you please suggest, on your page, that, while the cook who can give us tried recipes and proved advice is a benefactor, the amateur lecturer on Thrift should forever hold her peace?"

Amateurs All at Thrift

THE TROUBLE IS we are every bit as unpractical in our thrift as we were in our unthrift. We have not learned to distinguish between stinginess and economy. The long, long years of peace and prosperity are partly answerable for the fact that in real thrift we are "amateurs all." Only experience will cure us—and we are getting it. In the meantime, as you say, "Housekeeper," we get much advice we cannot afford to follow. For instance, a well-known lecturer urges: "Let us abstain from modern table luxuries, go back to the simple dishes our grandmothers used to make." We beg to be excused. Living comes high as it is without attempting the menus of those excellent providers of an earlier day. A few of us can still call to mind some of those "simple dishes," the family "birthday cake," for example. They scorned to cook out of a book. "Tell you how to make it? Certainly, my dear," this to the young housekeeper who had begged for the formula. "You just beat up several eggs (to be sure, in midwinter when they're scarce you don't need so many), throw in sugar enough, also a bowl of maple syrup to brown it up, beat in butter, lots of it, all the fruit and peel you like, soda, and a few cups of thick sour cream, just enough flour, and bake until well done. That's all there is to it." Not one of us would but rejoice to go back to grandmother's "simple dishes," only with prices what they are we cannot afford it unless we go back to the land and produce our own food supply.

First Canadian Woman M.P.

THE NAME of McKinney may or may not have been an historic one, up to the present, but from this time on, it is bound to be so, owing to the fact that our own Louise C. McKinney (I speak as a W.C.T.U. woman) is the first Canadian woman to be elected a Member of Parliament. The male politician has a pet phrase: "I did not seek the office, it sought me." In Mrs. McKinney's case it was so; not only did the office seek her but found her, and annexed her, willy-nilly. Alberta is young and progressive. She often astonishes the Eastern Provinces. There is a wisdom of youth and a wisdom of age, and though the latter is the most unfailing, the former has a beauty of its own. Its daring carries it through. So Alberta set the fashion, following the advice of the rancher in "Come out West, John."

> "While you're getting, get the best
> In this garden of the West."

They "got" Mrs. McKinney. "But I'm no politician," she protested, "I'm only an everyday woman who works hard, partly because she has to, and partly because she loves to. I'm too busy to—" "Just the woman we want," urged the voters. "Leave me to look after my knitting and Red Cross work," she urged. "I'll be more good at home than in Parliament these days when all our women have more than they can do." They would not listen. Their enthusiasm carried her off her feet, their ballots carried her to the Legislative Assembly.

Plucky Pioneers in Politics

I WONDER IF the fact, for fact it is, that the most public spirited women are at heart, in heart, and by heart the homiest of home women, will prove a help or a handicap to our pioneer legislators. A help, I think. True, once and awhile, a woman, whose interests have lain largely within her own four walls, may find it difficult to take her whole province or her whole county for a parish, but time will cure her. Also, it is the woman who housekeeps well in private life who will housekeep well in public life. Her interests will be with the home and all that concerns the home, its making and maintaining. In this will lie largely her value to the State. To quote the lady who will likely represent an Ontario constituency later: "Politics have had an overdose of 'fathering'; they need some good sensible 'mothering' to cut down expenses and tidy things up."

Mrs. McKinney has the ear marks of a good leader—our women will have to travel far if they mean to keep pace with her. She has a record, too. When, pinning on her bow of white ribbon, she took up the W.C.T.U. banner she had no thought of the heights to which she would carry it. Prohibition was not a popular word in those days. It took a bold heart to press on. Pluck, like virtue, is its own reward. Lo! the banner with its true device: "For God and home and Native Land!" has gone up to the seats of the mighty, and flings abroad its folds of white and gold where the laws of this young land are made. Bravo!

Mothers' Recognition Committee

THE BOOK says something about a man counting the cost before going to war, but to the mothers of men the cost is beyond count. How can they set a valuation on their sons, the joy of their hearts? They can only sacrifice and suffer, and so grandly do they accomplish this, that one feels to give them an equal measure of pity and of pride. To London, Ontario, belongs the distinction of launching the Patriotic movement whose object is to honour our war mothers. The "Recognition Movement" is made up of members from every part of the Dominion, for in all that concerns our soldiers we are one.

Nova Scotia, down by the sea, calls to the provinces farthest west: "Are we not proud of our native born? Lads of the high heart? Brave as the best!"

The work of the Recognition Committee will be to see to it that the mothers who are giving their sons to fight and win, or fight and fall in this War receive tokens commemorating their sacrifice, and the heroism of their sons; tokens which stand for a public acknowledgment of the power their motherhood is in all that concerns the nation. They deserve it. They give their best, and though, as Kipling intimates, soldiers aren't angels by any means, I'll wager if one of our boys has faults, his mother has forgotten all about them before he has marched a mile. It is the way mothers' hearts are made.

Her Mead of Praise

One cannot but feel sorry for the man who is too busy, too careless, or too mean to praise his wife. Think of all he misses! He never sees his wife when she is looking her best; for a woman has a light in her eyes and a glow on her face when listening to words of commendation from the man she loves that she wears at no other time; not to note the kindling gladness, the pride that is forgivable because so lovely in its effect, the feminine flutter, as though the soul of her spread its wings and peacocked a little for the occasion! He deserves to be pitied—and punished. The mean man reasons that the best wife is the healthy, humble one—the health he leaves to Providence to look after, but attends to the humility himself. "Commendation! I don't look for it," declared one hardworking wife. "If I get off without being found fault with, I think myself lucky." She looked the part, poor thing!

A man who had been to hear Billy Sunday speak on "The Meanness of Men," was telling about it of late. There was a rattling among the dry leaves in the valley of unappreciative husbands it would seem. "I didn't like what he said or the way he said it, but I'll own up he hit the nail on the head every time he brought the hammer down," said the man. "He told us we bragged in owing no man anything, while even the interest on the praise we owed our wives was outlawed. 'Try praising the partner of your joys (Lord help us!) and sorrows even if it scares her at first," he said, and I noticed some of my friends looking as sheepish as I felt. I was pretty old to begin making nice speeches to Mary, but I did it, and she seemed to think it was all right." Of course she did. It is not so much change of heart that many husbands need as change of habit.

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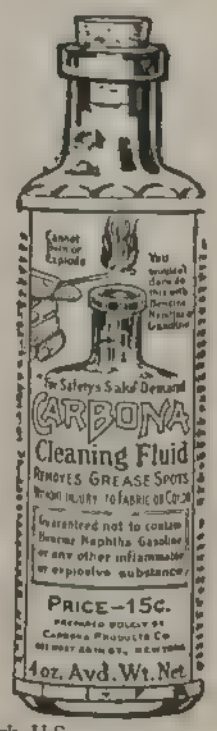
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About the Baby

By KATHLEEN E. STEACY

That Everlasting White!

WHITE has always been the baby's colour, but the wisdom of this is being questioned, and we are proving it wrong.

A new baby's eyes are not strong and are not accustomed to the light. A bright or strong light will make him wriggle uncomfortably, screw up his little face and make wrinkles across his little nose. Then we move him or the light, and think we have done our duty.

But have we? Listen to this baby's wail:

"White! Ugh! It hurts my eyes and my head and my face. All my clothes are white—some of 'em stiff, when company's coming. My bed is white—it's soft, of course, but it's *all white*. How I hate it! They say white is the baby's colour, but they're wrong—these so-very-stupid-grown-ups! White isn't a colour at all. It's only the lack of colour, and what do you call *that?* Nice state of affairs, isn't it, to be clothed in a *lack* of something!

"When my nurse takes me up, it is only to hold me in stiff, shiny arms, and she lays my little soft head—I haven't any hair, you know—against a stiff, hard, shiny breast! When my little Mumsie comes in to see me, I gasp for joy, because she wears soft, fluffy things in dear, soft, baby colours; but the hard, shiny nurse ties her into a stiff, shiny apron that comes up all over her—afraid of 'germs' she says; what *are* 'germs' and where did I get 'em? — and Mumsie takes me on that hard, shiny apron, and oh, dear me, I cry! And when they put me back into that white bed, I dream of a nice, motherly bosom where I can cuddle my head! Could *you* do that— against starch?

"They say my room is sanitary; I don't know what *that* means, unless it is that it's afraid of 'germs'—the 'germs' I have, you know. And so to protect itself, my room, and everything in it, is hard and white and shiny—how that everlasting *shine* hurts my eyes! The woodwork is white and the walls are white; the curtains are white and the ceiling is white; my cot is white and the table is white; the chairs are white and the rug on the floor.

"I've no place to look and nothing to look at! I can't keep my eyes closed *all* the time—I wish I could!

"One day, one beautiful day, Mumsie took me to visit another baby, and I never had such a perfectly lovely time in all my life! We played in a perfectly heavenly nursery! The rug was a soft green and the ceiling a delicate tan. The walls were soft green, too, with the most enchanting frieze of Mother Goose pictures, in greens and yellows and browns, all round. The woodwork was a tan, and there were a few fascinating pictures on the walls. The curtains were tan something-or-other and had the cutest little vine-things running up and down the edges. Some of the chairs were green twiggy-stuff and some were brown.

"I had on my stiff, white, company clothes; I looked a fright and I felt a scream! The other baby had the dearest little frock of soft green and a string of gold beads. I wanted all that room and everything in it, but I wanted those beads most of all!

"I cried when they took me away, and I wanted to die—I *was* ill—when they put me back into my stiff, hard, shiny room. *Oh dear!* (That's the only swear word I know.)"

The Baby and His Dinner

IF we could go further and fathom baby's opinion on the myriad phases of its existence, on the little items imposed by devoted parents out of the depths of their love, apparently for baby's good, what would be the diminutive decision? Consider for instance, his dinner.

Have you ever noticed a baby refuse, positively push aside, with tiny protesting hands, a bottle of what elders would consider enticing liquid food?

And what, the comment? "Poor little fellow, he's tired!" "He's sleepy", or—"He can't be hungry, he had a bottle only an hour ago."

Did it ever occur to you mothers that the child may not like it? That he may have, yet in the embryo, power of discrimination where taste is concerned?

On the other hand, a baby has seldom, or mayhap, never been known to refuse mother's milk. It would not be natural.

The mother who nurses her baby gives him a hold on life that the bottle baby cannot have. Vastly more bottle babies die during the first year of their lives than those fed on mother's milk. The latter are far less liable to infectious diseases. Mother's milk is especially designed for, and accurately suited to the needs of the child. It becomes the nucleus of his brain and brawn, it is an integral part of his nervous system. From it emanates the stamina to withstand illness and the elasticity to recover.

The mother who does not nurse her baby invites and misses much; she invites endless trouble and experiments with milk and foods, countless hours spent in sterilising bottles and nipples, and everlasting anxiety lest the milk should be or should become contaminated. She misses—well, if your little girl had to give up her rag baby every two or three hours to the care of a glass bottle—yes?

To a Little Child

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

"One soul comes as another goes"—
If this be, as the old seers say,
The spirit of last summer's rose
Kissed you, Sweet, on your earthward way!

The Mother's Health

THE mother who wishes her baby to be strong and healthy and good tempered, must look after her own health. This depends as much on her mental condition as on her physical. She must avoid worry, excitement, fatigue, over exertion and anger. The nursing mother cannot afford to give way to fits of bad temper—not if she values her baby's nerves and digestion. She should, so far as possible live a quiet, serene life, and cultivate a cheery disposition.

She must give attention also to her diet. This should be plain, but nourishing. She must avoid highly seasoned foods, acids of all kinds, unripe fruits and vegetables, and sudden changes of diet; eat meat in moderation—once a day is sufficient; use bran in bread and biscuits, or with oatmeal for porridge; use cornmeal in bread or porridge; milk if it does not induce biliousness or constipation. These two disorders—especially constipation—must be avoided if mother and baby are to be healthy, strong and happy.

The value of an abundance of fresh air for both mother and baby cannot be overestimated. Keep the baby outside, in a cool spot in summer, and out of drafts in the winter, when sleeping as well as when awake, and do not overlook giving the little one a drink of water occasionally.

Though every mother's attention should be primarily to the baby, especially during the first year of his life, scientific consideration of her own physical fitness is essential. It is vital. It is one of the chief arguments for "better babies."

Menus for the Nursing Mother

Any recipe will be sent for a three-cent stamp.

MONDAY

Breakfast.—Farina with Dates and Cream. Poached Eggs on Toast. Milk.

About the Baby

By KATHLEEN E. STEACY

Dinner.—Roast Lamb, Brown Gravy, Tossed Potatoes, Creamed Cauliflower, Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce, Milk.
Supper.—Cold Sliced Beef, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Small Cakes, Cocoa or Malted Milk.

TUESDAY

Breakfast.—Apple Sauce, Oatmeal and Cream, Creamed Chipped Beef, Graham Muffins, Milk.
Dinner.—Broiled Steak, Duchess Potatoes, Candied Squash, Lettuce with French Dressing, French Rice Pudding, Lemon Hard Sauce.
Supper.—Minced Lamb on Toast, Whole-wheat Bread, Apple Sauce, new style, Milk.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast.—Stewed Prunes, Eggs in Nests, Apple Johnny Cake, Milk.
Dinner.—Clear Soup, Roast Chicken, Rice, Peas, Creamed Celery, Prune Whip, Milk.
Supper.—Chicken Gumbo, Baked Potato, Shredded Dates, Milk.

THURSDAY

Breakfast.—Baked Apples, Cracked Wheat and Cream, Scrambled Eggs with Bacon, Sally Lunns, Milk.
Dinner.—Tomato Soup, Chicken Timbales, Sweet Potatoes, Lima Beans, Caramel Bread Pudding, Milk.
Supper.—Creamed Oysters, Bran Bread, Milk, Orange Fluff.

FRIDAY

Breakfast.—Coddled Apples, Finnan Haddie, Drawn Butter Sauce, Baked Potato, Graham Pop-overs, Milk.
Dinner.—Spinach Soup, Boiled Halibut Steak, Plain Potatoes, Scalloped Tomato, Apple, Celery, and Nut Salad, Crackers, Milk.
Supper.—Corn Chowder, Graham or Rye Bread, Pepper Nuts, Milk.

Feeding for Growing

THE grown-up eats to repair and replace worn out tissue, but the child must do this and more—he must eat for growth.

His stomach is smaller than that of an adult, while his needs and activities are larger; therefore he must have food that will supply a large amount of nourishment with as little strain on his digestion as possible. Food should give a properly balanced diet, and it should be cooked so that it may be digested easily. A child may not like boiled potatoes, and this may be a sign that he cannot digest them; therefore he should not be forced to eat them boiled. Try him with a potato baked in its jacket.

Emotions have a direct effect on digestion, and in forcing a child to eat anything he dislikes, or does not want, we are defeating our own object, which is to give him something that will be of use to him—if he dislike it, he will not digest it so easily, and if he get into a temper over it, he will not digest it at all; and a bad attack of indigestion with headache follows. The undigested food is worse than wasted, since it does the child no good and does do him harm.

The Baby and the Movies

THE movies is no place for a baby. He cannot take any pleasure in it, and the constantly changing pictures and moving lights are very bad for his sensitive eyes, and very irritating to his delicate nervous system. Many movie theatres are poorly ventilated, and the baby suffers for want of the pure, fresh air that is so necessary to his comfort and health.

Surely it is only necessary to consider this matter in the light of reason and common-sense to realize how unwise it is to take babies and young children to such places. They are kept up and awake, long past their proper bed time, their nerves are rasped by the continual moving, and their eyes may be injured for life by the swiftly-moving pictures.

The mother takes them home, cross and irritable, probably shakes them, possibly spanks them, for what is her own fault! Why blame the child for being cross and irritable when he has been kept up hours after he should have been asleep?

For the Baby of Fourteen Months

JUNKET is a predigested food, frequently prescribed for teething babies from fourteen months on, also for delicate children. It is prepared with essence of rennet or a junket tablet, which can be bought at any good grocery. Pour one quart of sweet milk into a clean enamelled stewpan, setting it on the stove to become warm but not hot. Dissolve a junket tablet in one tablespoon of cold water. Turn this lightly into the warm milk, stir just enough to mix it, add a very little sugar and flavouring, and turn into cups or small bowls to cool. When cool it looks like milk jelly. When the baby is exhausted by teething, add an egg, thoroughly beaten, with the sugar and flavouring. This dish is more easily digested than plain or modified milk.

Life's Inspiration

By LAURA GUYOL WOLFE

I've climbed the stairs uncounted times, I've
rocked the baby o'er and o'er;
I've arbitrated childish wars until my every nerve
is sore;
I've put on sweaters, buttoned coats, and fought
with rubbers 'most too small;
Until in weariness I cry, "I'd really like to end it all."

Then Baby-Love holds out her arms, and laughs
aloud in infant glee;
And Four-year-old comes crowding close, his golden
head laid on my knee.
Dear Daughter strokes my throbbing brow, and
whispers "Mother, I love you;"
While oldest Son, engrossed with tools, calls,
"Mother, see what I can do."

'Tis then, dear Lord, with tear filled eyes the out-
line of your plan I see,
And prayers sincere for strength to do rise from
the very heart of me.
With love enough, the greatest task will never
bring the wish to shirk.
This now my plea, most gracious God, "Oh, make
me worthy of my work!"

Punishment or Correction?

HOW old must a baby be before he understands he is being punished? For the first few months he is merely a little animal—all he knows and wants is sleep, food, and warmth.

We have had, at some time, a pet dog or horse with whom we have, at times, played rather roughly. We have opened the dog's mouth and kept it open with our bare hand; we made him uncomfortable and possibly hurt him. But he did not close his teeth and hurt us; he growled joyously and played up to our lead. Suppose that the dog had, unknowingly, done wrong and, as a punishment, we forced his mouth open and held it so with our bare hand—would he wag his tail and, using his jaw as a pivot, curvet around us in glee? He would not. He would settle down on the ground and industrially endeavour to free his mouth; and if we persisted, the length of time before that dog would hurt us depends entirely on the depth of his generous and chivalrous nature. The discomfort of the punishment may not have been so great as the discomfort of the rough play, but the *dog knew the difference.*

So the baby of an hour old knows the difference between the touch of love and the touch of indifference or of anger; because—alas!—punishment is usually administered in anger.

When the child does wrong, show him what he has done, point out the consequences, explain why he must not do it again, and be sure he understands and comprehends; if he does it again, put him quietly by himself to think it out; then talk it over with him, and punish him in a sensible, rational, sane manner.

But, you say, "I haven't the time to do that". Wrong; what you haven't is the patience and the control over yourself. Before you can control even a tiny baby, you must control yourself, and having done that, the rest is easy.

It is well to remember always that the child is to be corrected so that he will not do the wrong thing again, and that this can be done only by treating him as a reasonable, reasoning being, and that punishment given in anger is merely retaliation and only teaches the child to avoid detection and to hit back.

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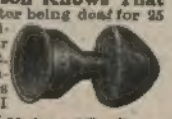

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Conserving Food

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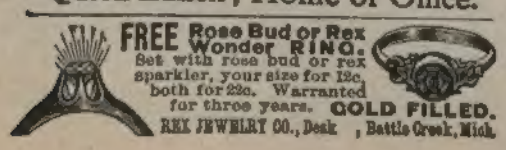

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Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

PRESERVES, JELLIES, JAMS

Edited by
MARJORY DALE

THE new housewife attacks her first attempt at canning, pickling, and preserving with apprehension and fear; not that she fears the work, but she fears that "the things won't keep." But she may lay aside her fears if she will but bear in mind these few rules:

All jars must be sterilized; clean them thoroughly and place in a large dish of cold water, heat slowly to the boiling point and let boil five or ten minutes.

Fruits for canning must be carefully selected; they must be ripe—neither green or too ripe—and sound; bad spots will cause fermentation. The would-be economical housewife who buys cheap, inferior fruit under the impression that it is good enough for preserving makes a grave mistake.

Peaches, plums, and all fruits that can be skinned, should be scalded—quickly—with boiling water and plunged immediately into cold water; the skins can then be easily slipped off.

Fruits should be pared and cut with a silver or plated knife—a steel knife must not touch them.

Porcelain lined or enamel ware is best for preserving; tin and iron ware discolours the fruit and gives it an unpleasant taste.

Method for Canning

Berries, and all kinds of fruits, cooked in a syrup, should be lifted and placed in the jars, the jars being placed in a pan of hot water while being filled; then fill jars with boiling syrup, allowing to flow over; place on cover and screw down tight. Place large brown paper on table; then turn jars upside down and let stand over night, to make sure there are no air holes. In the morning before putting fruit away in fruit larder, give top one more twist and then immerse top in melted paraffin wax.

Method for Making Jelly

A cheese cloth bag is best for straining jelly. Jelly should not, at any stage, be put in a metal vessel. For every cup of strained juice allow 1 lb. granulated sugar, or cup for cup, boil juice 15 to 20 minutes before adding sugar. Sugar should be heated before adding it to the juice. All jellies should be cooked over a moderate fire slowly to boiling point and carefully skimmed. Never cover. When boiling preserves and jellies, when cooked they should be placed in a glass jar and set away to cool before covering. Stir marmalade constantly to prevent burning.

Allow fruit for jam to boil 5 to 10 minutes before adding sugar, then boil 15 minutes afterward; be careful to remove all scum without breaking the fruit.

When glass jars are set away they must be kept in a cool, dark place, but where there is no possibility of the fruit freezing.

Syrup for Canning

Allow 2 cups water to one cup sugar for canning syrup. Boil syrup 10 minutes, counting from time it begins to boil, skim any scum that rises—though if a pure sugar is used there will be very little scum.

Peach Butter

Nine cups peach pulp, 6 cups sugar, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon preserved ginger, few slices lemon or orange peel, 1 teaspoon of ground cloves and cinnamon.

Pour boiling water over peaches, then immerse them in cold water, and slip off skins; remove stones, crack ten stones, remove kernels, crush them, add to fruit. Place water and peaches in a preserving kettle to simmer until fruit is tender, add half of the sugar and simmer half an hour, then add the rest of the sugar and boil gently until fruit is stiff; add ginger, lemon peel, and spices.

Tomato Preserve

Eight cups tomato pulp, 3 lemons, six cups sugar, spice bag containing stick of cinnamon and whole cloves.

Use firm red or yellow tomatoes. Pour boiling water over tomatoes. Plunge into cold water, remove skins and any blemishes, cut tomatoes, place in preserving kettle. Cut 4 thin slices from centre of each lemon, remove seeds, use juice and clear pulp from the seeds; add this and the spice bag to the tomatoes, let simmer for 1 hour, then add the sugar and as soon as dissolved begin to test the mixture. When the juice jellies take from stove, remove spice bag, place preserves in scalded glasses, when cold, cover with paraffin wax and seal.

Tomato Preserve, No 2

Four pounds tomato pulp, 4 tart sour apples, 3 lemons, 4 lbs. sugar, 2 sticks cinnamon, 12 cloves.

Select firm red or yellow tomatoes, scald, plunge in cold water, skin, cut into quarters lay in colander to drain off superfluous, juice. Pare and core apples, cut in slices, Pare lemons, remove all white skin, slice and remove seeds. Tie spices in a cloth, place fruit and spices in a preserving kettle. When at boiling point, stir in sugar and boil gently, stirring often to prevent burning. When preserve is rather thick and clear remove from fire; when cool, place in scalded jars. Cover with cheese cloth until cold, then pour on melted paraffin wax and seal.

Tomato Butter

Double proportions of Tomato Preserve No. 1. Let simmer at least 3 hours before adding sugar, continue to cook with sugar until the butter is so thick that it will stand still if dropped. If very spicy butter is desired, add 2 teaspoons of ground cinnamon and cloves.

Tests for Safety

Turn and stretch the rubber
Test for rough edge
Smooth the edge
The cover should fit so tight rubber cannot slip back
Test the cover

Apple Jelly

Core out, but do not pare apple, then slice or cut up, and cover well with water. Boil slowly until tender. If apples are dry, add a little lemon or fruit juice, left from former canning, after straining. Proceed according to general directions.

Peach and Apple Jelly

As peaches will not make a firm jelly alone, combine them with tart apples. Cook peaches with stones, and the apples cored but not pared. When putting into bag remove as many stones as possible. Proceed according to directions.

Economical Apple Jelly

If at any time during the year a good many apples are being pared for sauce, pie, etc., a glass or two of fine amber jelly may be made by using the parings.

Wash, cover with water, boil slowly until soft, then drain through bag, or strain through colander, and marmalade results. Measure equal portions of fruit and sugar, add some sliced lemons or lemon juice, then proceed according to directions.

Wild Grape Jelly

Use any variety of wild grapes or combine with crab-apples or cultivated grapes.

Pour over the grapes, or any combination of fruit selected, enough water to cover, boil until soft. Proceed according to given method.

Gooseberry Marmalade

Use well-flavoured gooseberries; the red variety is the most desirable. Place in a kettle and add just enough water to prevent burning. Cook until fruit is very soft, then run through a coarse sieve or colander. Measure pulp, allow equal amount of sugar; add half of the sugar and cook 10 to 15 minutes. Stir in remainder of sugar and after 10 minutes or more, test on a saucer. If stiff and clear it is done. Place in glasses and seal.

Wild Plum Marmalade

Remove stems and any blemishes from plums, cover well with water and let simmer until tender; put through colander, and measure. To each cup of pulp allow 1 cup sugar. Stir half the sugar in and boil slowly half an hour; add the rest of the sugar, boil until it stiffens like jelly, when cooled on a saucer. Put into scalded glasses and when cold, seal.

Pear Marmalade

Six cups pear pulp, 3 lemons, 4 cups sugar. Core, but do not pare, hard pears. Cover with water, let simmer until tender, put through colander. Measure, add lemon juice, part of grated rind of the lemon, and half of the sugar. Cook for half an hour, then add the rest of the sugar and cook until clear and thick. Equal amounts of apples and pears may be used, or a few red plums may be added.

Peach Marmalade

Six cups peach pulp, 4 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ cup home-made sweet cider, added to the water when peaches are cooking.

Sweet Pickled Apples

Three cups sugar, 1½ cups cider vinegar, 1 stick cinnamon, 1 dozen whole cloves, firm sweet apples as needed.

Tie spice in a piece of white cheese cloth; mix sugar and vinegar in a preserving kettle, drop in spice bag, bring to boiling point, and boil 10 minutes. Pare, core, and quarter the apples. Put enough of them into the syrup to be well covered with the liquid, and let them simmer until they are clear, and tender if pierced with a tooth-pick. Then take apples up carefully. Place in a scalded fruit jar and pour on enough syrup to cover; when cold, clamp on top.

Pickled Crab-Apples

Tart, firm crab-apples, 3 cups cider vinegar, 1 cup water, 3 cups sugar, spice bag size of an egg.

Select perfect small red or yellow crab-apples, remove any blemishes, but leave on stems. Boil the syrup with spice bag for 10 minutes, then drop in some of the apples and cook for 15 minutes. Take out carefully and put in big glass jars, when all the apples have been cooked, pour on enough syrup to cover; set spice bag away, cover jars and let stand for 24 hours. Then pour off syrup and boil again, wait two days, then boil the apples, the sugar, with spice bag, until apples are tender. If there is any surplus syrup boil it down somewhat, then fill jars to overflowing; when cold, put on tops.

Pickled Pears

Use same method as for crab-apples, but add a few pieces of ginger root to spice bag.

Green Grape Conserve

Six cups green grapes, 6 cups sugar, 3 oranges, 6 large figs, ½ cup water.

Select very tart green grapes, split each grape and extract the pulp and seeds. Place the pulp in water and let simmer long enough to soften, then rub through sieve, keeping back seeds. Place grape pulp and skins in preserving kettle; trim the yellow rind from the oranges in small shavings; cut oranges in halves and with a spoon scoop out pulp, rejecting seeds and fibre; cut the figs into small pieces; add all this to the grapes and cook slowly for half an hour; add half of the sugar, cook another half hour, then stir in the rest of the sugar and cook until clear and until the juice jellies when placed in a cold saucer.

Mustard Pickles

Place in each quart jar 12 small white onions, ¼ small red pepper, 2 tablespoons yellow mustard seed, prepared cucumbers, and vinegar to fill jar.

Select large ripe yellow cucumbers, pare, halve, and scrape all seeds and soft pulp. Place in a stone or porcelain bowl, sprinkle with coarse salt, and let stand overnight. In the morning, wipe each piece with a clean coarse towel. Skin the onions, seed, and shred the pepper in the glass jars. Pour good white pickling vinegar over mixture, put on glass tops, and set aside for at least three weeks to ripen.

An Elastic Crumb for Faultless Rolling

The lady who baked this Jelly Roll had previously maintained that it was impossible to roll it without cracking the surface—until she used the recipe here given and FIVE ROSES flour.

Just imagine how softly elastic and spongy your cake texture must be to roll so smoothly and evenly without a crack or seam to mar its exquisite smoothness.

Will you not let this actual reproduction of a FIVE ROSES cake coax YOU to the use of

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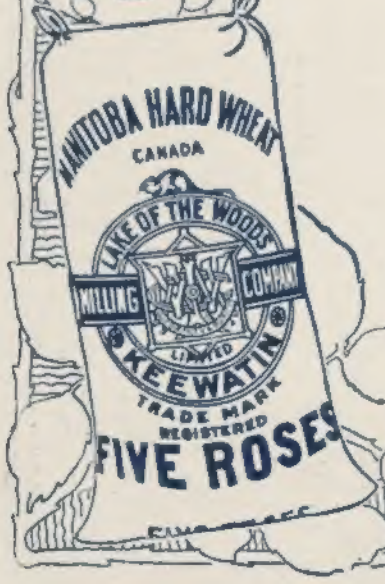

FIVE ROSES "JELLY ROLL"

3 eggs (beaten separately)
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons sweet milk.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
1 cup FIVE ROSES flour.
Lemon flavoring.

Beat the yolks with the sugar and sweet milk. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, then thoroughly with the yolks and sugar. Mix the flour and baking powder and add other ingredients. Flavor with lemon, spread in thin layer in well-greased pan, and bake immediately in moderately hot oven.

NOTE ON JELLY ROLLS—While hot, remove from pan and lay on cloth wrung out of cold water. Sprinkle a little sugar on cloth, and while cake is still warm spread with jelly and roll quickly, putting your hands under the cloth. This helps to keep the cake from cracking. If there are any crusty edges that might interfere with proper rolling, trim off with a sharp knife while still hot.

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